Dec. 15, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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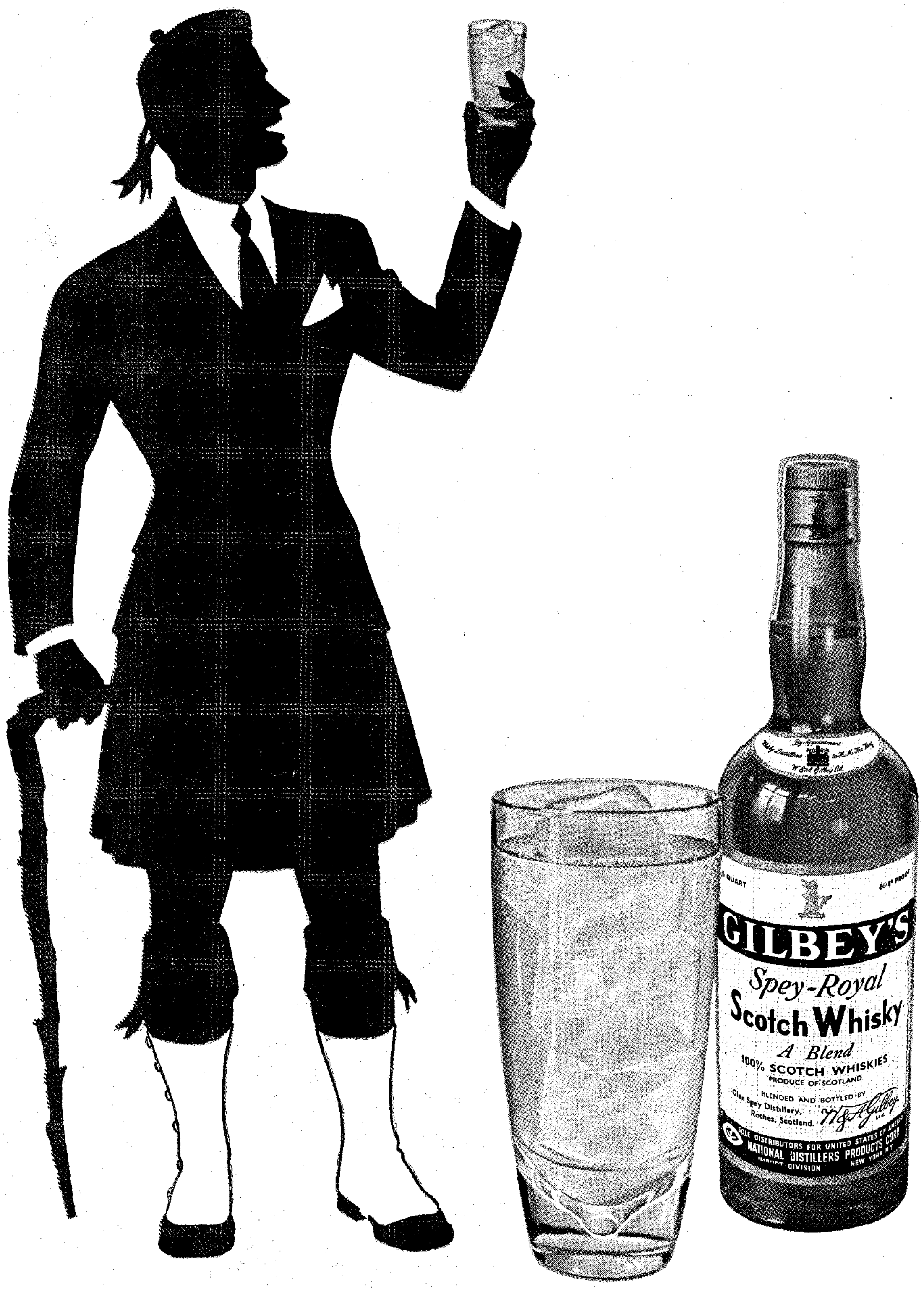
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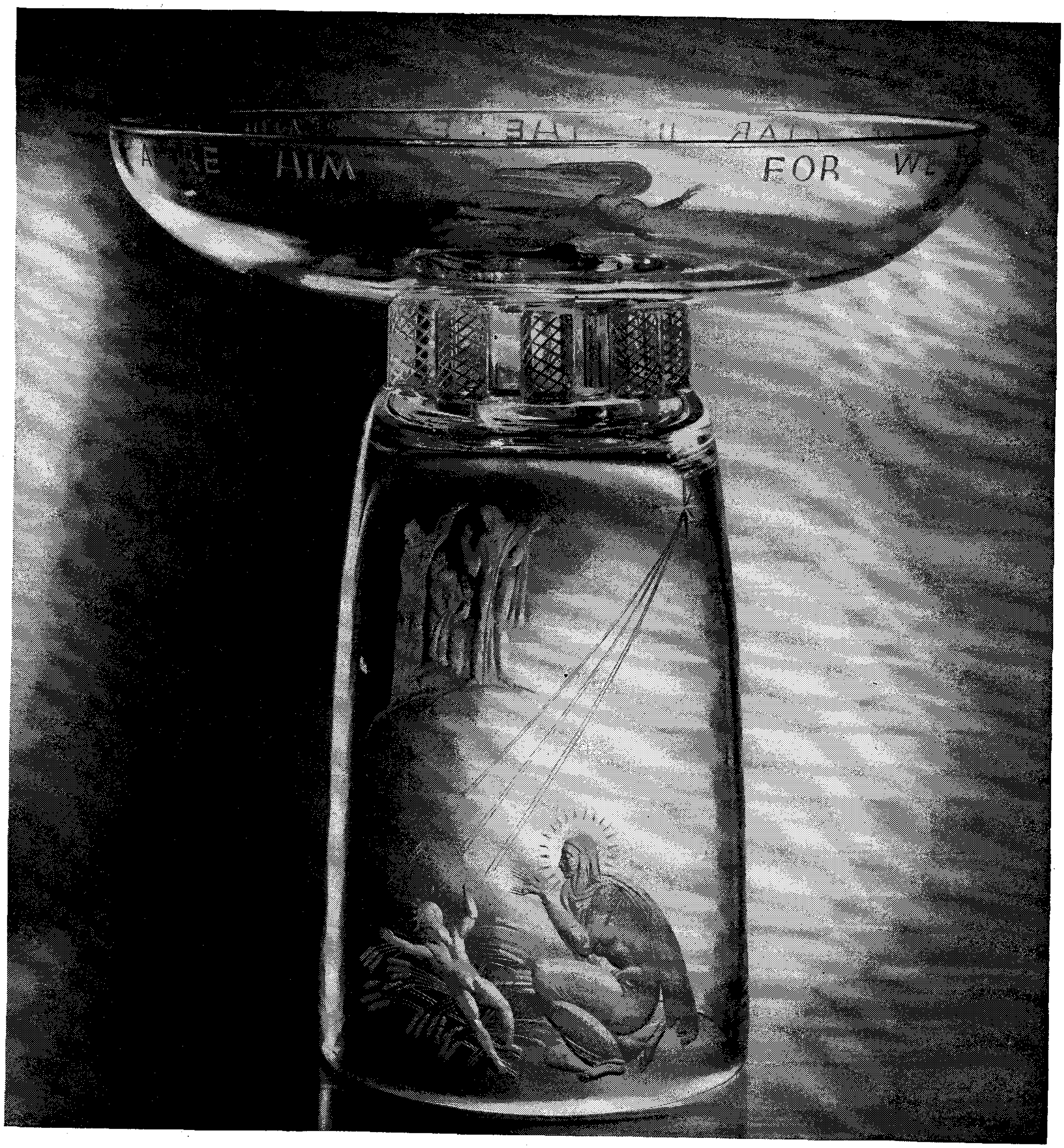

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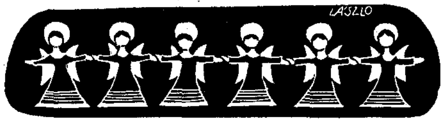
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Constant Wife—Somerset Maugham's 1926 comedy concerning a lady who has remarkably superior views about sex has been revived with a cast headed by Katharine Cornell and including Brian Aherne and Grace George. In spite of the efforts of these talented people and of Guthrie McClintic's direction, it shows its age. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Don Juan in Hell—This elaborate and witty conversation piece is part of Shaw's original script of "Man and Superman." The actors, who simply give what is known as a "reading," but do it brilliantly, are Charles Boyer, Agnes Moorehead, Cedric Hardwicke, and Charles Laughton. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée for the Equity Welfare Fund Wednesday, Dec. 19. Through Monday, Dec. 31.)

Faithfully Yours—Just why Robert Cummings and Ann Sothern thought it would be wise to abandon Hollywood for this comedy, centering on psychoanalysis is something of a mystery, since the piece is one of the conspicuous mishaps of the season. With Philip Bourneuf, Victor Wood, and Florence Sundstrom. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are both excellent in Jan de Hartog's play about a not especially eventful marriage. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 16.)

Gigi—Anita Loos's lively dramatization of the Colette novel. As the young lady whose relatives are determined to establish her as a leading demimondaine in Paris, Audrey Hepburn is altogether charming. Gilbert Miller has provided fine period surroundings for her, and has given her the assistance of such capable actors as Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Glad Tidings—Protracted variations on a none too sharp joke concerning a man who belatedly finds that he is the father of a young lady of nineteen. Melvyn Douglas, Signe Hasso, and Haila Stoddard are among the unhappy participants. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I Am a Camera—Julie Harris is wonderful as a high-class British tart in John van Druten's lively, if not especially distinguished, adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories." With William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Nina—Alan Webb's marvellously comic behavior as a Parisian cuckold is about the only thing to recommend this tiresome farce, though David Niven and Gloria Swanson are also visible on the premises. The piece was translated by Samuel Taylor from something by André Roussin, and was directed by Gregory Ratoff. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

The Number—George Abbott's direction doesn't quite make this amorphous melodrama about a numbers racketeer jell. Anthony Ross plays the malefactor. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Remains to Be Seen—Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse seem to be in an antic mood in this comedy-melodrama having to do with love and homicide, and the outcome is not exactly fortunate. Among those employed in it are Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and Mr. Lindsay himself. It is rocky going for every one of them, but they show remarkably few signs of strain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Saint Joan—Shaw's famous play about that girl from Domremy has been given a rich production by the Theatre Guild, and the result is plainly a triumph. The first-rate cast, directed by Margaret Webster, is headed by Uta Hagen, who is enthusiastically abetted by John Buckmaster, Frederic Worlock, and a multitude of others, almost equally gifted. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 5.)

Stalag 17—If you like rough jokes and simple melodramatic action, this play about a group of American airmen in a German prison camp may be just the thing for you. José Ferrer has directed a large and spirited company in it. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—affairs of state: Love and politics in Washington, D.C. June Havoc now has the lead, and Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick are around, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the moon is blue:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a boy-gets-girl comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, Dec. 15, no performances until Monday, Dec. 24.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Grand Tour—A new play written and directed by Elmer Rice, and presented by the Playwrights' Company. The cast includes Beatrice Straight and Richard Derr. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lo and Behold!—A play by John Patrick, with Leo G. Carroll, Jeffrey Lynn, and Lee Grant. Produced by the Theatre Guild and directed by Burgess Meredith. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. *Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.*)

MUSICALS

The King and I—Rodgers and Hammerstein in notable form again, along "South Pacific" lines. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner play the leading parts in this musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Paint Your Wagon—A piece concerning a California mining town during the Gold Rush, which suffers a bit from a rather untidy plot but has a lot of fine singing and dancing. James Barton, Olga San Juan, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, and James Mitchell are among the prospectors and the ladies who complicate their lives. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Top Banana—A superbly funny, if elementary, musical, in which Phil Silvers demonstrates that a caricature of Milton Berle can be a lot droller than the model. He is cleverly assisted by Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, and Walter Dare Wahl. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—An up-and-down revue that gets its best elevation when Bert Lahr is running through skits involving spaceships, ball players, opera singers, and Sanitation Department men. Dolores Gray and a capable company assist Mr. Lahr handsomely. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—call me madam: Ethel Merman as a lady ambassador. Also in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, Dec. 15, no performances until Monday, Dec. 24.) . . . **guys and dolls:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are some of the Runyon characters. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. . . . **south pacific:** Roger Rico is now playing the cultured Frenchman to Martha Wright's Nellie Forbush. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Point of No Return—Henry Fonda in a play by Paul Osborn, based on John P. Marquand's novel. The producer is Leland Hayward, the director H. C. Potter. Opens Thursday, Dec. 13. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night cur-

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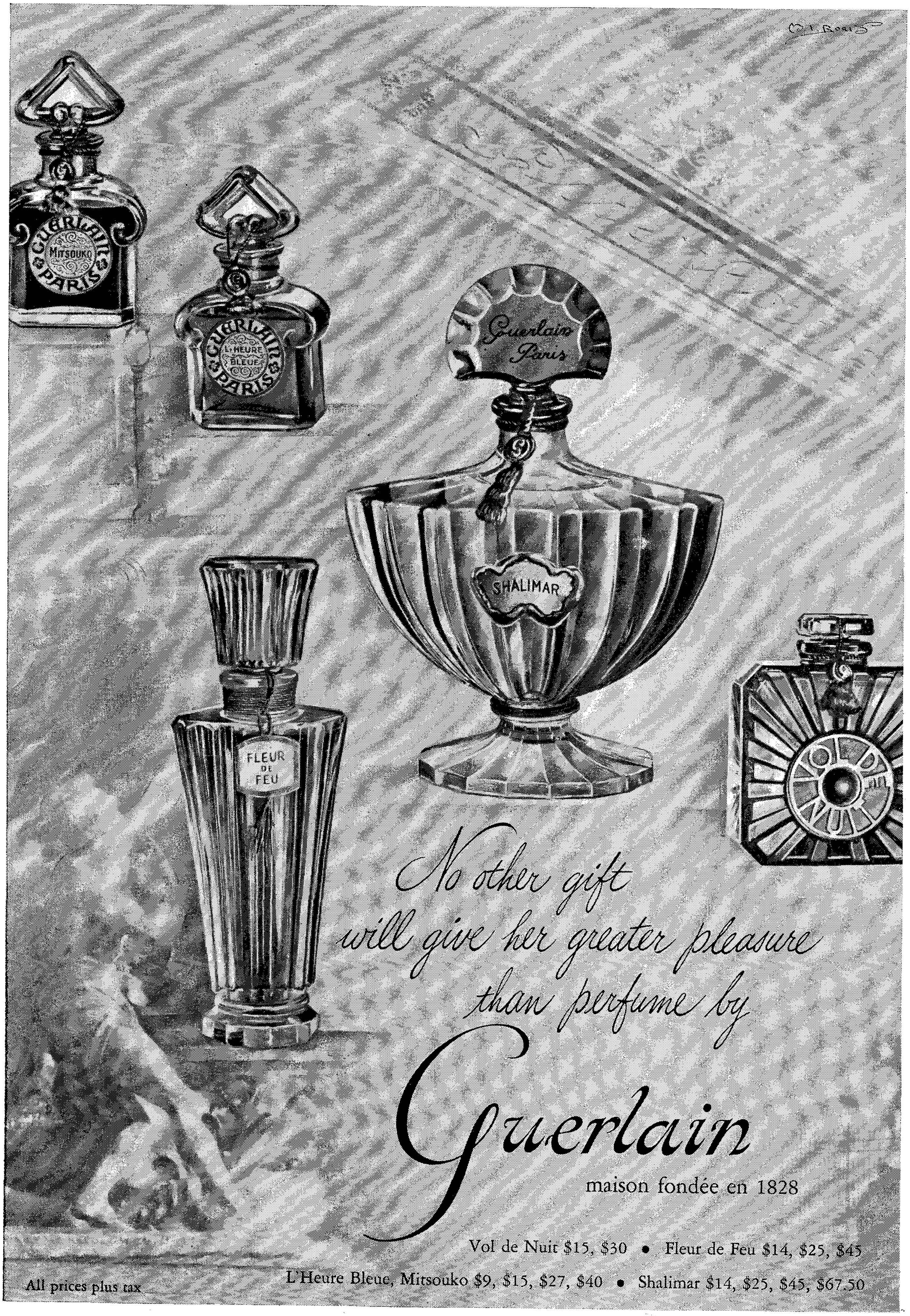
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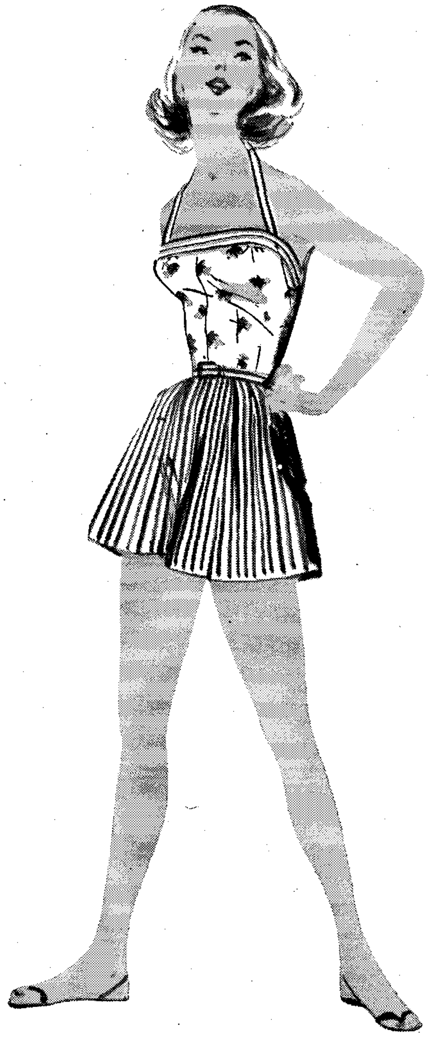

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Caesar and Cleopatra and **Antony and Cleopatra**—Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh in the Shaw play and the Shakespeare tragedy. Presented by Gilbert Miller for a limited engagement, starting Wednesday, Dec. 19, and running through Saturday, April 12. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; curtains on opening nights at 7:30. After the first week, matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. "Caesar and Cleopatra:" Wednesday evening, Dec. 19, and Friday evening, Dec. 21: "Antony and Cleopatra:" Thursday evening, Dec. 20, and Saturday evening, Dec. 22.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet Company—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, Dec. 13: "The Duel," "Lilac Garden," "Pas de Trois," and "The Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 14: "Card Game," "Swan Lake," "Illuminations," and "The Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 15: "The Pied Piper," "Mother Goose Suite," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 15: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 16: "Cakewalk," "The Duel," "Pas de Trois," and "The Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 16: "Swan Lake," "Age of Anxiety," "Lilac Garden," and "La Valse." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Vaudeville—Judy Garland, Señor Wences, Giselle and François Szony, Smith and Dale, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

Princeton University Triangle Club—Presenting its 1951 production, a musical called "Never Say Horses." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:30. Matinée Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2:30. For tickets, call MU 5-6200.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—On the floor of the sedate Trianon Room, except Sundays, there's dancing to Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band. At cocktail time, William Adler's quartet plays prowler music in the rotunda.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet provides string music during dinner in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays. Except Sundays, the quartet plays at cocktail time in the Palm Court. No dancing anywhere.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The ceilings of this lineal descendant of the Ritz are a lot closer to zero than *those in the old place,* but Emery Deutsch's musicians are on hand at dinner in the big restaurant to make the transition as painless as possible. No dancing, and no music Sundays.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A resplendent job of landscaping enhances the vistas from this regal hunting lodge, where Ted Straeter and his dance orchestra and Pancho's rumba band make the night merry from eight-thirty on. In the small, good-looking Plush Room, George Feyer's piano, which is European in flavor, begins at eight. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some of our proudest peacocks preening themselves beneath the ageless palm trees. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Well, now they have *puppets* in the Terrace Room ice show. Adrian Rollini's trio and Tommy Reynolds' band play dance music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, there's Hildegarde, the girl who made Milwaukee famous. The guests dance to Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band. On Sundays, there's a show at dinner only. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper every night in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Celeste Holm, a credit to and an ornament of the American theatre, is in the Persian Room. What she says and sings is sometimes Park Avenue, sometimes lovably romantic. June and John Belmont do some very youthful nipups. On Thursday, Dec. 20, a new rigadoon, involving the ballads of Jane Morgan, quite a dish herself, and the twirlings of a trio called the Hamiltons. Dick LaSalle's and Mark Monte's orchestras play for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully period-piece, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras glide from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo Le-Fleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: Guy Lombardo's assorted music-makers in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, that well-run household, there's a new leading lady, Hollywood's Polly Bergen, whose ballads blend with the artful music of Jack Kelly's quartet. Miss B. has things to learn, but she's young, pretty, spry, and poodle-cut, and she'll do for now. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw noodle around all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Emil Coleman is quietly at work in the social little Carnaval Room. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jimmy Dorsey's dance orchestra performs rather primly during dinner and all out at supper in the Café Rouge. On Monday, Dec. 17, Ray Anthony's orchestra takes over. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A non-charitable institution for seemingly homeless, but undeniably well-turned-out, waifs. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A fetching lot of youngsters—among them Bill Norvas and the Upstarts, who sing; Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine, who dance; and Beverlee Dennis, who clowns—out for an evening's fun, which is just what this ancestral hall has been needing. Carmen Torres, who's also concerned, has a Metropolitan voice and some lively Spanish arias. Emile Petti's orchestra alternates with Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

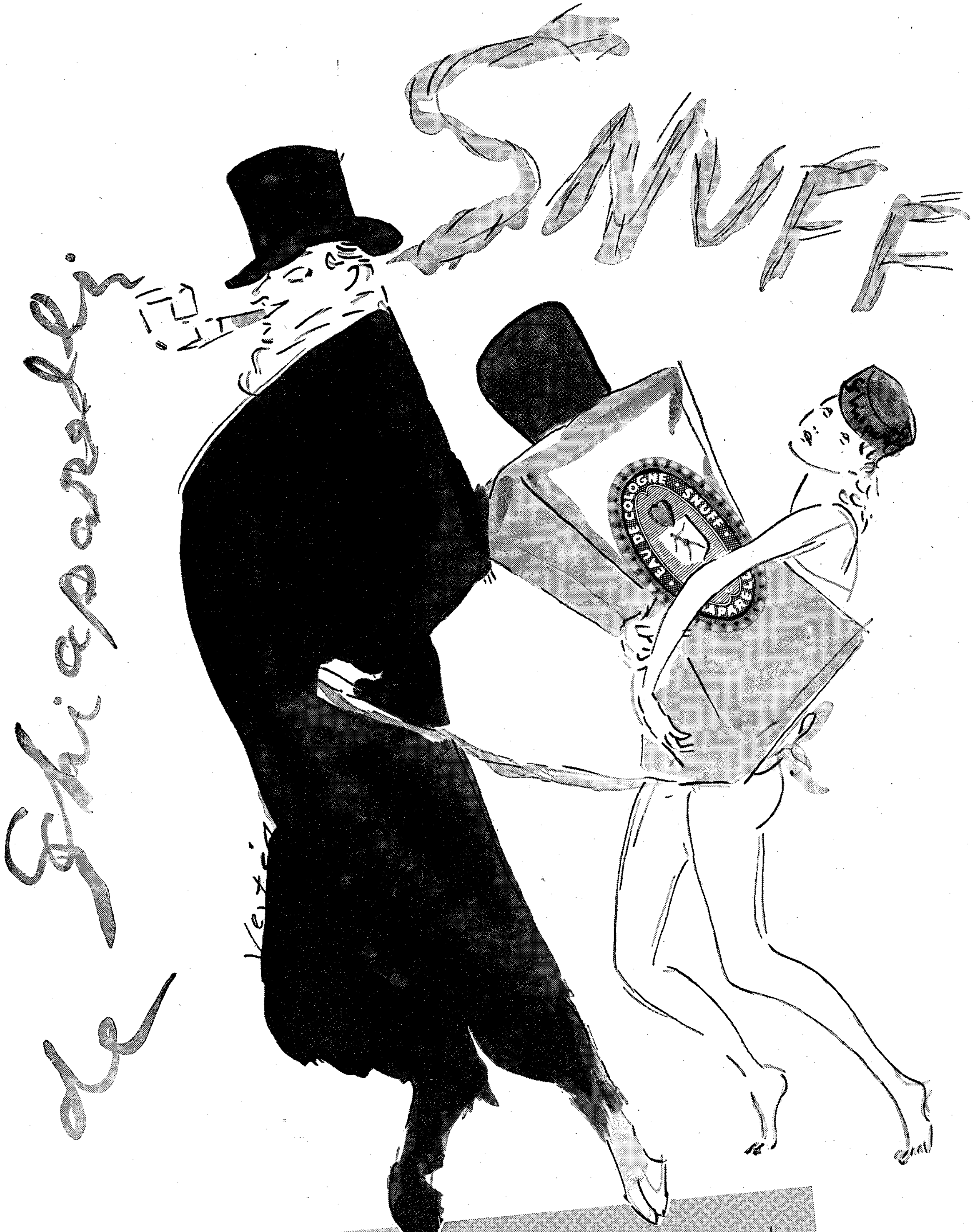
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Empire Room, you get Mary McCarty, one of the handsomest hoydens in the business, throwing care to the winds and some tiresome American types to the lions. Ted and Phyllis Rodriguez make dancing seem all play and no work. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's bands thump away the whole evening. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at twelve. . . . ¶ Don Rodney's dance orchestra starts warming up in the Peacock Lounge at seven. Closed Sundays.

Note—A romantic view of fantastic, improbable old Manhattan is just outside the windows of the Rainbow Room, now a cocktail lounge, open from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Incidental music, too. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Le Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, the inventor of the débutante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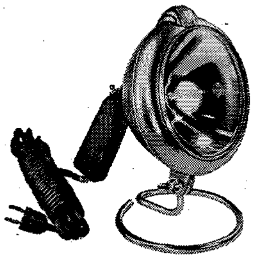

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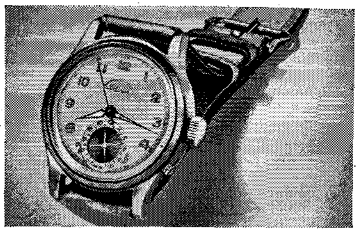

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dance tempo, displays his indestructible grin and energetic dance band here from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . TONI'S CAPRICE, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): An up-and-coming playground where Hugh Shannon and Louis Hawkins sprinkle their special brands of *joie de vivre* over their pianos and their guests. Both are around after eleven, and Mr. H. also does a stint from six to nine. Closed Sundays. . . . LA VIE EN ROSE, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Eartha Kitt, home from France and apt to be bilingual, is the new canary in these parts. There's also music by the long-absent Soft Winds, and by Ernie Warren's trio. Dancing. . . . BARBERRY ROOM, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain embellishes the dark hours between ten and one weekdays, and nine to twelve Sundays, with his nostalgic piano. Monday is his sabbatical. . . . THE ALBERT, 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): The décor looks as if it's about to climb into your lap, but after nine-thirty, except Mondays, there's Cy Walter in splendid rapport with his piano. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a nimble collection of table-hoppers. Closed Sundays. . . . LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except on Sundays, this guys-and-dolls trysting place has Sonny Kendis, bent double over his piano as he drives his enthusiastic trio through a passel of after-dinner music. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . NINO, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): This worldly pantry and bar affords, as always, Harry Meyerowitz's piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . CELESTE, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, a quiet but persuasive hand at a baby grand, is here from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . LA ZAMBRA, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, the Andalusian Eddie Condon, chats with and sings at his friends as he wields a puissant guitar. Closed Tuesdays. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Mehegan's festive piano adds a pleasant condiment to dinner and supper here, except Sundays, when Harold Cooke sits in.

BIG AND BRASSY

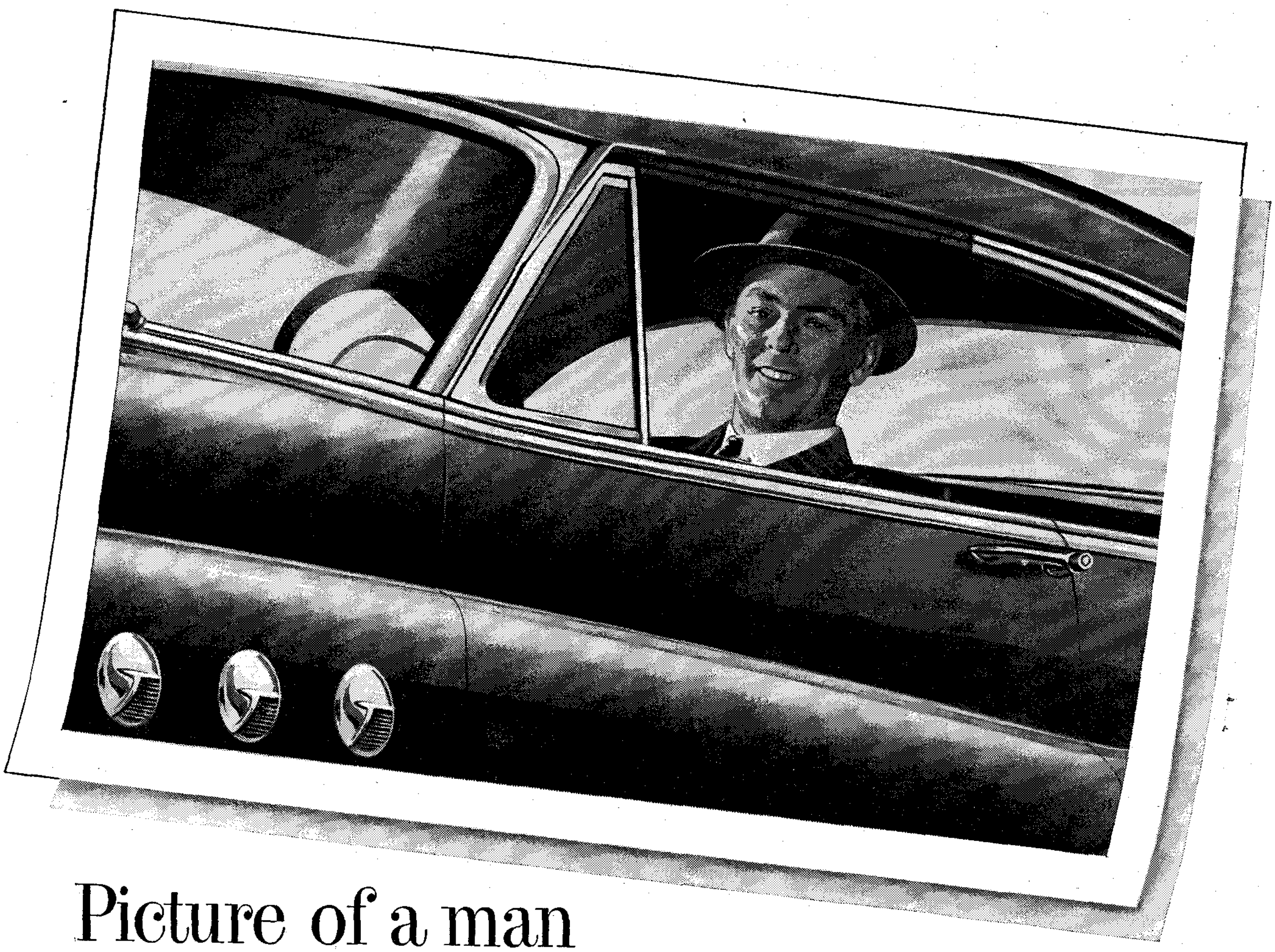
(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Xavier Cugat's crew of musicians, singers, and whatnot, as well as Jack Carter's jokes. . . . OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): An assortment of foolish silent movies, singing waiters, singing customers, burlesque, sawdust, hubbub, and stupendous puns by Paul Killiam. Visiting performers take off on Mondays at midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . SUGAR HILL, 209 W. 51st St. (CI 5-8980): Harlem has come downtown again. The humor suffers from total recall, but the dancing of the cast and patrons is of the fine old devil-take-the-hindmost variety.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Charles Trenet, a leading French elf, is at large in the back room, where Kirkwood and Goodman, who can be pretty elfin on their own hook, unravel some choice non sequiturs. Annette Warren sings sassy songs in sassy fashion. The richly inlaid background music comes from the Ellis Larkin Trio and Stuart Ross. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Tuesdays, Bart Howard provides some nice piano music at the dinner hour, and Eadie and Rack play their celebrated piano duets after the theatre, except Saturdays. Sundays, Eadie and Rack do a tour of duty from five-thirty to seven. . . . LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's latest bon mots are being uttered by Jack Fletcher and his new March Hares. Also about are those old reliables Bibi Osterwald, with her hardhearted-Hannah ditties, and the Three Riffs, whose ballads and footwork are light and gay. The Norman Paris Trio plays celestial music. Closed Sun-



Picture of a man making a smart decision

HERE is a man who's been doing a lot of thinking.

Someday, he's told himself, I'm going to turn in my old car and get a new one.

And he said, still talking to himself, when I do that I'm going to size up the field—give 'em all a real going over.

You see him here at the wheel of a Buick. He hasn't bought it—yet. It's a demonstrator, and he's trying it out.

But the more he tries it, the more he knows he's been wasting a lot of time.

From the moment he looked inside, he said: Here's the room — and the comfort—and the style I've been looking for.

Then he nudged its Fireball Engine into action. It's a high-compression valve-in-head, as you probably know.

He eased out into traffic. Stopped and started for a couple of traffic lights, and said something to the effect that this Dynaflow Drive* is a honey. Why don't they all build 'em this way?

He saw a bump ahead. Place where the pavement had been torn up. Other cars were braking down to a creep to cross it. He held back — rolled right across at regular speed with barely a bobble. It's hard to believe, he said, but what they say about Buick's ride is right.

Ten minutes later he was out on an open stretch of road. Tried an experimental push on the gas treadle. Boy —what a take-off! You couldn't want more power than that.

Ten minutes more — and he knew something else. You don't really steer a Buick. It just about steers itself. Stays right on the beam on the straightaway. Even straightens itself out after a curve.

To make a long story short — he's found out that nothing else he's tried out can hold a candle — not even a little Christmas candle — to this bonnie beauty.

Back at the Buick showroom, he's going to get one more surprise. The price of a Buick is a lot less than he'd guessed it would be.

Moral: Smart Buy's Buick — right now.

*Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice. *Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on other Series.*

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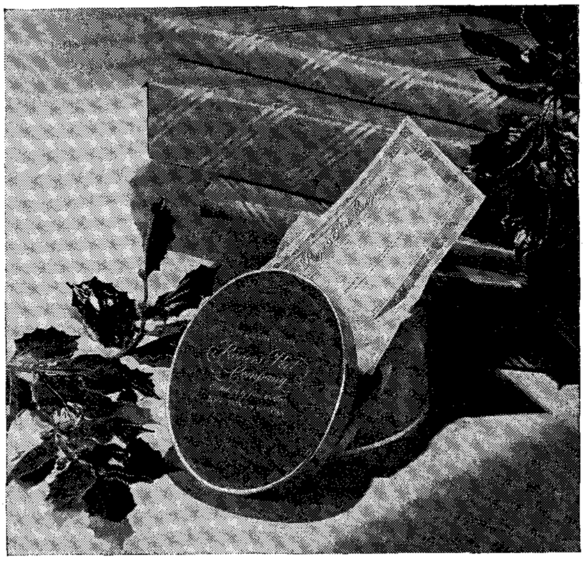
When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Harry Belafonté is a success in his new role as folk singer. Royce Wallace does seductive lyrics, and Phil Leeds tells funny stories on everyone, including himself. Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Adnia Rice, an All-America tackle, horses about in bumptious fashion, and Jeff Warren, a crew-cut job, uncorks a pleasing young tenor voice. On Tuesday, Dec. 18, Nancy Andrews will take over as chief noisemaker from Miss Rice. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play crackling piano duets, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The mixture as before—circus-calliope songs by Mae Barnes, romantic ones by Jimmie Daniels, and barrel-house double piano by Norene Tate and Garland Wilson. The Three Flames, led by the superheated Tiger Haines, add a sheaf of catalytic ballads to this pot-pourri, while Tony and Eddie make outrageous fun of some notable recording artists. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the Hogarthian Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's very special collection of songs on the how-can-I-go-on-living theme. Sam Hamilton plays piano.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Mr. Condon's no longer infant industry is nearing its sixth birthday. Firecrackers, as usual, from such early settlers as Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, and Gene Schroeder. Ralph Sutton tears off pyrotechnic piano in between their sessions of mass therapy. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of visiting desperadoes. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): After nine, Red Norvo's trio (Tal Farlow is on guitar) turns out quiet and sort of wonderful progressive jazz, and Joe Bushkin, who plays (and talks) a busy piano, is in charge of a group of his own. Sunday evenings, Bobby Hackett and his light cavalry take the field instead. Irving Fields' trio plays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is back home in this noisy old parlor. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's new band, honestly traditional, up to and including a banjo (Danny Barker), is blowing off a fine head of steam here. Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore are also in the troupe. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On Dec. 14, a group of familiar faces, among them Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Bud Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, Gene Sedric, Sonny Greer, Lou McGarity, Ray McKinley, and Bobby Byrne. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night rioting. This time (Dec. 14), the marksmen will include the Conrad Janis posse, Willie the Lion Smith, Sol Yaged, and Red Allen. Dancing.

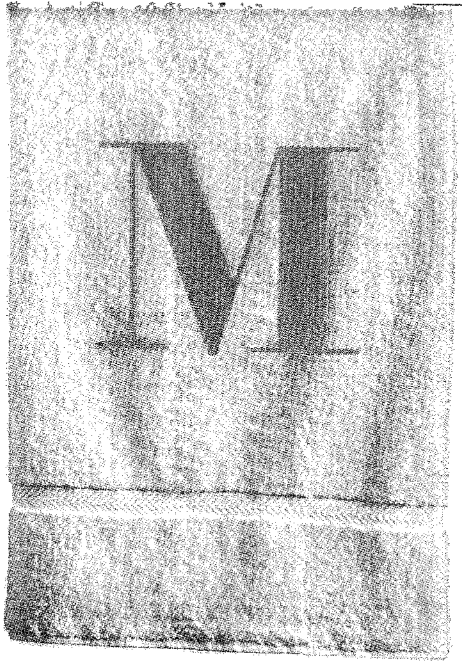
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—A number of pieces assembled from various European collections and including masks, statues, and a series of ceremonial goblets; through Dec. 24. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

THE AMERICAN TRADITION, 1800-1900—A large and fairly impressive collection of paintings done mainly by members of the National Academy of Design during the last century, including a particularly interesting series of



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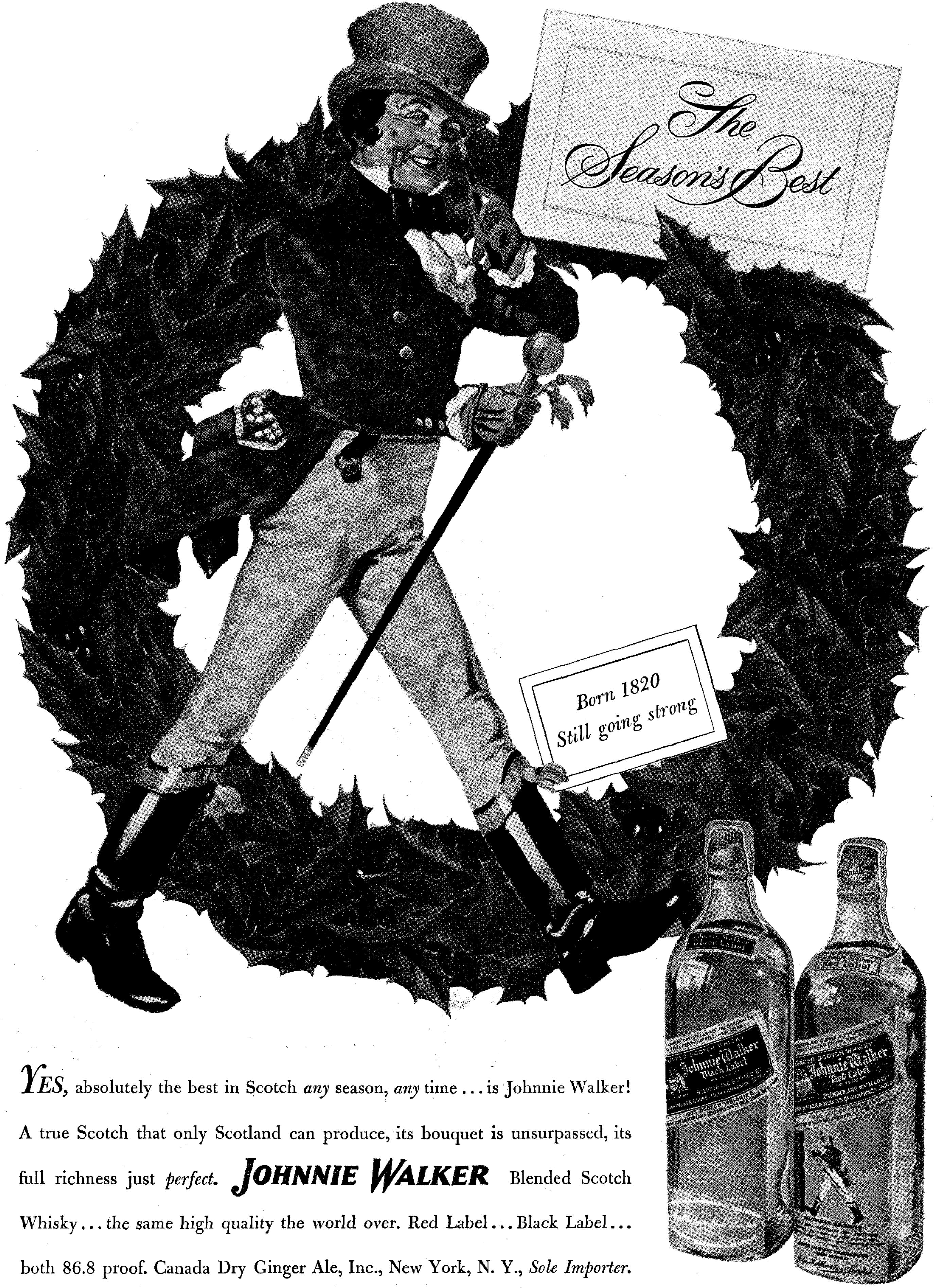
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

portraits; through Dec. 23. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Rollin Crampton—Abstract paintings, with a vague suggestion of Klee underlying their almost excessive mistiness; through Dec. 31. (Peridot, 6 E. 12th St.)

Max Ernst—New paintings, generally Arizonan in motivation, and featuring a number of the minutely executed, postage-stamp-size paintings he calls "microbes;" through Dec. 15. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

Karl Fortess—Recent oils, many of them adroitly adding a touch of Surrealist suggestion to their otherwise conventional subjects; through Dec. 22. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Forty-six Sculptors—A pleasantly varied exhibition, featuring works by such artists as John Hovannes, Seymour Lipton, George Cerny, and Dorothea Greenbaum; through Jan. 4. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

Gandy and Twombly—First showing of paintings by two young artists, both almost extravagantly adventurous in manner; through Dec. 22. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **artists'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Oils, water colors, pastels, drawings, and prints by about twenty artists, including Gretna Campbel and John Sennhauser; through Dec. 24. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30. . . . **contemporary arts**, 106 E. 57th St.: A large show by living American painters and sculptors; through Dec. 31. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11. . . . **fine arts associates**, 51 E. 57th St.: Modern French oils by Braque, Bonnard, Vuillard, Picasso, and others; through Dec. 21. . . . **ganso**, 125 E. 57th St.: Animal ceramics by Carl Walters, paintings by Alex Redein and others, and sculptures by Charles Stevens; through Dec. 26. . . . **grand central moderns**, 130 E. 56th St.: Modern American paintings and sculptures by Arthur Osver, Victor Candell, and others; through Dec. 26. . . . **niveau**, 63 E. 57th St.: Raoul Dufy, Matisse, and Picasso are among those represented in this group of modern French artists; through Dec. 31.

Abraham Harriton—Figure pieces, landscapes, and portraits by this American painter and teacher; through Dec. 15. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Olivia Kahn—Oils on a variety of subjects (scenes of New York and Paris, still-lifes, and architectural patterns, for instance), which show an ingenious use of color and a freshness of approach; through Dec. 15. (Wellons, 70 E. 56th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8.)

Aristodimos Kaldis—Tenth-anniversary exhibition of oils by an artist who has progressed, at times a bit hesitantly, from the primitive to the Expressionist style; through Dec. 20. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Major French Paintings—One large canvas each by Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and six others; through Dec. 15. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.)

Masterpieces from Museums and Private Collections—A loan show, and a superb one, of paintings of the fourteenth century through the nineteenth, for the benefit of St. Faith's House; through Dec. 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Joan Miró—Early paintings, covering the period from 1916 to 1923; through Dec. 15. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters—Nearly a hundred works by thirty-four candidates for the Institute's 1952 art grants, among them Paul Cadmus, I. Rice Pereira, and Cleo Hartwig; through Dec. 16. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Betty Parsons—Bright spots of color in broadly abstract patterns, many of them almost Persian in their suggestion; through Dec. 22. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Jackson Pollock—Drawings and paintings, mostly black and white, and a little more

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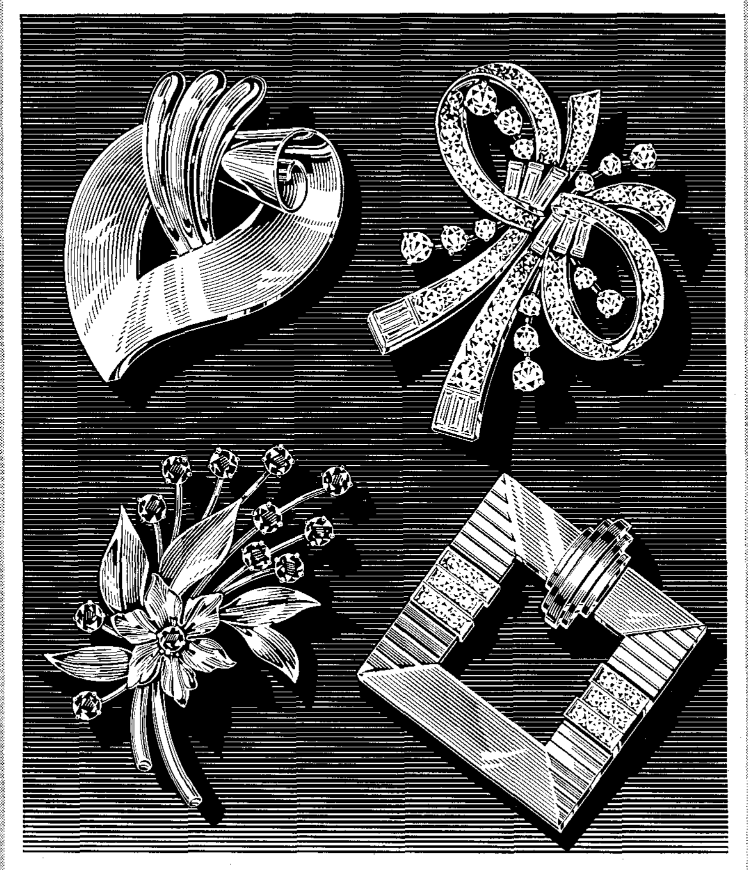

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

representational than usual; through Dec. 15. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Raisa Robbins—A set of bright-colored, charmingly patterned new paintings by one of our most talented naïve artists; through Dec. 15. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

Emanuel Romano—Paintings, neatly stylized and muted in color, many of them celebrating the fancies and dreams of children; through Dec. 22. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Henri Rousseau—A loan show, including a number of little-known pictures from abroad, for the benefit of the Cerebral Palsy Society; through Dec. 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Sculpture by Painters—A remarkably comprehensive survey, containing many obscure pieces by artists from Géricault and Daumier to André Masson and Max Weber; through Dec. 15. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Sculpture of the South Pacific—A small but magnificent collection of examples of Polynesian and other Oceanic native carvings, many of them rare; through Dec. 31. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

Walter Stuempfig—Neo-romantic paintings, ably exploiting the wistfulness of twilight and empty suburban vistas; through Dec. 22 (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—New abstractions, a bit more muted in color than usual, but clearly showing his established and powerful anatomical style; through Dec. 31. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART GALLERY**, 122 E. 55th St.: John Hulse; through Jan. 4.... **CREATIVE GALLERY**, 18 E. 57th St.: Robert Vickrey; through Dec. 22. Weekdays, 11 to 5.... **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: James Fitzsimmons; through Jan. 5. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Montici Intarsia; through Dec. 22. ... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Marguerite, Charles Rennick, and Zahara Schatz; through Dec. 29....¶ Group shows at the **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.; through Jan. 5. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 8; Saturdays, 9 to 4:30. **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.; through Dec. 29. **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.

Note—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings by contemporary artists, among them Chagall, Rouault, and Klee, at the Walden School, 1 W. 88th St., on Friday, Dec. 14, from 8 to 11, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, from 1 to 11, for the benefit of the school's scholarship fund.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A large and well-organized loan exhibition, analyzing and illustrating the various trends in American painting from 1900 to the present; through Jan. 6....¶ A hundred Rouault prints from the Museum's collection; starting Dec. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The story of the three Magi, as depicted in paintings, sculptures, textiles, ivory carvings, and manuscripts; starting Dec. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A selection of Old Masters, plus Oriental and Egyptian objects of art, all given or bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness; through April 1.... ¶ A rather awkwardly arranged but generally interesting collection of sculpture by American contemporaries; through Feb. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures by Matisse, plus prints and illustrated books, and his designs for the Dominican Chapel of the Rosary, at Vence, France; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The sixth annual exhibition of the Creative Arts Associates, comprising ninety paintings and sculptures, through Dec. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The 1951 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, a lively and well-balanced show; through Jan. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 13, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Helen Traubel, Margaret Harshaw, Set Svanholm, and Dezso Ernster. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, Jussi Bjoerling, and Frank Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Ramon Vinay, Leonard Warren, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2: "Manon," with Licia Albanese, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Martial Singher, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Eleanor Steber, Hilde Gueden, Richard Tucker, and Giuseppe Valdengo. (A benefit for the Yeshiva University Women's Organization.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Patrice Munsel, Giacinto Prandelli, Leonard Warren, and Norman Scott. (A benefit for the Shore Front Chapter of the Brooklyn Hadassah; for tickets, call MA 5-4658.) . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 17, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Helen Traubel, Margaret Harshaw, Set Svanholm, and Dezso Ernster. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Hilde Gueden, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and Brian Sullivan. (A benefit for a summer camp run by the East Side Settlement House; for tickets, call TE 8-2838.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Giacinto Prandelli, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Elena Nikolaidi, Kurt Baum, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2: "Fledermaus," with Regina Resnik, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and Brian Sullivan. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Lily Pons, Leonard Warren, and Giuseppe Di Stefano.

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—"Iolanthe." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 13-15, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:45; Friday, Dec. 14, at 2:30; and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2:30 (all with Guiomar Novaes, piano); and Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8:45; Friday, Dec. 21, at 2:30; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8:45 (all-Beethoven programs, with Nathan Milstein, violin).

Hunter College Choir and Columbia University Glee Club—A joint concert, with Anders Emile and Carl A. Lambert directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:15.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Alfred Greenfield directing Handel's "Messiah." (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:20.)

Hufstader Singers—Robert Hufstader directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3. . . . ¶ The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Thursday, Dec. 20, and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 3; no tickets necessary.)

Smith-Harvard Glee Clubs—A joint concert, directed by Iva Dee Hiatt and G. Wallace Woodworth. For the benefit of the Smith College Club of New York Scholarship Fund. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 4-3619.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing, with C. Denoe Leedy, piano. For the benefit of the Mount Holyoke Club of New York Scholarship Fund. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8:45.)

The Weavers—Folk singers. (Town Hall. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:40.)

Trapp Family Singers—Two Christmas-carol programs. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 5:30, and Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3.)

Note—About a hundred and twenty-five choristers will present the annual candlelight concerts of Christmas carols in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree on

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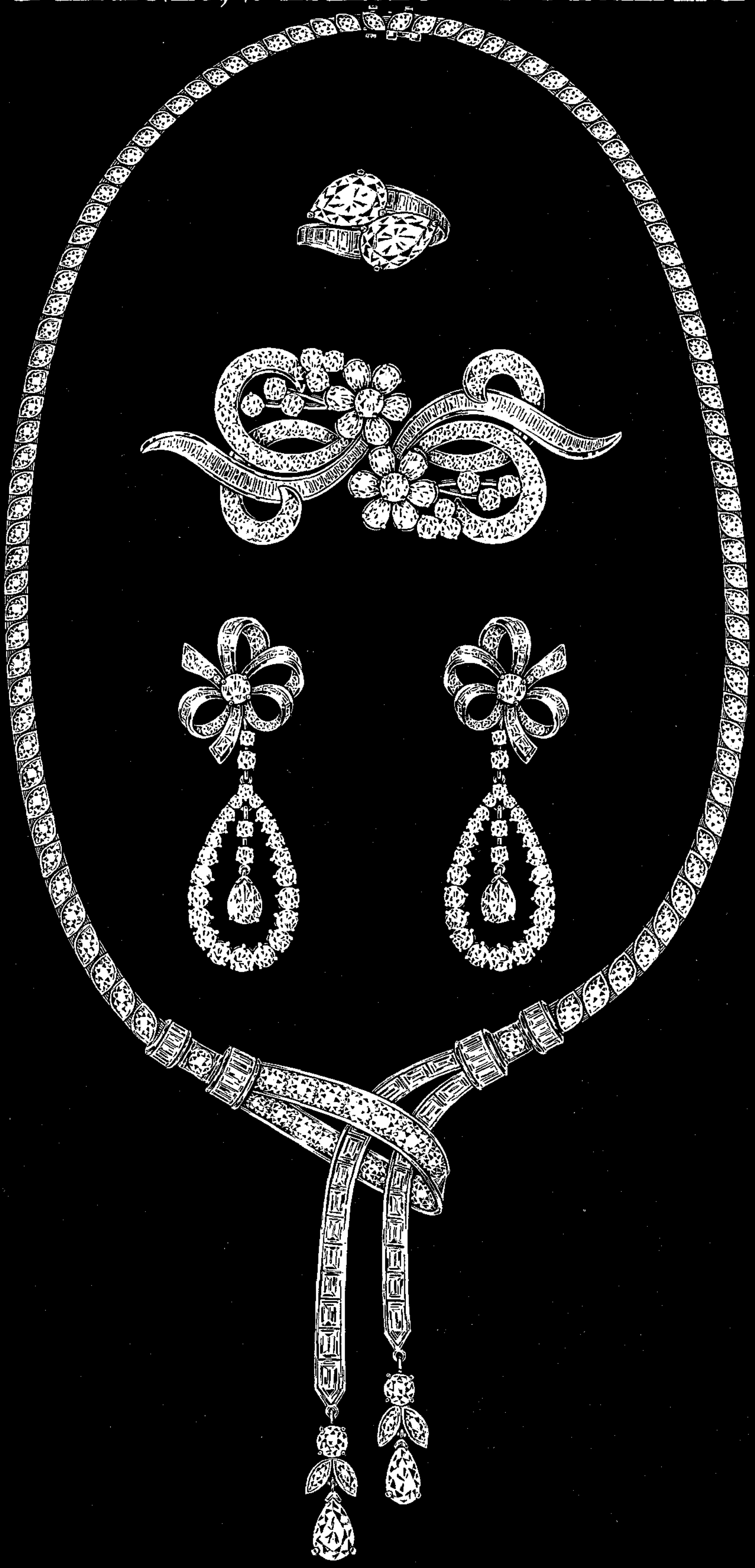

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19-20, at 5:30.

RECITALS

Michael Field—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Ilona Kabos—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Leonard Rose—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:40.)

New Friends of Music—Jennie Tourel, soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 5:30.)

Nicki Galpeer—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Seymour Lipkin—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale—Duo piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Josef Marais and Miranda—Folk singers. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

Guilet String Quartet—An all-Mendelssohn program, with Artur Balsam, piano, and the N.B.C. String Quartet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 14: Kid Gavilan vs. Walter Cartier, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 21: Roland La Starza vs. Dan Bucceroni, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 16: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 19: Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Professional Football—Yanks vs. Giants. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2:05.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—By the **philharmonic-symphony**, Igor Buketoff conducting. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 3.)

Plays—By the **playmart:** "Christmas Carnival," a play and ballet. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **junior theatre:** "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)

Marionettes—By the **berkeley marionettes:** "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 11.) . . . **salzburg marionettes:** "Cinderella" and "Concert at Schönbrunn." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3.)

Children's Carnival—Oscar Brand in a variety program, "Hopping Though the Wild, Wild West." (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The annual supervised-art carnival for children of from four to eight, comprising a miniature gallery, with works of art, toys, sculptures, and mobiles, and a studio workshop, where the youngsters may paint as well as make collages and constructions. The gallery also contains a color organ, which, by the manipulation of keys and foot pedals, can be used to produce color patterns on a screen. Hour-long sessions are held weekdays at 10, 11, 2, 3, and 4, and Sundays at 2, 3, and 4. For reservations, call CI 5-8900, Ext. 335. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.

Exhibits—Electric trains, including such wonders as cattle cars with cattle that troop in and out, and milk cars from which a toy man removes milk cans. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 4.) . . . ¶ More trains (a dozen of them on a seventy-foot railway system); Erector models (a merry-go-round, for instance); and an atomic-energy lab (complete with cloud chamber and radioactive ores) plus numerous scientific displays that youngsters can operate by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Weekdays, 9 to 5:30.)

Movies—Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, Second Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the current meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which is expected to wind up around Jan. 26. However, debates of the Paris meeting are being filmed and shown here a day later over WCBS-TV, Mondays through Fridays at 6, and Sundays at 3. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

Gastronomy in Fine Arts—Still-lifes by such painters as Cézanne, Manet, and van Gogh, as well as historic menus, lithographs, engravings, displays of tableware, and a copy of France's first cookbook, "Platine," published in 1505. (Cultural Division of the French Embassy, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Jan. 30.)

Illuminated Manuscripts—An assembly of traditional Christmas scenes as represented in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and English manuscripts of the thirteenth through the sixteenth centuries. Also, there's the autograph manuscript of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5; through Dec. 31.)

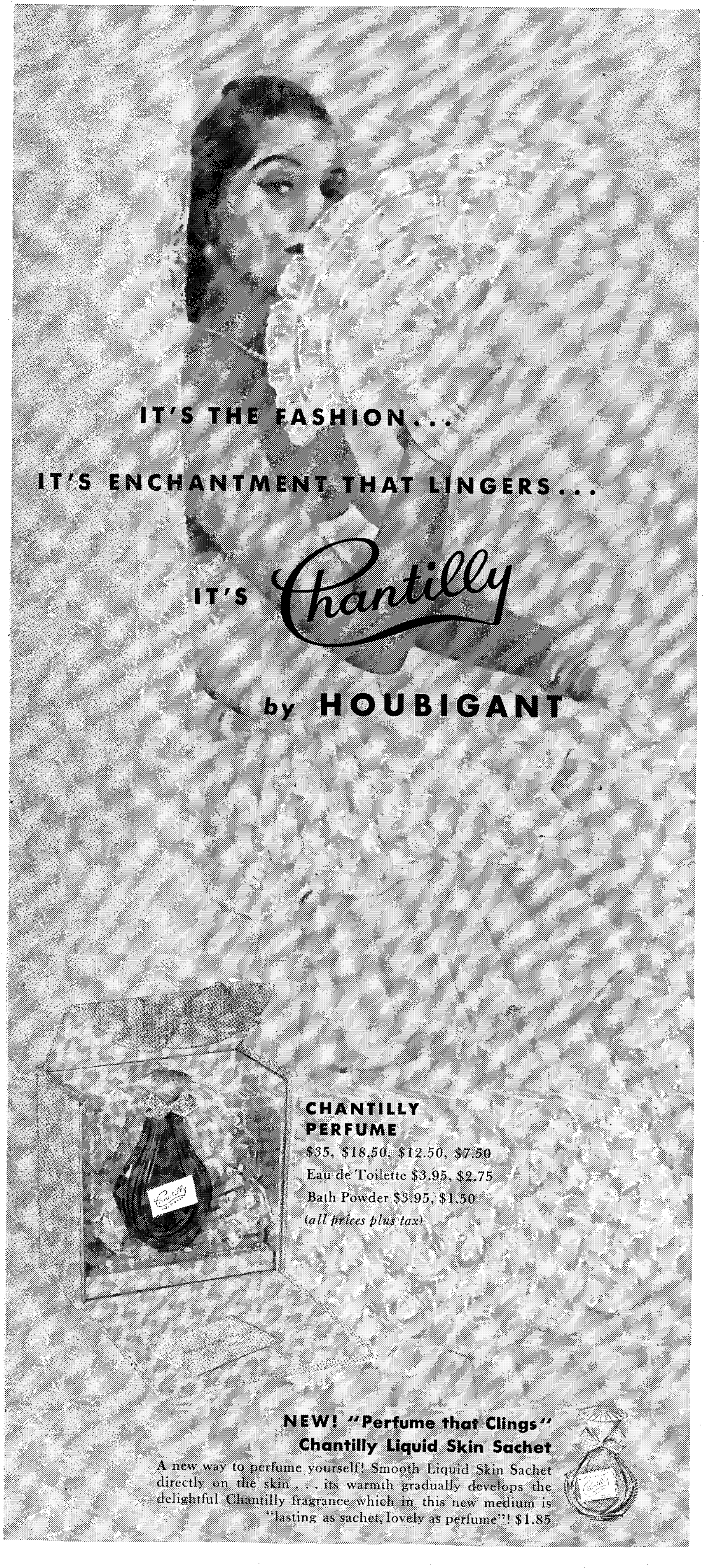
A Pageant of the Opera—Playbills (the oldest is dated Sept. 4, 1851), photographs, stage models, and other memorabilia tracing the history of productions to be heard this season at the Metropolitan Opera, along with costumes worn by stars of the past, including Geraldine Farrar and Enrico Caruso. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through March 30.)

Photographs by Eugène Atget—Pictures of Paris and its environs, taken between 1898 and 1927, the year of Atget's death, in the largest exhibit of his work ever presented here. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5; through Dec. 29.)

Puerto Rico, U.S.A.—A reproduction of a tropical forest glade plus a display of native crafts and plants and such oddities as an egg tree—a showing that will be a breather before getting on with the long, hard winter ahead. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Jan. 12.)

Hayden Planetarium—The December show presents the story of "The Christmas Star," and, in addition, fills the heavens with a huge lollipop tree, beneath which ten-foot toys dance. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)—Thursday and Friday, Dec. 13-14, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1:45: English and American furniture of the eighteenth century, paintings, porcelains, tapestries, and silver, the property of Mrs. Nathan D. Stern and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 1:45, and Thursday, Dec. 20, at 10:15 and 1:45: Queen Anne, Georgian, Sheraton, and other English, as well as Continental furniture, porcelains (including Meissen and Herend), European and American paintings, tapestries, and Oriental rugs, owned by Mrs. Ruth Bryan Rohde and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 15.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Browning Version—The difficulties of a professor of Greek, who finds, after twenty years of trying, that he can't convey to his pupils his own enthusiasm for the classics. The professor, remarkably portrayed by Michael Redgrave, also has his domestic troubles. An English film. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A Christmas Carol—Another adaptation of Dickens' story, in which Alastair Sim is a diverting Scrooge until he gets to see the light, when he and the picture go pretty much to pieces. An English film. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Dec. 18-19. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 19, tentative.)

Detective Story—A first-rate treatment of the Sidney Kingsley melodrama dealing with activities in a police station. The acting in this one is uniformly excellent, and among those who figure in it are Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, Joseph Wiseman, William Bendix, Lee Grant, and Luis Van Rooten. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—How a mild little fellow in the Bank of England manages to do his employers out of a million pounds, amid the nicest sort of hilarity. Alec Guinness is the employee of the bank, and Stanley Holloway is his redoubtable colleague in this English picture. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Place in the Sun—An adaptation of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" that rates a blue ribbon. Astutely directed by George Stevens, the piece has as its central characters Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Dec. 13.)

Quo Vadis—Never before were thirty thousand actors employed so footlessly as in this version of the Sienkiewicz novel about hard times for Christians under Nero. Robert Taylor, the thirty-thousandth actor, helps not at all. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240. Showings are at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Continuous showings.)

The River—A film made by Americans in India. Distinguished by striking topical detail and a script, based on a novel by Rumer Godden, that makes a most absorbing business of adolescent love as experienced by three young ladies. Directed by Jean Renoir, the film includes Arthur Shields and Nora Swinburne in its cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Capers in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 14-17.)

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 13.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Dec. 14.)

Captain Boycott (1947)—Nasty landlords in the eighteen-eighties, and how the Irish dealt with them. An English picture, with Stewart Granger and Kathleen Ryan. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Dec. 17-18. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Dec. 18.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis again, this time as a fatally ill heiress. George Brent and Humphrey Bogart. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; Dec. 16-18.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Dec. 18-19.)

Immortal Sergeant (1943)—A British patrol lost in the Libyan desert. With Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 13.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his last fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 14-15.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Dec. 14.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; Dec. 16-18.)

Man of Aran (1934)—A Robert Flaherty documentary film about Irish island life. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Dec. 18, tentative.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's British thriller involving spies, the Gestapo, and the like. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Dec. 18.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Dec. 14-15. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Dec. 16-17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Dec. 16-18. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Dec. 18-19.)

Orpheus (1950)—Cocteau's modern-dress interpretation of the Greek legend. A French film, with Jean Marais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 19.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—Life in the Casbah. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; through Dec. 16.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Dec. 14.)

Quartet (1949)—The first collection of Somerset Maugham short stories. An English film, with Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Dec. 18-19.)

The Rocking Horse Winner (1950)—Concerning a small boy who picks race-track winners while riding a rocking horse in his nursery. A British picture, with John Howard Davies, John Mills, and Valerie Hobson. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Dec. 16-18.)

Seven Days to Noon (1950)—The mad-scientist-and-atomic-bomb theme. A British picture, with Barry Jones. (Arcadia, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Dec. 18, tentative.)

Sorrowful Jones (1949)—Bob Hope, a bookie, saddled with a small girl. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Dec. 15.)

State Fair (1945)—Champion pigs, youthful romance, and songs. With Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, and Charles Winninger. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Dec. 13.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Dec. 16-18.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Arcadia, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting Dec. 19, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Dec. 16: "The Little Foxes" (1941), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and Teresa Wright . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 17: "Pygmalion" (1938), with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
QUO VADIS.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
QUO VADIS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The Strange Door," Charles Laughton, Boris Karloff.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Adventures of Captain Fabian," Errol Flynn, Micheline Prelle.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
DETECTIVE STORY.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"I'll See You in My Dreams," Doris Day, Danny Thomas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Racket," Robert Mitchum, Lizabeth Scott.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Fixed Bayonets!," Richard Basehart, Gene Evans.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"I'll Never Forget You," Tyrone Power, Ann Blyth.

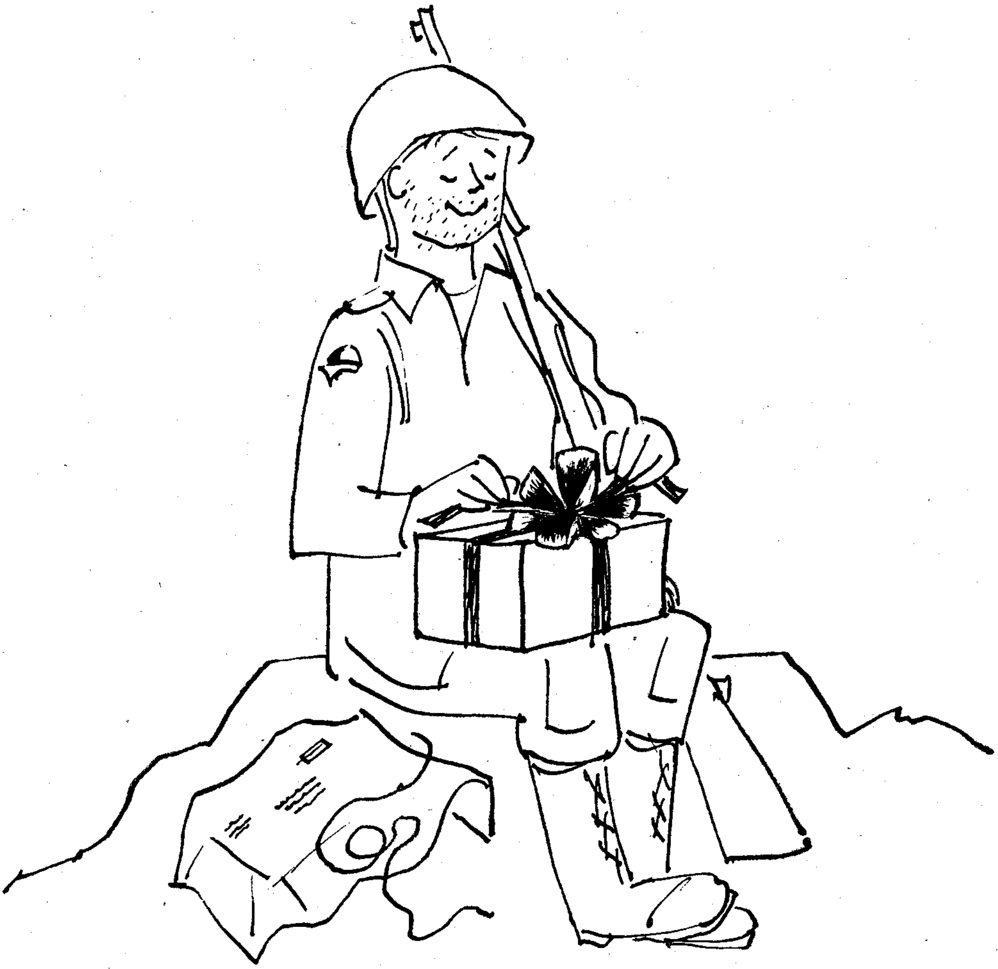
State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Callaway Went Thataway," Dorothy McGuire, Fred MacMurray.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Dec. 18: "Ten Tall Men," Burt Lancaster, Gilbert Roland.
Dec. 19: To be announced.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Dec. 17 (tentative): "The Tanks Are Coming," Steve Cochran, Philip Carey.
From Dec. 18 (tentative): "Starlift," Doris Day, Gordon MacRae.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Dec. 16: **PÉPÉ LE MOKO** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 17: "Miracle in Milan" (in Italian).

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



CHRISTMAS 1951

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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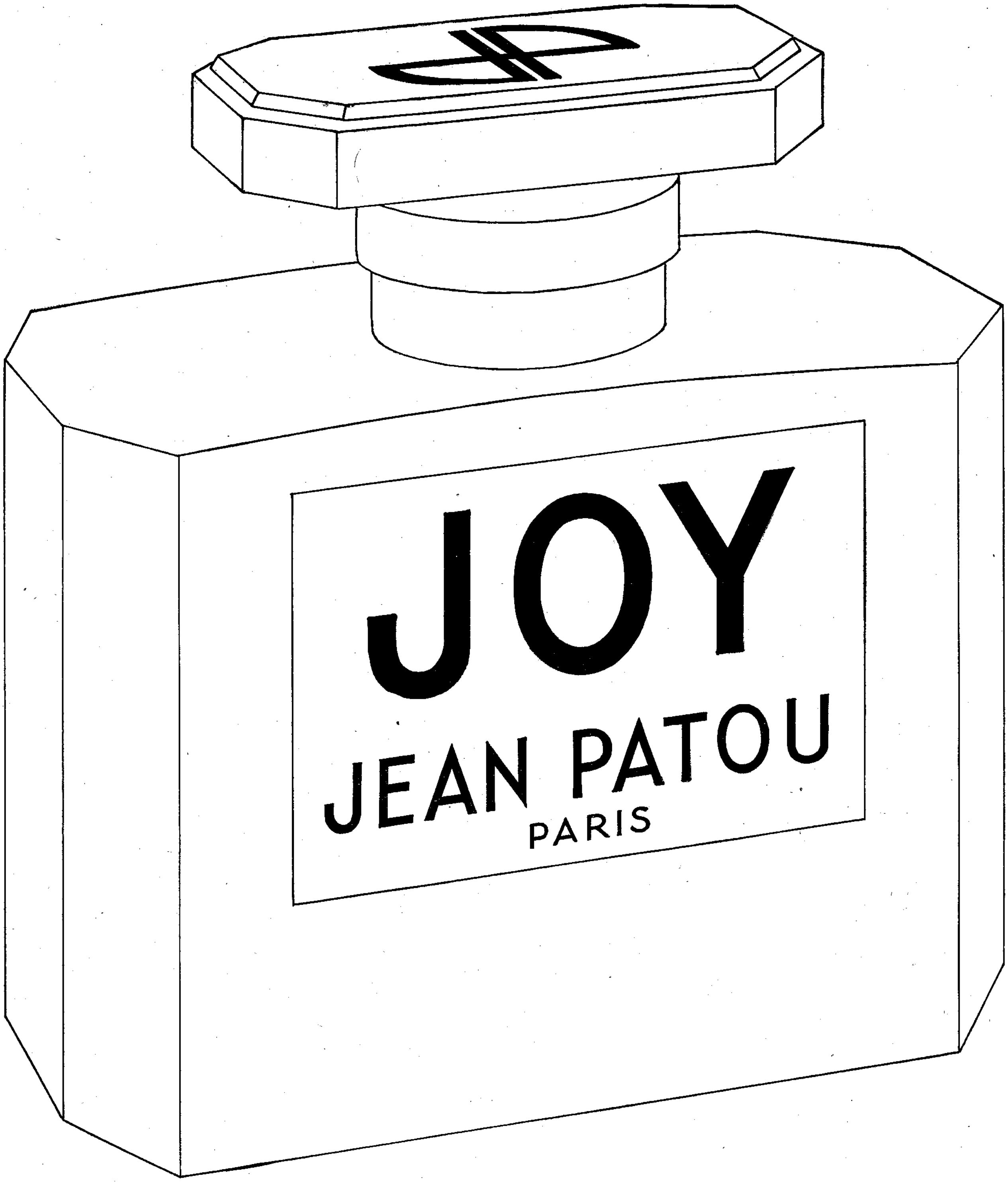

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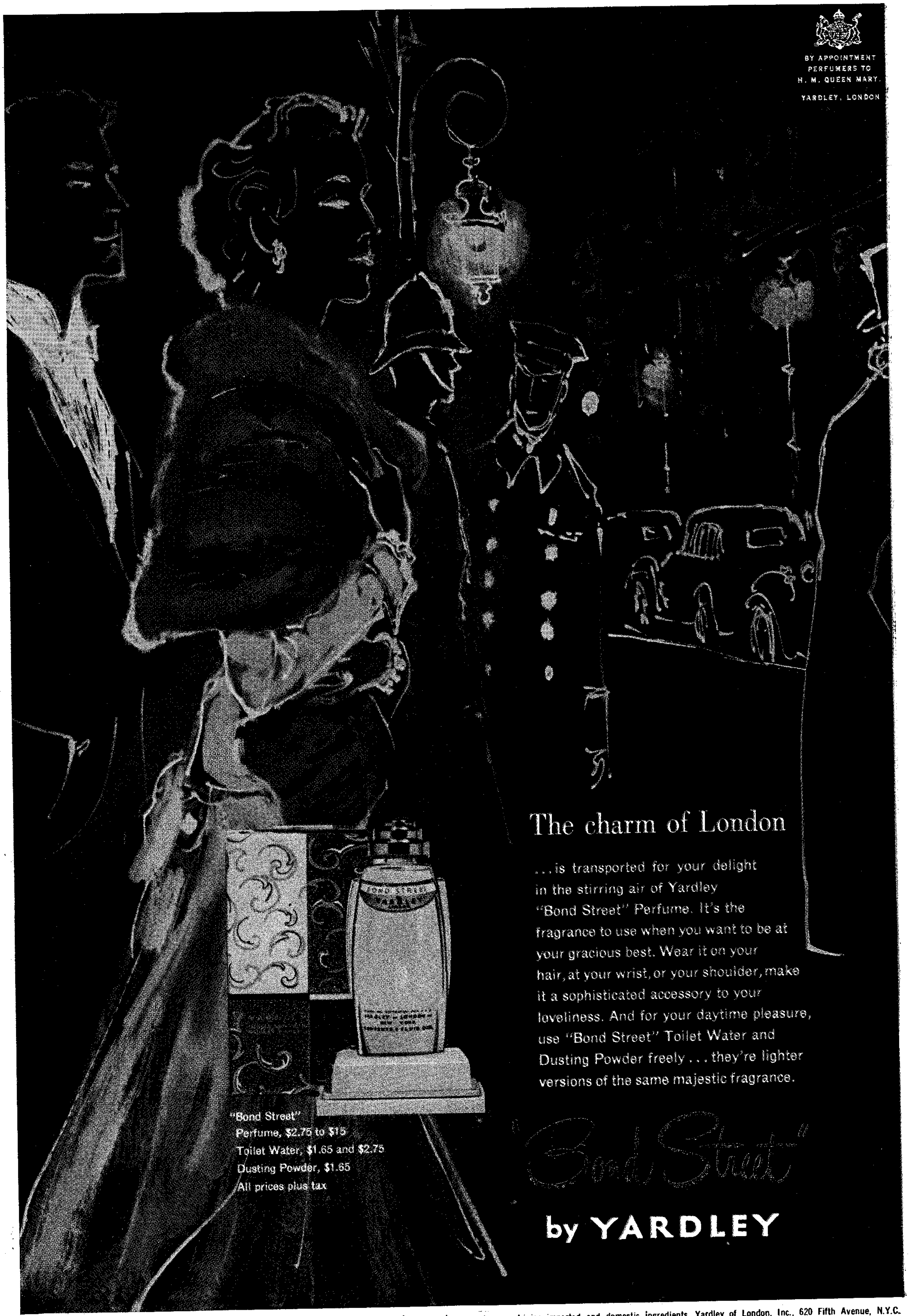

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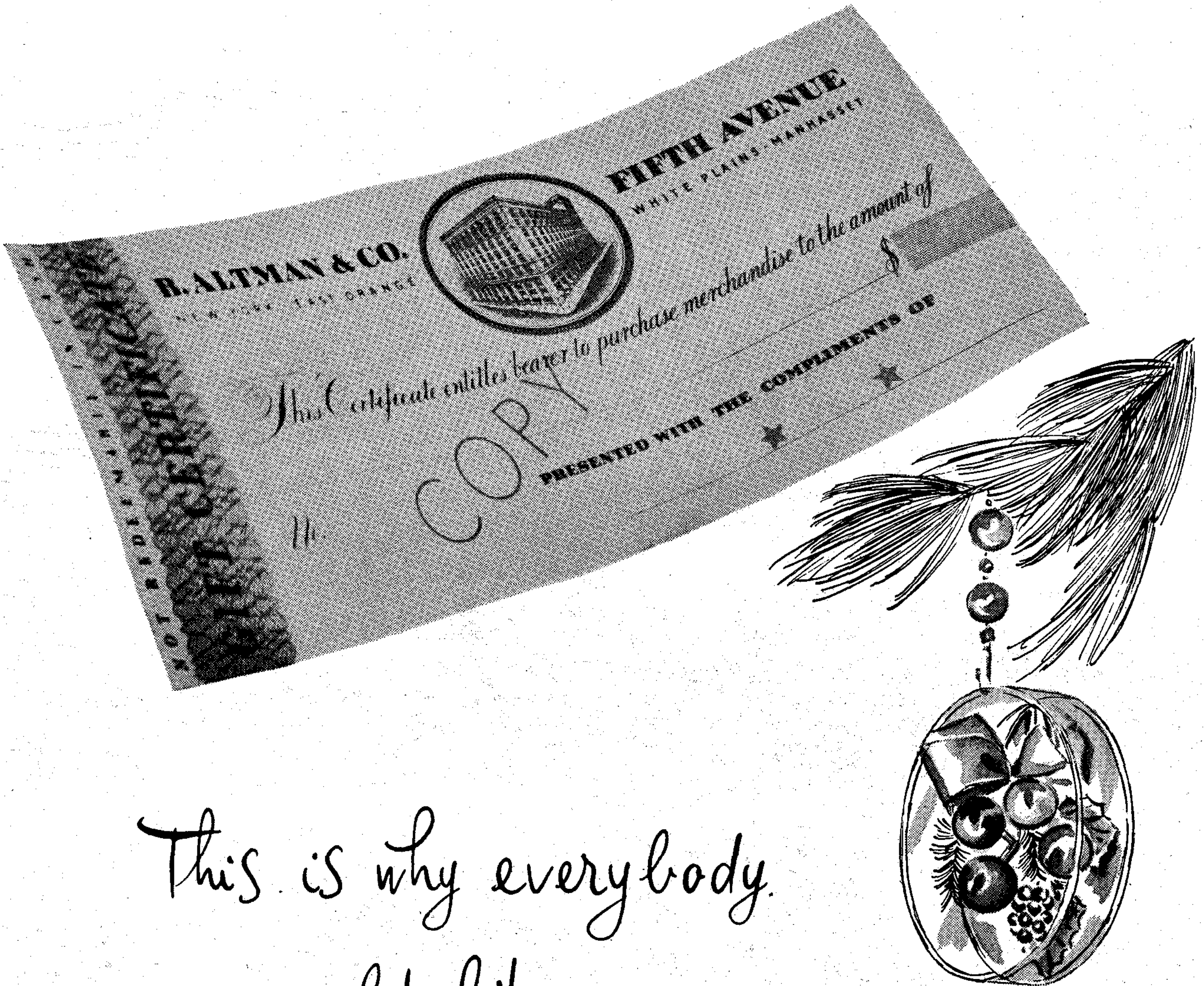

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THE NEW YORKER

H. W. ROSS

Ross died in Boston, unexpectedly, on the night of December 6th, and we are writing this in New York (unexpectedly) on the morning of December 7th. This is known, in these offices that Ross was so fond of, as a jam. Ross always knew when we were in a jam, and usually got on the phone to offer advice and comfort and support. When our phone rang just now, and in that split second before the mind focusses, we thought, "Good! Here it comes!" But this old connection is broken beyond fixing. The phone has lost its power to explode at the right moment and in the right way.

Actually, things are not going as badly as they might; the sheet of copy paper in the machine is not as hard to face as we feared. Sometimes a love letter writes itself, and we love Ross so, and bear him such respect, that these quick notes, which purport to record the sorrow that runs through here and dissolves so many people, cannot possibly seem overstated or silly. Ross, even on this terrible day, is a hard man to keep quiet; he obtrudes—his face, his voice, his manner, even his amused interest in the critical proceedings. If he were accorded the questionable privilege of stopping by here for a few minutes, he would gorge himself on the minor technical problems that a magazine faces when it must do something in a hurry and against some sort of odds—in this case, emotional ones of almost overpowering weight. He would be far more interested in the grinding of the machinery than in what was being said about him.

All morning, people have wandered in and out of our cell, some tearfully, some guardedly, some boisterously, most of them long-time friends in various stages of repair. We have amused ourself thinking of Ross's reaction to this flow. "Never bother a writer" was one of his strongest principles. He used to love to drop in, himself, and sit around, but was uneasy the whole time because of the carking feeling that if only he would get up and go away, we might settle down to work and produce something. To him, a writer at work, whether in the office or anywhere in the outside world, was an extraordinarily interesting, valuable, but fragile object; and he half expected it to fall into a thousand pieces at any moment.

The report of Ross's death came over the telephone in a three-word sentence that somehow managed to embody all the faults that Ross devoted his life to correcting. A grief-stricken friend in Boston, charged with the task of spreading the news but too dazed to talk sensibly, said, "It's all over." He meant that Ross was dead, but the listener took it to mean that the operation was over. Here, in three easy words, were the ambiguity, the euphemistic softness, the verbal infirmity that Harold W. Ross spent his life thrusting at. Ross regarded every sentence as the enemy, and believed that if a man watched closely enough, he would discover the vulnerable spot, the essential weakness. He devoted his life to making the weak strong—a rather specialized form of blood transfusion, to be sure, but one that he believed in with such a consuming passion that his spirit infected others and inspired them, and lifted them. Whatever it was, this contagion, this vapor in these marshes, it spread. None escaped it. Nor is it likely to be dissipated in a hurry.

His ambition was to publish one good magazine, not a string of successful ones, and he thought of *The New Yorker* as a sort of movement. He came equipped with not much knowledge and only two books—Webster's Dictionary and Fowler's "Modern English Usage." These books were his history, his geography, his literature, his art, his music, his everything. Some people found Ross's scholastic deficiencies quite appalling, and were not sure they had met the right man. But he was the right man, and the only question was whether the other fellow was capable of being tuned to Ross's vibrations. Ross had a thing that is at least as good as, and sometimes better than, knowledge: he had a sort of natural drive in the right direction, plus a complete respect for the work and ideas and opinions of others. It took a little while to get on to the fact that Ross, more violently than almost anybody, was proceeding in a good direction, and carrying others along with him, under torrential conditions. He was like a boat being driven at the mercy of some internal squall, a disturbance he himself only half understood, and of which he was at times suspicious.

R

In a way, he was a lucky man. For a monument he has the magazine to date—one thousand three hundred and ninety-nine issues, born in the toil and pain that can be appreciated only by those who helped in the delivery room. These are his. They stand, unchangeable and open for inspection. We are, of course, not in a position to estimate the monument, even if we were in the mood to. But we are able to state one thing unequivocally: Ross set up a great target and pounded himself to pieces trying to hit it square in the middle. His dream was a simple dream; it was pure and had no frills: he wanted the magazine to be good, to be funny, and to be fair.

We say he was lucky. Some people cordially disliked him. Some were amused but not impressed. And then, last, there are the ones we have been seeing today, the ones who loved him and had him for a friend—people he looked after, and who looked after him. These last are the ones who worked close enough to him, and long enough with him, to cross over the barrier reef of noisy shallows that ringed him, into the lagoon that was Ross himself—a rewarding, and even enchanting, and relatively quiet place, utterly trustworthy as an anchorage. Maybe these people had all the luck. The entrance wasn't always easy to find.

He left a note on our desk one day apropos of something that had pleased him in the magazine. The note simply said, "I am encouraged to go on." That is about the way we feel today, because of his contribution. We are encouraged to go on.

When you took leave of Ross after a calm or stormy meeting, he always ended with the phrase that has become as much a part of the office as the paint on the walls. He would wave his limp hand, gesturing you away. "All right," he would say. "God bless you." Considering Ross's temperament and habits, this was a rather odd expression. He usually took God's name in vain if he took it at all. But when he sent you away with this benediction, which he uttered briskly and affectionately, and in which he and God seemed all scrambled together, it carried a warmth and sincerity that never failed to carry over. The words are so familiar to his helpers and friends here that they provide the only possible way to conclude this hasty notice and to take our leave. We cannot convey his manner. But with much love in our heart, we say, for everybody, "All right, Ross. God bless you!"

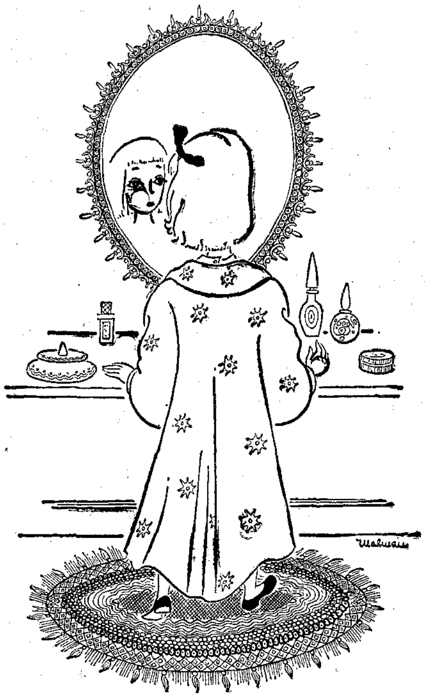
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

White Christmas

THE novelty sensation of the 1951 Christmas season is a liquid plastic called Make It Snow, which, when sprayed from a can resembling an Aerosol bomb, forms a cloud of remarkably genuine-looking snow crystals. A twelve-ounce can retails for a dollar and ninety-five cents and contains enough goo to blanket a ten-foot-high Christmas tree. Make It Snow is manufactured by, needless to say, Make It Snow, Inc., with headquarters at 1841 Broadway, just above Columbus Circle and a long way below the normal snow line. We dropped in there the other afternoon for a talk with Mr. Michael Orman, vice-president and promotion manager of Make It Snow, Inc., who, like most promotion managers, was torn between a desperate desire to tell the whole story of his company's success and a no less desperate desire not to give away any trade secrets. We had barely entered his office, a dingy little room with enough cartons of Make It Snow piled up against the walls to throw an ugly scare into the Department of Sanitation, before the telephone rang. Orman simultaneously grabbed it and waved us to a chair. "Fort Wayne?" he inquired, into the telephone. "Aye, aye, sir. Twenty-four dozen? That enough? . . . Ha! Thought not. Thirty-six dozen. That's more like it. Aye, aye, sir." He hung up and, turning to us, exclaimed, "Orders from everywhere! It'll be a white Christmas from coast to coast! Canada to Mexico! This thing is titanic, and that's not a word I use lightly. Fact is, it's the biggest thing since the blizzard of '88. We're snowed under."

We asked Orman who had invented Make It Snow. "Our own chemical engineer hired for the purpose," he replied. "Worked two years in a plant in Newark, getting it to snow. Absolutely nothing like it. Greatest invention since— since snow itself." We asked Orman who the engineer was. "I believe he's out on the West Coast," Orman said, with the pleased smile of a man who has his treasure well concealed. He lifted a can of Make It Snow from his desk, went over to a window, pressed a button on top of the can, and wrote "Make It Snow" in a flowing, bubbly script across the pane. "Just like Jack Frost, and non-toxic," he said. We said we thought the snow smelled rather like banana oil, and Orman staggered back in dismay. "No, no!" he said. "Freon, that's the answer! Non-inflammable. Watch this!" He squirted a neat little drift of snow onto his desk, struck a match, and held the flame to the snow. The match went out. "Not only that. It wipes off with a warm, damp cloth," Orman continued, and, taking a damp cloth from his pocket, raced to the window and, by dint of vigorous rubbing, caused the magic message to disappear. As he finished, the telephone rang again, and he accepted an order for forty gross of Make It Snow from a store in Bridgeport.

A tall, solemn man came into the room and introduced himself as Harry Handelman, president of Make It Snow, Inc. "We have a very nice business and are delighted with the very nice results we're getting," he told us, looking as if he might burst into tears. "It's so fantastic it's beyond belief," Orman put in. "What if I say that five hundred thousand cases—" "I think we'd better just say that we'll all be having snow for Christmas this year," Handelman said, frowning at Orman. Orman nodded. "I *can* say that we're even shipping it abroad, can't I?" he asked. "Sweden, Puerto Rico, Venezuela! It's going over especially big in places where people have never seen snow before. Our factory is working twenty-four hours a day." "Better say 'around the clock,' " Handelman said.



Orman told us that Make It Snow can be readily cleaned off rugs and furniture with a vacuum cleaner but clings with tenacity to Christmas trees. "Indoors, it will last indefinitely," he said. "On an outdoor tree, it will last a couple of weeks or so. That's more than you can say for the crummy *real* snow we get around here." We expressed an interest in what Make It Snow, Inc., would be making once the Christmas season is past. "This isn't our only baby," Orman said. "We've five or six other sensational developments up our sleeves. Stupendous things! Titanic, even. In the first place, we've a—"

The president of Make It Snow laid a restraining hand on Promotion. "Better just say, 'At some future date, we will have an important announcement to make,' " Handelman said, with a sob.

Ample Provision

APPLICANTS for membership in the Knickerbocker Greys are sent the following request for information:

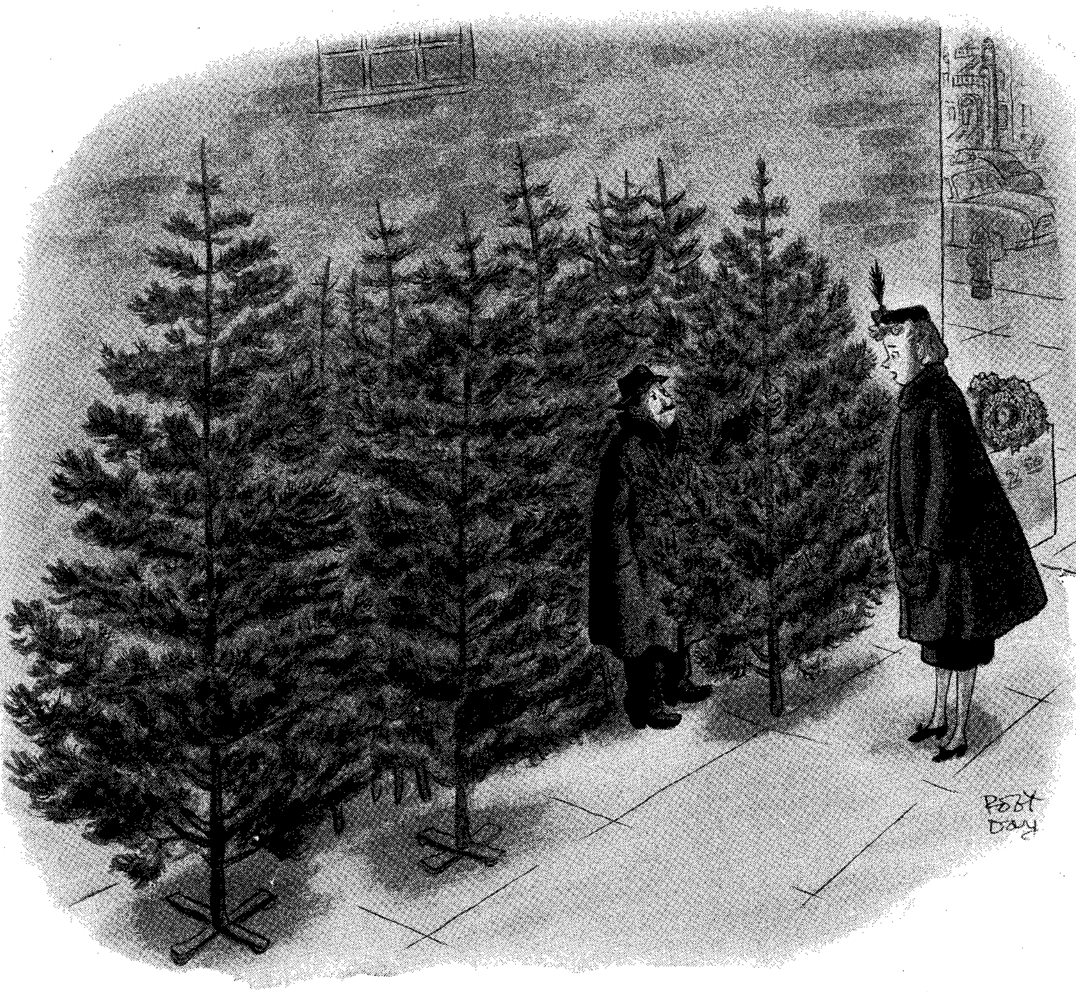
Father's Name
Mother's Name
Mother's Maiden Name
Father's Business
    (Firm)
    (Position in Firm)
Step-father's Name
    (Firm)
    (Position in Firm)

Bum Steer

ENCOURAGED by an article called "Uncle Sam Will Help You Strike It Rich!" in the September, 1951, monthly publication of the Eastchester Savings Bank of Mount Vernon, New York, which read, in part, "Many . . . strategic minerals can be found in abandoned mines, thousands of which dot the country from Canada to Mexico and from coast to coast. Any time you want to find out what mines have been abandoned in your state, a letter to your state department of commerce, the United States Geological Survey in Washington, or the Bureau of Mines will do the trick," an Eastchester Savings parishioner wrote the Bureau of Mines for a list of abandoned mines in his vicinity, and received the following reply from the chief of the Bureau's Publications Distribution Section: "The Bureau of Mines has not published a directory of abandoned mines within a radius of 100 miles of your home or within a radius of 100 miles of the home of anyone else. Nobody has ever compiled a directory of abandoned mines. It is enough trouble compiling a directory of active mines. The U. S. Bureau of Mines has never done that."

Truffle Hunt

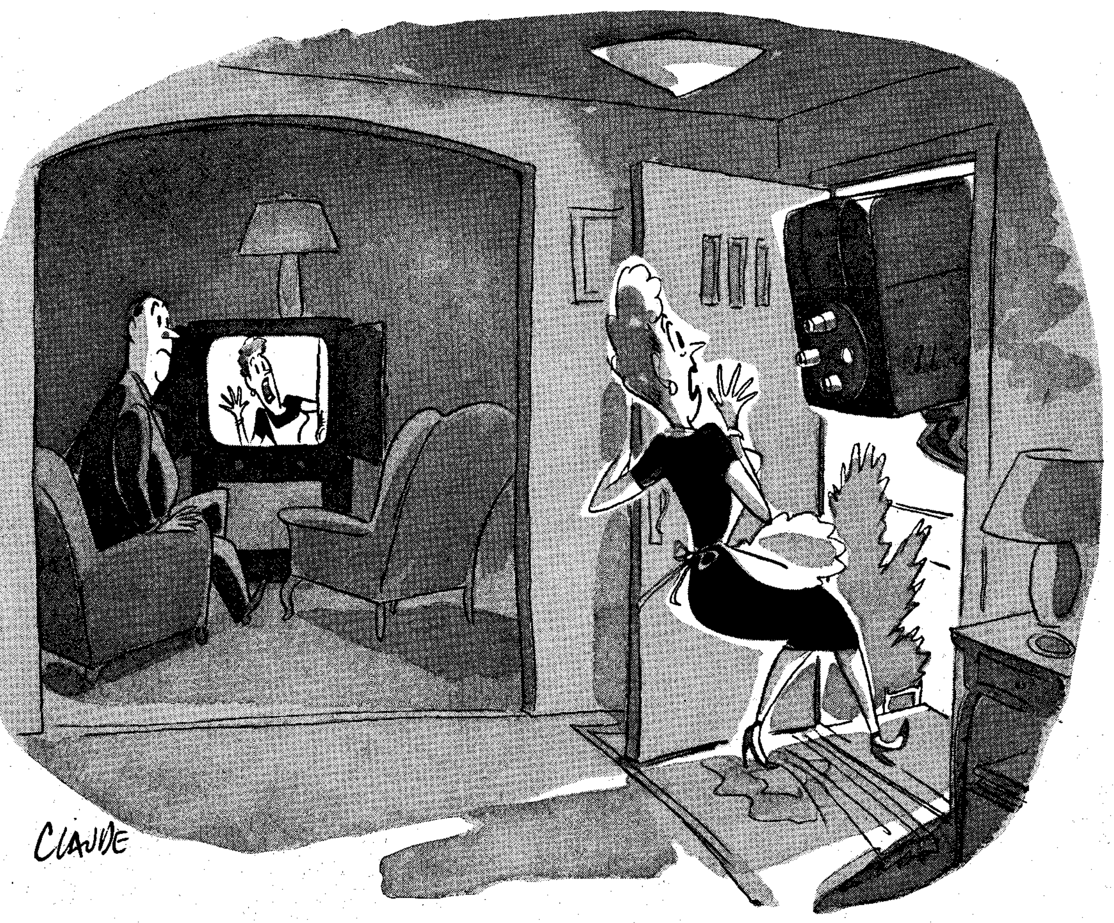
THE truffle, an edible fungus that grows underground and is much used abroad as a flavoring for food, is comparatively little known in this country, outside of French and Italian restaurants. The truffles sold locally are imported from France or Italy, and a seven-ounce tin of them costs about five dollars. It is, however, possible to dig truffles almost anywhere hereabouts; the only requirements are a fancy for truffles and a trained truffle hound. A week or so ago, we went on a truffle hunt in Van Cortlandt Park with Lorenzo Robba, a sixty-six-year-old resident of the Bronx who has been an ardent truffle lover and booster since his childhood days in Italy. As far as Robba knows, he is the only truffle hunter in the East. A gardener by trade, he has long dreamed of launching a million-dollar truffle industry on this continent, but so far he has found it impossible to stir up much interest in the delicacy among native-born Americans, except for botanists, and even they seem to prefer classifying truffles to eating them. This country imports something like a hundred thousand dollars' worth of truffles a year—a state of affairs that Robba finds shocking. He is convinced that millions of dollars' worth of truffles lie buried in the environs of New York City alone, and that he would have little difficulty busting the European truffle monopoly if he could just get at them. Right now, he gives the truffles he digs up to the New York Botanical Garden to classify.



"Don't you have any—er—uh—well, about your size?"

The day we met Robba was, he told us, ideal for truffle hunting—the air clear, the ground of the park unfrozen. (Heavy frost and frozen ground diminish the odor by which a hound detects the truffles' presence.) Robba was armed with a hoe that he boasted had been in his family for three generations, and accompanied by a truffle hound, Musken by name, he imported from Italy a year ago. "A fine, well-trained dog, Musken," he said, holding the hound in check as we headed into the park. "Hunting truffles is a matter of my eyes and Musken's nose. I lead him to a grove of oaks or willows, where the soil is most likely to be right for truffles, and turn him loose. If there are any truffles around, Musken will smell them. For every truffle he finds, I give him a biscuit. So far this season, he has found about a dozen."

Approaching a stand of oaks, Robba dropped the leash and called out, "Shoot!" Musken began to quarter the ground beneath the trees. "He knew nothing but Italian when I first got him, poor Musken," Robba said. "Now he understands 'Shoot' and 'Go ahead.' I have made them mean the same thing." Musken loped around, audibly sniffing. Robba informed us that he has spent nearly half a century studying the truffle, and that he has not yet exhausted the subject. There are, he said, sixty varieties of truffle in this country and a hundred and forty varieties in the world. Truffles grow among the roots of trees, and each variety of truffle has an affinity for particular varieties of tree. Poplars and filbert-nut bushes, as well as oaks and willows, produce satisfactory truffles; a poor type of truffle, scarcely worth mentioning, grows under pines and hemlocks. The only way to grow truffles commercially is to plant the sort of tree that, in the right soil, is likely to produce the desired type of truffle, and then hope. In from four to ten years, the truffles may be there, from two to twelve inches underground. Some are as small as peas, others as big as oranges; the best-flavored truffles are about the



"And now let's follow our roving camera on a surprise visit to an average American home."

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size of an English walnut. Some truffles taste like garlic, others taste like strawberries. People with especially sensitive noses are able to smell truffles underground, but Robba isn't one of them. In Italy, where truffles are widely scattered and the terrain is hilly, hounds are used to hunt them, and in Sardinia goats are occasionally used, but in France, where truffles have been cultivated for centuries and the terrain is fairly flat, the hunters are sows. Talented truffle-hunting sows put in as much as twenty-five years at the game. They wear iron rings in their snouts to keep them from bruising the truffles after they have rooted them up, and are rewarded with acorns or beans. The best French truffles come from the Département of Vaucluse and the region of Périgord. In Italy, Robba said, truffles are used in chicken broth, cheese dishes, and the like; in France, they are commonly cut into quarter-inch pieces and stuffed under the skin of roasting fowl. They also appear, chopped fine, in pâté de foie gras.

"The truffle is not only a good food, it is a pleasure to hunt," Robba said. "No guns, no danger, and the nice feeling of looking for something in the woods that you know can't run away from you." At that moment, Musken stopped and began scratching the ground a few feet away from the trunk of a large oak tree. Robba dug with his hoe, then stooped and tenderly picked up a couple of small, dirt-covered objects and held them out to us. We sniffed them, and they had a distinct rancid odor. Robba tossed a biscuit to Musken, then took a glass jar from his pocket, partly filled it with dirt, and dropped the truffles into it. "Notice how much moss there is around the trees here," Robba said. "Moss means moisture in the soil, and truffles need lots of moisture. They are a very delicate fungus, easy to upset. All right, now, Musken, shoot! Go ahead!"

We went on hunting for another hour or so, but without further success. At one point, Musken unearthed a bone at the foot of a wild cherry tree, and was sharply rebuked. "Next week I'm going up to Connecticut to look for truffles," Robba said. "I'm afraid Musken is getting a little fed up with the Bronx."

Game

MAN who lives in Peter Cooper Village went to its playground to call his five-year-old son for supper and found the lad and a number of his contemporaries engaged in a lively game. The players were divided up into two teams of two groups each, and while one group was busy attacking and pummelling and being counter-attacked and counter-pummelled by its opposite number, the other two groups sat around a checkerboard, talking loudly, ferociously, and unintelligibly. As he watched, the groups switched places, the fighters becoming talkers and the talkers fighters. When he had summoned his son, he asked him what he and his friends were playing. "Korea," the boy said.

Out of the West

ALONG with six photographers, six musicians, a dozen gentlemen unknown to us, and a mother and small daughter done up in matching red-and-green costumes, we stood on a platform in the bowels of Grand Central one rain-swept morning last week, awaiting the arrival of the Twentieth Century Limited and Hildegarde, the sweet singer who has established "Darling, *Je Vous Aime Beaucoup*" as the shibboleth of Continental gloss from Canarsie to our Western approaches. Having heard that Hildegarde had been beating the hotel and supper-club brush in the corn-and-cattle belt for nigh on to three years, we thought it would be only neighborly of us to be on hand when she pulled in from Chicago. While a saxophone bleated a tentative arrangement of her theme song, various morose greeters on the platform complained bitterly about the New

York Central schedule, which brings the Twentieth Century into town at nine-thirty in the morning. The lady with the child loudly proclaimed that she didn't mind, she had to be up anyway to feed Claudia. "Did you ever see such a well-behaved child?" she inquired of the clutch of Hildegarde's well-wishers. "She's only twenty-one months old." A small man carrying a dozen roses pushed past the proud mother toward a thoughtful individual standing on the outskirts of the group. "So who presents these?" he asked. "What the hell is the difference?" said the thinker. "Just get them to her." "Kitchy koo," said the mother to Claudia as the Century arrived.

After the ordinary passengers had made their way off the platform, a buxom lady in tortoise-shell glasses appeared at the door of Car 2620. "So what's with the baggage?" she demanded. "Anna Sosenko," a stranger muttered to us. "Hildegarde's manager, and a dynamo." Somebody complimented Miss Sosenko on the coat she was wearing. "Russian broadtail, mink lining," she announced briskly. Miss Sosenko took up the problem of baggage with a passing redcap, and was still at it when Hildegarde emerged. She was wearing a hat with a veil and a silver-blue mink coat, and carrying a brown mink cape over her arm. "Darlings!" she carolled at one and all. "What I figure," said one of the photographers, "is get a setup at the door of the next car and then have her come out of that one." The band struck up an uneasy version of "Darling, *Je Vous Aime Beaucoup*." "From the Pierre," observed our informative stranger. "That's where she's opening next week. The band at the Persian Room in the Plaza knew this tune like the back of their hands. Eight years she was there." We introduced ourself to the stranger and found out that he was a Kaiser-Frazer representative. "Hildegarde uses one of our Travellers to get around in," he told us. "You can stow forty pieces of luggage in the Traveller, never feel crowded, ride on air . . ."

We moved away from him to follow Hildegarde and the photographers to Car 2621. After a few head-on shots, one of the photographers suggested that she peer around the doorway with her face smothered in roses. Hildegarde stepped into the car, sneaked up on the doorway, popped her head out, and beamed eagerly at the photographers. "How about she jumps up on a cartload of luggage?" somebody proposed. While Hildegarde was clambering over twenty-two pieces of gear piled on a dolly, the band played a few bars of "Chlo-e." The Kaiser-Frazer man told them to can that. They got in line again with "The Last Time I Saw Paris." A gray-haired gentleman with long teeth came up to us. He was brimming over with good will. "Have you seen Hildegarde's truck?" he asked us. We looked blank. "Toured a hundred and forty thousand miles in a Mack Bulldog," he said, "and never missed an opening." We pointed out that she was supposed to be touring in a Kaiser Traveller. "Of course, of course," said the gray-haired man. "But her effects, her costumes, the instruments for a band of ten pieces—where are they? In a custom-built Mack Bulldog. And she never once missed an opening."

When Hildegarde dismounted from her perch on the luggage, all hands were invited to have breakfast on the Twentieth Century, which was being held in the station for an extra hour to accommodate Hildegarde's friends. At breakfast, to which a festive note was added by an accordionist who roamed the aisles looking hungry, Hildegarde was seated at a table with Claudia and her mother. Mother, we learned from a knowledgeable fellow-breakfaster, was filling in for her husband, a reporter who couldn't make the gathering. "On this trip," said Hildegarde, "I saw people who had seen me in New York, but very few New Yorkers."

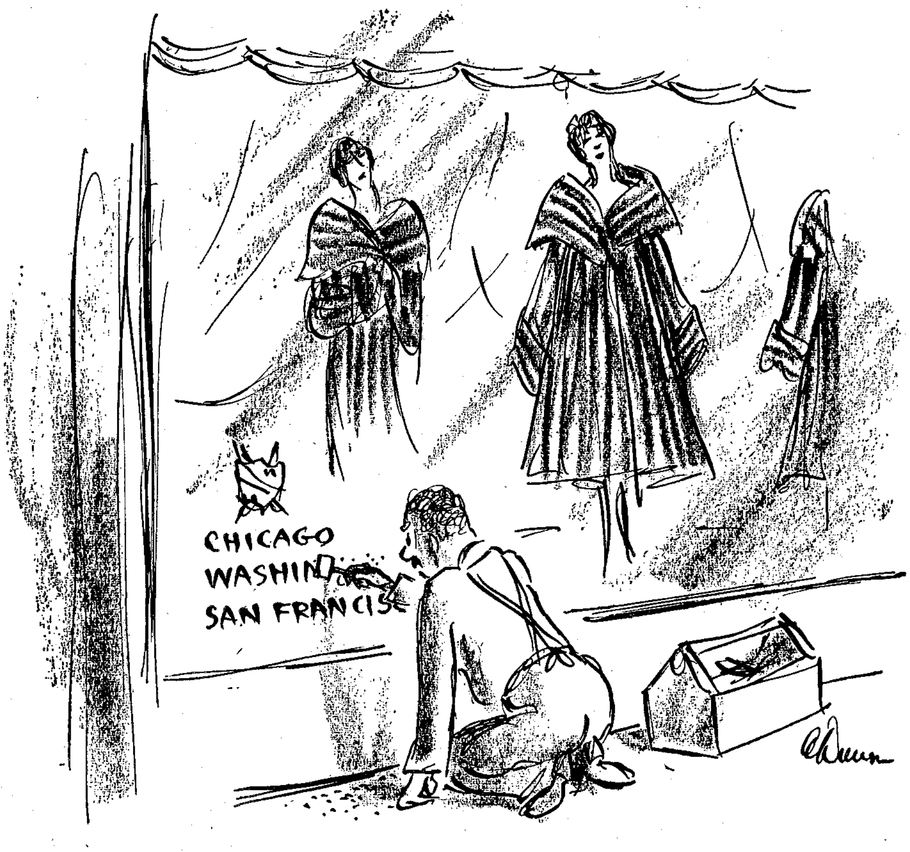
"Did you ever see such a child?" said the mother. "She never bothers me at all."

Hildegarde surveyed her coldly. "My veil is bothering *me*," she said.

Shortly thereafter, Hildegarde broke up the breakfast and invited us all to see her Mack truck, which was parked outside the Empire State Building. On our way down in a cab, we had a few words with Miss Sosenko. "This tour, we proved there are no hick towns," she said. "We performed in dry states, where they came loaded, and in half-dry states, where they brought their own bottled goods and paid two and three bucks for a setup. In the Adolphus in Dallas, we made almost fourteen thousand dollars in nine days, working for three dollars out of a three-sixty-six cover charge. We proved the world is growing up. We made history. There's the truck." The vehicle was raspberry in color, and decorated with roses, stars, a piano keyboard, and a black glove holding a rose. "That pulls them in like a circus," said Miss Sosenko.

Emergency

A MARYLAND lady recently received a postcard saying, "The emergency meeting of the Junior League of Baltimore Inc. on Tuesday, November 13th is temporarily postponed."



A TIN BUTTERFLY

THE man we had to call Uncle Myers was no relation to us. This was a point on which we four orphan children were very firm. He had married our great-aunt Margaret shortly before the death of our parents and so became our guardian while still a benedict—not perhaps a very nice eventuality for a fat man of forty-two who has just married an old maid with a little income to find himself summoned overnight from his home in Indiana to be the hired parent of four children, all under seven years old.

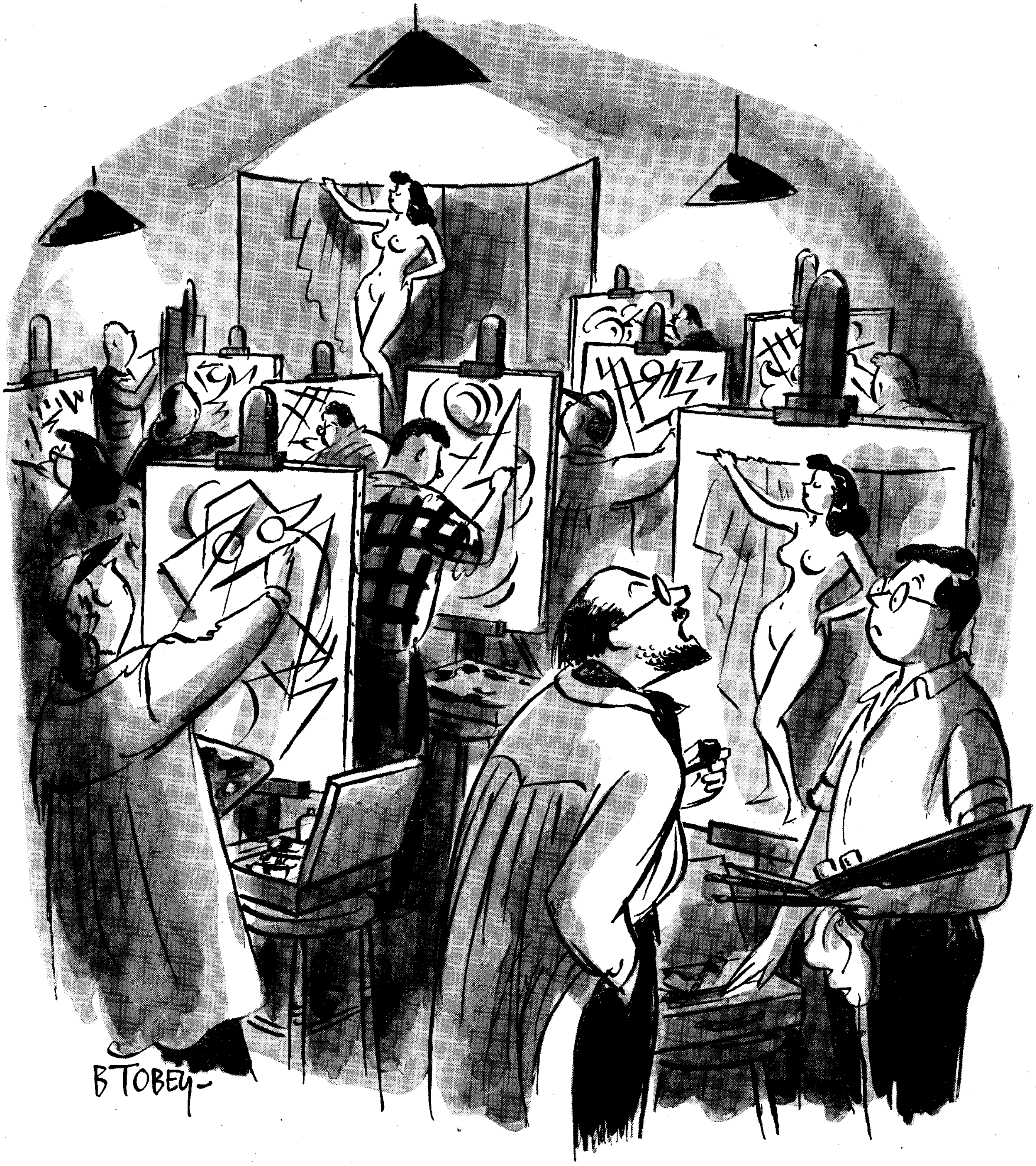
When Myers and Margaret got us, my three brothers and me, we were a handful; on this there were no two opinions in the McCarthy branch of the family. The famous flu epidemic of 1918, which had stricken our little household en route from Seattle to Minneapolis and carried off our parents within a day of each other, had, like all God's devices, a meritorious aspect, soon discovered by my grandmother McCarthy: A merciful end had been put to a regimen of spoiling and coddling, to Japanese houseboys, iced cakes, picnics, upset stomachs, furred hats and coats. My grandmother thanked her stars that Myers and her sister Margaret were available to step into the breach. Otherwise, we might have had to be separated, an idea that moistened her hooded gray eyes, or been taken over by "the Protestants"—thus she grimly designated my grandfather Preston, a respectable Seattle lawyer of New England antecedents who, she many times declared with awful emphasis, had refused to receive a Catholic priest in his house! But our Seattle grandparents, coming on to Minneapolis for the funeral, were too broken up, she perceived, by our young mother's death to protest the McCarthy arrangements. Weeping, my Jewish grandmother (Preston, born Morganstern), still a beauty, like her lost daughter, acquiesced in the wisdom of keeping us together in the religion my mother had espoused. In my sickbed, recovering from the flu in my grandmother McCarthy's Minneapolis house, I, the eldest and the only girl, sat up and watched the other grandmother cry, dampening her exquisite black veil. I did not know that our parents were dead or that my sobbing grandmother—whose green Seattle terraces I remembered as delightful to roll down on Sundays—had just now, downstairs in my grandmother McCarthy's well-heated sun parlor, met the middle-aged pair who had come on from Indiana to undo her daughter's mistakes. I was only six years old and had just started school in a Sacred Heart convent on a leafy boulevard in Seattle before the fatal November trek back East, but I was sharp enough to see that Grandmother Preston did not belong here, in this dour sickroom, and vain enough to pride myself on drawing the inference that something had gone awry.

We four children and our keepers were soon installed in the yellow house at 2427 Blaisdell Avenue that had been bought for us by my grandfather McCarthy. It was situated two blocks away from his own prosperous dwelling, with its grandfather clock, tapestries, and Italian paintings, in a block that some time before had begun to "run down." Flanked by two-family houses, it was simply a crude box in which to stow furniture, and lives, like a warehouse; the rooms were small and brownish and for some reason dark, though I cannot think why, since the house was graced by no ornamental planting; a straight cement driveway ran up one side; in the back, there was an alley. Downstairs, there were a living room, a "den," a dining room, a kitchen, and a lavatory; upstairs, there were four bedrooms and a bathroom. The dingy wallpaper of the rooms in which we children slept was promptly defaced by us; bored without our usual toys, we amused ourselves by making figures on the walls with our wet tongues. This was our first crime, and I remember it because the violence of the whipping we got surprised us; we had not known we were doing wrong. The splotches on the walls remained through the years to fix this first whipping and the idea of badness in our minds; they stared at us in the evenings when, still bored but mute and tamed, we learned to make shadow figures on the wall—the swan, the rabbit with its ears wiggling—to while away the time.

It was this first crime, perhaps, that set Myers in his punitive mold. He saw that it was no sinecure he had slipped into. Childless, middle-aged, he may have felt in his slow-turning mind that his inexperience had been taken advantage of by his wife's grandiloquent sister, that the vexations outweighed the perquisites; in short, that he had been sold. This, no doubt, was how it must have really looked from where he sat—in a brown leather armchair in the den, wearing a blue work shirt, stained with sweat, open at the neck to show an undershirt and lion-blond, glinting hair on his chest. Below this were workmen's trousers of a brownish-gray material, straining at the buttons and always gaping slightly, just below the belt, to show another glimpse of underwear, of a yellowish white. On his fat head, frequently, with its crest of bronze curly hair, were the earphones of a crystal radio set, which he sometimes, briefly, in a generous mood, fitted over the grateful ears of one of my little brothers.

A second excuse for Myers' behavior is manifest in this description. He had to contend with Irish social snobbery, which looked upon him dispassionately from four sets of green eyes and set him down as "not a gentleman." "My father was a gentleman and you're not"—what I meant by these categorical words I no longer know precisely, except that my father had had a romantic temperament and was a spendthrift; but I suppose there was also included some notion of courtesy. Our family, like many Irish Catholic new-rich families, was filled with aristocratic delusions; we children were always being told that we were descended from the kings of Ireland and that we were related to General "Phil" Sheridan, a dream of my great-aunt's. More precisely, my great-grandfather on this side had been a streetcar conductor in Chicago.

But at any rate Myers (or Meyers) Shriver (or Schreiber—the name had apparently been Americanized) was felt to be beneath us socially. Another count against him in our childish score was that he was a German, or, rather, of German descent, which made us glance at him fearfully in 1918, just after the Armistice. In Minneapolis at that time, there was great prejudice among the Irish Catholics, not only against the Protestant Germans, but against all the northern bloods and their hateful Lutheran heresy. Lutheranism to us children was, first of all, a religion for servant girls and, secondly, a sort of yellow corruption associated with original sin and with Martin Luther's tongue rotting in his mouth as God's punishment.



"You've got a long, long road ahead of you, young man."

Bavarian Catholics, on the other hand, were singled out for a special regard; we saw them in an Early Christian light, brunette and ringleted, like the Apostles. This was due in part to the fame of Oberammergau and the Passion Play, and in part to the fact that many of the clergy in our diocese were Bavarians; all through this period I confided my sins of disobedience to a handsome, dark, young Father Elderbush. Uncle Myers, however, was a Protestant, although, being too indolent, he did not go to church; he was not one of us. And the discovery that we could take refuge from him at school, with the nuns, at church, in the sacraments, seemed to verify the ban that was on him; he was truly outside grace. Having been impressed with the idea that our religion was a sort of logical contagion, spread by holy books and good example, I could never understand why Uncle Myers, bad as he was, had not caught it; and his obduracy in remaining at home in his den on Sundays, like a somnolent brute in its lair, seemed to me to go against nature.

Indeed, in the whole situation there was something unnatural and inexplica-

“This is getting to be embarrassing.”

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ble. His marriage to Margaret, in the first place: he was younger than his wife by three years, and much was made of this difference by my grandmother McCarthy, his wealthy sister-in-law, as though it explained everything in a slightly obscene way. Aunt Margaret, née Sheridan, was a well-aged quince of forty-five, with iron-gray hair shading into black, a stiff carriage, high-necked dresses, unfashionable hats, a copy of *Our Sunday Visitor* always under her arm—folded, like a flail—a tough dry skin with soft colorless hairs on it, like dust, and furrowed and corrugated, like the prunes we ate every day for breakfast. It could be said of her that she meant well, and she meant especially well by Myers, all two hundred and five pounds, dimpled double chin, and small, glinting, gross blue eyes of him. She called him “Honeybunch,” pursued him with attentions, special foods, kisses, to which he responded with tolerance, as though his swollen passivity had the character of a male thrust or assertion. It was clear that he did not dislike her, and that poor Margaret, as her sister said, was head over heels in love with him. To us children, this honeymoon rankness was incomprehensible; we could not see it on either side for, quite apart from everything else, both parties seemed to us very old, as indeed they were, compared to our parents, who had been young and handsome. That he had married her for her money occurred to us inevitably, though it may not have been so; very likely it was his power over her that he loved, and the power he had to make her punish us was perhaps her strongest appeal to him. They slept in a bare, ugly bedroom with a tall, cheap pine chiffonier on which Myers' black wallet and his nickels and dimes lay spread out when he was at home—did he think to arouse our cupidity or did he suppose that this stronghold of his virility was impregnable to our weak desires? Yet, as it happened, we did steal from him, my brother Kevin and I—rightfully, as we felt, for we were allowed no pocket money (two pennies were given us on Sunday morning to put into the collection plate) and we guessed that the money paid by our grandfather for the household found its way into Myers' wallet.

And here was another strange thing about Myers. He not only did nothing for a living but he appeared to have no history. He came from Elkhart, Indiana, but beyond this fact nobody seemed to know anything about him—not even how he had met my aunt Margaret. Reconstructed from his conversation, a picture of Elkhart emerged for us that showed it as a flat place consisting chiefly of ballparks, poolrooms, and hardware stores. Aunt Margaret came from Chicago, which consisted of the Loop, Marshall Field's, assorted priests and monsignors, and the black-and-white problem. How had these two worlds impinged? Where our family spoke freely of its relations, real and imaginary, Myers spoke of no one, not even a parent. At the very beginning, when my father's old touring car, which had been shipped on, still remained in our garage, Myers had certain seedy cronies whom he took riding in it or who simply sat in it in our driveway, as if anchored in a houseboat; but when the car went, they went or were banished. Uncle Myers and Aunt Margaret had no friends, no couples with whom they exchanged visits—only a middle-aged, black-haired, small, emaciated woman with a German name and a yellowed skin whom we were taken to see one afternoon because she was dying of cancer. This protracted death had the aspect of a public execution, which was doubtless why Myers took us to it; that is, it was a spectacle and it was free, and it inspired restlessness and depression. Myers was the perfect type of rootless municipalized man who finds his pleasures in the handouts or overflow of an industrial civilization. He enjoyed standing on a curbstone, watching parades, the more nondescript the better, the Labor Day parade being his favorite, and next to that a military parade, followed by the commercial parades with floats and girls dressed in costumes; he would even go to Lake Calhoun or Lake Harriet for doll-carriage parades and competitions of children dressed as Indians. He liked bandstands, band concerts, public parks devoid of grass; skywriting attracted him; he was quick to hear of a department-store demonstration where colored bubbles were blown, advertising a soap, to the tune of “I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles,” sung by a mellifluous soprano. He collected coupons and tinfoil, bundles of newspaper for the old rag-and-bone man (thus interfering seriously with our school paper drives), free samples of cheese at Donaldson's, free tickets given out by a neighborhood movie house to the first installment of a serial—in all the years we lived with him, we never saw a full-length movie but only those truncated beginnings. He was also fond of streetcar rides (could the system have been municipally owned?), soldiers' monuments, cemeteries, big, coarse flowers like cannas and cockscombs set in beds by city gardeners. Museums did not appeal to him, though we did go one night with a large crowd to see Marshal Foch on the steps of the Art Institute. He was always weighing himself on penny weighing machines. He seldom left the house except on one of these purposeless errands, or else to go to a ball game, by himself. In the winter, he spent the days at home in the den, or in the kitchen, making candy. He often had enormous tin trays of decorated fondants cooling in the cellar, which leads my brother Kevin to think today that at one time in Myers' life he must have been a pastry cook or a confectioner. He also liked to fashion those little figures made of pipe cleaners that were just then coming in as favors in the better candy shops, but Myers used *old* pipe cleaners, stained yellow and brown. The bonbons, with their pecan or almond topping, that he laid out in such perfect rows were for his own use; we were permitted to watch him set them out, but never—and my brother Kevin confirms this—did we taste a single one.

In the five years we spent with Myers, the only candy I ever had was bought with stolen money and then hidden in the bottom layer of my paper-doll set; the idea of stealing to buy candy and the hiding place were both lifted from Kevin. Opening my paper-doll box one day, I found it full of pink and white soft-sugar candies, which it seemed to me God or the fairies had sent me in response to my wishes and prayers, until I realized that Kevin was stealing, and using my paper-doll box for a cache; we had so few possessions that he had no place of his own to hide things in. Underneath the mattress was too chancy, as I myself found when I tried to secrete magazines of Catholic fiction there; my aunt, I learned, was always tearing up the bed and turning the mattress to find out whether you had wet it and attempted to hide your crime by turning it over. Reading was forbidden us, except for schoolbooks and, for some reason, the funny papers and magazine section of the Sunday Hearst papers, where one read about leprosy, the affairs of Count Boni de Castellane, and a strange disease that turned people to stone creepingly from the feet up.

THIS prohibition against reading was a source of scandal to the nuns who taught me in the parochial school, and I think it was due to their intervention with my grandmother that finally, toward the end, I was allowed to read openly the Camp Fire Girls series, "Fabiola," and other books I have forgotten. Myers did not read; before the days of the crystal set, he passed his evenings listening to the phonograph in the living room: Caruso, Harry Lauder, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "There's a Sweet Little Nest," and "Listen to the Mocking Bird." It was his pleasure to make the four of us stand up in a line and sing to him the same tunes he had just heard on the phonograph, while he laughed at my performance, for I tried to reproduce the staccato phrasing of the sopranos, very loudly and off key. Also, he hated long words, or, rather, words that he regarded as long. One summer day, in the kitchen, when I had been ordered to swat flies, I said, "They disappear so strangely," a remark that he mimicked for years whenever he wished to humiliate me, and the worst of this torture was that I could not understand what was peculiar about the sentence, which seemed to me plain ordinary English, and, not understanding, I knew that I was in perpetual danger of exposing myself to him again.

So far as we knew, he had never been in any army, but he liked to keep smart military discipline. We had frequently to stand in line, facing him, and shout answers to his questions in chorus. "Forward *march!*" he barked after every order he gave us. The Fourth of July was the only holiday he threw himself into with geniality. Anything that smacked to him of affectation or being "stuckup" was subject to the harshest reprisals from him, and I, being the oldest, and the one who remembered my parents and the old life best, was the chief sinner, sometimes on purpose, sometimes unintentionally.

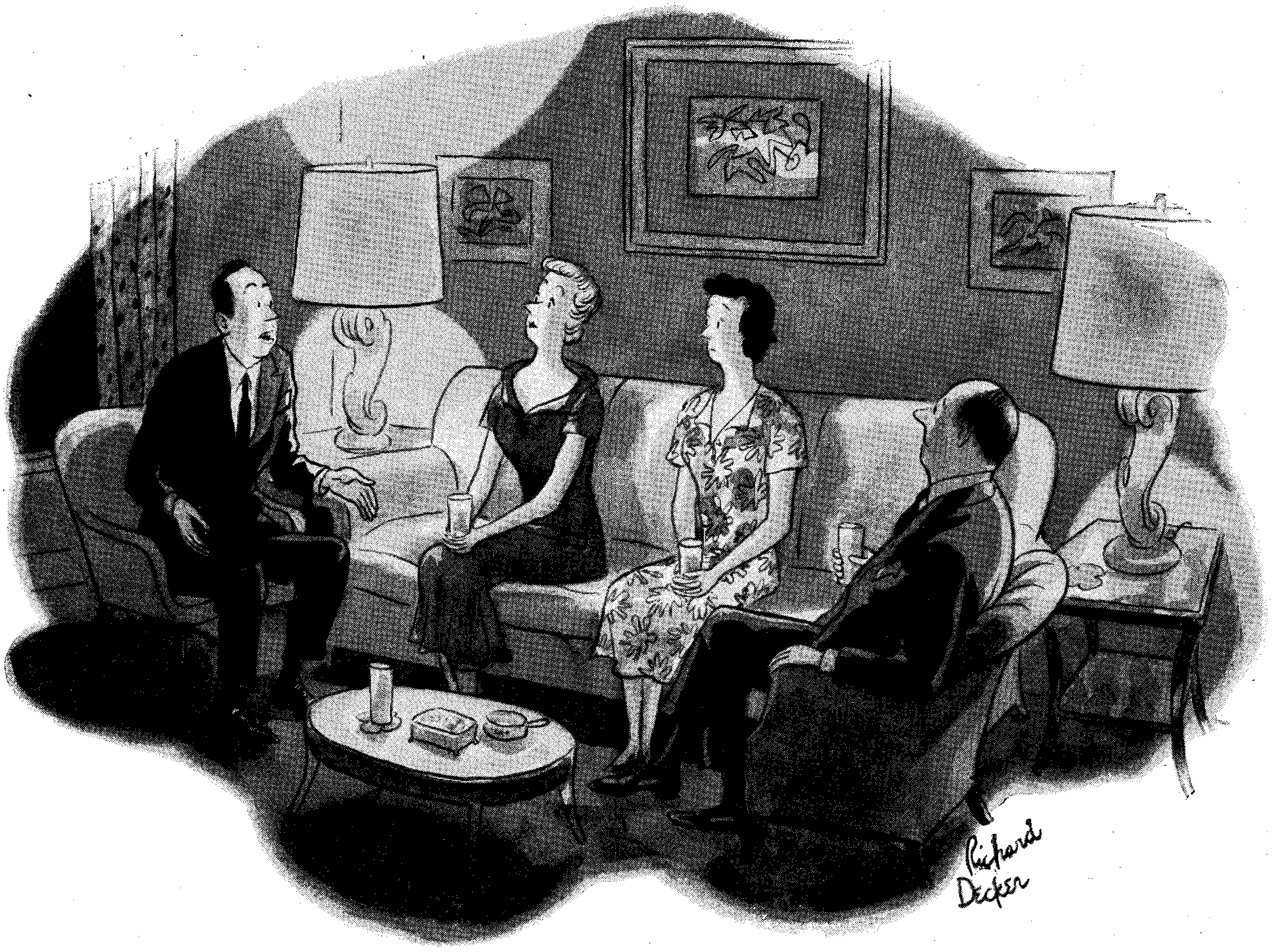
When I was eight, I began writing poetry in school: "Father Gaughan is our dear parish priest/ And he is loved from west to east." And "Alas, Pope Benedict is dead,/ The sorrowing people said." Pope Benedict at that time was living, and, as far as I know, in good health; I had written this opening couplet for the rhyme and the sad idea; but then, very conveniently for me, about a year later he died, which gave me a feeling of fearsome power, stronger than a priest's power of loosing and binding. I came forward with my poem and it was beautifully copied out by our teacher and served as the school's elegy at a memorial service for the Pontiff. I dared not tell that I had had it ready in my desk. Not long afterward, when I was ten, I wrote an essay for a children's contest on "The Irish in American History," which won first the city and then the state prize. Most of my facts I had cribbed from a series on Catholics in American History that was running in *Our Sunday Visitor*. I worked on the assumption that anybody who was Catholic must be Irish, and then, for good measure, I went over the signers of the Declaration of Independence and added any name that sounded Irish to my ears. All this was clothed in rhetoric invoking "the lilies of France"—God knows why, except that I was in love with France and somehow, through Marshal MacMahon, had made Lafayette out an Irishman. I believe that even Kosciusko figured as an Irishman *de cœur*. At any rate, there was a school ceremony, at which I was presented with the city prize (twenty-five dollars, I think, or perhaps that was the state prize); my aunt was in the audience in her best mallard-feathered hat, looking, for once, proud and happy. She spoke kindly to me as we walked home, but when we came to our ugly house, my uncle silently rose from his chair, led me into the dark downstairs lavatory, which always smelled of shaving cream, and furiously beat me with the razor strop—to teach me a lesson, he said, lest I become stuck-up. Aunt Margaret did not intervene. After her first look of discomfiture, her face settled into folds of approval; she had been too soft. This was the usual tribute she paid Myers' greater discernment—she was afraid of losing his love by weakness. The money was taken, "to keep for me," and that, of course, was the end of it. Such was the fate of anything considered "much too good for her," a category that was rivalled only by its pendant, "plenty good enough."

We were beaten all the time, as a matter of course, with the hairbrush across the bare legs for ordinary occasions, and with the razor strop across the bare bottom for special occasions, like the prize-winning. It was as though these ignorant people, at sea with four frightened children, had taken a Dickens novel—"Oliver Twist," perhaps, or "Nicholas Nickleby"—for a navigation chart. Sometimes our punishments were earned, sometimes not; they were administered gratuitously, often, as preventive medicine. I was whipped more frequently than my brothers, simply by virtue of seniority; that is, every time one of them was whipped, I was whipped also, for not having set a better example, and this was true for all four of us in a descending line. Kevin was whipped for Preston's misdeeds and for Sheridan's, and Preston was whipped for Sheridan's, while Sheridan, the baby and the favorite, was whipped only for his own. This naturally made us fear and distrust each other, and only between Kevin and myself was there a kind of uneasy alliance. When Kevin ran away, as he did on one famous occasion, I had a feeling of joy and defiance, mixed with the fear of punishment for myself, mixed with something worse, a vengeful anticipation of the whipping *he* would surely get. I suppose that the two times I ran away, his feelings were much the same—envy, awe, fear, admiration, and a certain evil thrill, collusive with my uncle, at the thought of the strop ahead. Yet, strange to say, nobody was beaten on these historic days. The culprit, when found, took refuge at my grandmother's, and a fearful hush lay over the house on Blaisdell Avenue at the thought of the monstrous daring and deceitfulness of the runaway; Uncle Myers, doubtless, was shaking in his boots at the prospect of explanations to the McCarthy family council. The three who remained at home were sentenced to spend the day upstairs, in strict silence. But if my uncle's impartial application of punishment served to make us each other's enemies very often, it did nothing to establish discipline, since we had no incentive to behave well, not knowing when we might be punished for something we had not done or even for something that by ordinary standards would be considered good. We knew not when we would offend, and what I learned from this, in the main, was a policy of lying and concealment; for several years after we were finally liberated, I was a problem liar.

Despite Myers' quite justified hatred of the intellect, of reading and education (for he was right—it *was* an escape from him), my uncle, like all dictators, had one book that he enjoyed. It was "Uncle Remus," in a red cover—a book I detested—which he read aloud to us in his den over and over again in the evenings. It seemed to me that this reduction of human life to the level of talking animals and this corruption of language to dialect gave my uncle some very personal relish. He knew I hated it and he rubbed it in, trotting my brother Sheridan on his knee as he dwelt on some exploit of Br'er Fox's with many chuckles and repetitions. In "Uncle Remus," he had his hour, and to this day I cannot read anything in dialect or any fable without some degree of repugnance.

A Distinction must be made between my uncle's capricious brutality and my aunt's punishments and repressions, which seem to have been dictated to her by her conscience. My aunt was not a bad woman; she was only a believer in method. Since it was the family theory that we had been spoiled, she undertook energetically to remedy this by quasi-scientific means. Everything we did proceeded according to schedule and in line with an over-all plan. She was very strong, naturally, on toilet-training, and everything in our life was directed toward the after-breakfast session on "the throne." Our whole diet—not to speak of the morning orange juice with castor oil in it that was brought to us on the slightest pretext of "paleness"—was centered around this levee. We had prunes every day for breakfast, and corn-meal mush, Wheatena, or farina, which I had to eat plain, since by some medical whim it had been decided that milk was bad for me. The rest of our day's menu consisted of parsnips, turnips, rutabagas, carrots, boiled potatoes, boiled cabbage, onions, Swiss chard, kale, and so on; most green vegetables, apparently, were too dear to be appropriate for us, though I think that, beyond this, the family had a sort of moral affinity for the root vegetable, stemming, perhaps, from everything fibrous, tenacious, watery, and knobby in the Irish peasant stock. Our desserts were rice pudding, farina pudding, overcooked custard with little air holes in it, prunes, stewed red plums, rhubarb, stewed pears, stewed dried peaches. We must have had meat, but I have only the most indistinct recollection of pale lamb stews in which the carrots outnumbered the pieces of white, fatty meat and bone and gristle; certainly we did not have steak or roasts or turkey or fried chicken, but perhaps an occasional boiled fowl was served to us with its vegetables (for I do remember the neck, shrunken in its collar of puckered skin, coming to me as my portion, and the fact that if you sucked on it, you could draw out an edible white cord), and doubtless there was meat loaf and beef stew. There was no ice cream, cake, pie, or butter, but on rare mornings we had johnnycake or large woolly pancakes with Karo syrup.

We were not allowed to leave the table until every morsel was finished, and I used to sit through half a dark winter afternoon staring at the cold carrots on my plate, until, during one short snowy period, I found that I could throw them out the back window if I raised it very quietly. (Unfortunately, they landed on the tar roofing of a sort of shed next to the back porch, and when the snow finally melted, I met a terrible punishment.) From time to time, we had a maid, but the food was so wretched that we could not keep "girls," and my aunt took over the cooking, with sour enthusiasm, assisted by her sister, Aunt Mary, an arthritic, white-haired, wan, devout old lady who had silently



"We were driving through this sleet, with Alice at the wheel, when the lights of a truck appeared on our right. They were far enough over at first—so far that I guess Alice thought the truck was on an intersecting road—but the next second they were coming smack at us. The driver honked for a fare-you-well, and Alice honks right back, not realizing we're on a curve, and should have been bearing right. Well, my heart in my throat, I closed my eyes and waited for the crash. Then, thank God, just at that moment she lost control of the car, and we wound up in a soft ditch full of dead leaves."

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joined our household and earned her keep by helping with the sewing and dusting and who tried to stay out of Myers' way. With her gentle help, Aunt Margaret managed to approximate, on a small scale, the conditions prevailing in the orphan asylums we four children were always dreaming of being let into.

Myers did not share our diet. He sat at the head of the table, with a napkin around his neck, eating the special dishes that Aunt Margaret prepared for him and sometimes putting a spoonful on the plate of my youngest brother, who sat next to him in a high chair. At breakfast, he had cornflakes or shredded wheat with bananas or fresh sliced peaches, thought by us to be a Lucullan treat. At dinner, he had pigs' feet and other delicacies I cannot remember. I only know that he shared them with Sheridan, who was called Herdie, as my middle brother was called Pomps, or Pompsie—childish affectionate nicknames inherited from our dead parents that sounded damp as gravemold in my aunt Margaret's flannelly voice, which reminded one of a chest rag dipped in asafetida to ward off winter throat ailments.

In addition to such poultices, and mustard plasters, and iron pills to fortify our already redoubtable diet, we were subject to other health fads of the period and of my great-aunt's youth. I have told elsewhere of how we were put to bed at night with our mouths sealed with adhesive tape to prevent mouth-breathing; ether, which made me sick, was used to help pull the tape off in the morning, but a grimy, gray, rubbery remainder was usually left on our upper lips and in the indentations of our pointed chins when we set off for school in our heavy outer clothes, long underwear, black stockings, and high shoes. Our pillows were taken away from us; we were given a sulphur-and-molasses spring tonic, and in the winter, on Saturdays and Sundays, we were made to stay out three hours in the morning and three in the afternoon, regardless of the temperature. We had come from a mild climate, in Seattle, and at fifteen, twenty, or twenty-four below zero we could not play, even if we had had something to play with, and used simply to stand in the snow, crying, and beating sometimes on the window with our frozen mittens, till my aunt's angry face would appear there and drive us away.

No attempt was made to teach us a sport, winter or summer; we were forbidden to slide in Fairoaks Park nearby, where in winter the poorer children made a track of ice down a hill, which they flashed down sitting or standing, but I loved this daring sport and did it anyway, on the way home from school, until one day I tore my shabby coat on the ice and was afraid to go home. A kind woman named Mrs. Corkerey, who kept a neighborhood candy store across from our school, mended it for me, very skillfully, so that my aunt never knew; nevertheless, sliding lost its lure for me, for I could not risk a second rip.

The neighbors were often kind, surreptitiously, and sometimes they "spoke" to the sisters at the parochial school, but everyone, I think, was afraid of offending my grandparents, who diffused an air of wealth and pomp when they entered their pew at St. Stephen's Church on Sunday. Mrs. Corkerey, in fact, got herself and me in trouble by feeding me in the mornings in her kitchen above the candy store when I stopped to pick up her daughter, Clarazita, who was in my class. I used to lie to Mrs. Corkerey and say that I had had no breakfast (when the truth was that I was merely hungry), and she went to the nuns finally in a state of indignation. The story was checked with my aunt, and I was obliged to admit that I had lied and that they did feed me, which must have disillusioned Mrs. Corkerey forever with the pathos of orphaned childhood. It was impossible for me to explain to her then that what I needed was her pity and her fierce choleric heart. Another neighbor, Mr. Harrison, a well-to-do old bachelor or widower who lived in the corner house, used sometimes to take us bathing, and it was thanks to his lessons that I learned to swim—a strange antiquated breast stroke, copied from an old man with a high-necked bathing suit and a beard. In general, we were not supposed to have anything to do with the neighbors or with other children. It was a rule that other children were not allowed to come into our yard or we to go into theirs, nor were we permitted to walk to school with another boy or girl. But since we were in school most of the day, five days a week, our guardians could not prevent us from making friends despite them; other children were, in fact, very much attracted to us, pitying us for our woebegone condition and respecting us because we were thought to be rich. Our grandmother's chauffeur, Frank, in her winter Pierce-Arrow and summer Locomobile, was well known in the neighborhood, waiting outside church on Sunday to take her home from Mass. Sometimes we were taken, too, and thus our miserable clothes and underfed bodies were associated with high financial status and became a sort of dubious privilege in the eyes of our classmates.

WE both had enviable possessions and did not have them. In the closet in my bedroom, high on the top shelf, beyond my reach even standing on a chair, was a stack of cardboard doll boxes, containing wonderful French dolls, dressed by my Seattle grandmother in silks, laces, and satins, with crêpe-de-Chine underwear and shoes with high heels. These and other things were sent us every year at Christmastime, but my aunt had decreed that they were all too good for us, so they remained in their boxes and wrappings, *verboten*, except on the rare afternoon, perhaps once in a twelvemonth or so, when a relation or a friend of the family would come through from the West, and then down would come the dolls, out would come the baseball gloves and catchers' masks and the watches and the shiny cars and the doll houses, and we would be set to playing with these things on the floor of the living room while the visitor tenderly looked on. As soon as the visitor left, bearing a good report of our household, the dolls and watches and cars would be whisked away, to come out again for the next emergency. If we had been clever, we would have refused this bait and paraded our misery, but we were too simple to do anything but seize the moment and play out a whole year's playtime in this gala hour and a half. Such techniques, of course, are common in concentration camps and penal institutions, where the same sound calculation of human nature is made. The prisoners snatch at their holiday; they trust their guards and the motto "*Carpe diem*" more than they do the strangers who have come to make the inspection. Like all people who have been mistreated, we were wary of being taken in; we felt uneasy about these visitors—Protestants from Seattle—who might be much worse than our uncle and aunt. The latter's faults, at any rate, we knew. Moreover, we had been subjected to propaganda: we had been threatened with the Seattle faction, time and again, by our uncle, who used to jeer and say to us, "*They'd* make you toe the chalk line."

The basis, I think, of my aunt's program for us was in truth totalitarian: she was idealistically bent on destroying our privacy. She imagined herself as enlightened in comparison with our parents, and a super-ideal of health, cleanliness, and discipline softened in her own eyes the measures she applied to attain it. A nature not unkindly was warped by bureaucratic zeal and by her subservience to her husband, whose masterful autocratic hand cut through our nonsense like a cleaver. The fact that our way of life resembled that of an orphan asylum was not a mere coincidence; Aunt Margaret strove purposefully toward a corporate goal. Like most heads of institutions, she longed for the eyes of Argus. To the best of her ability, she saw to it that nothing was hidden from her. Even her health measures had this purpose. The aperients we were continually dosed with guaranteed that our daily processes were open to her inspection, and the monthly medical checkup assured her, by means of stethoscope and searchlight and tongue depressor, that nothing was happening inside us to which she was not privy. Our letters to Seattle were written under her eye, and she scrutinized our homework sharply, though her arithmetic, spelling, and grammar were all very

imperfect. We prayed, under supervision, for a prescribed list of people. And if we were forbidden companions, candy, most toys, pocket money, sports, reading, entertainment, the aim was not to make us suffer but to achieve efficiency. It was simpler to interdict other children than to inspect all the children with whom we might want to play. From the standpoint of efficiency, our lives, in order to be open, had to be empty; the books we might perhaps read, the toys we might play with figured in my aunt's mind, no doubt, as what the housewife calls "dust catchers"—around these distractions, dirt might accumulate. The inmost folds of consciousness, like the belly button, were regarded by her as unsanitary. Thus, in her spiritual outlook, my aunt was an early functionalist.

Like all systems, my aunt's was, of course, imperfect. Forbidden to read, we told stories, and if we were kept apart, we told them to ourselves in bed. We made romances out of our schoolbooks, even out of the dictionary, and read digests of novels in the "Book of Knowledge" at school. My uncle's partiality for my youngest brother was a weakness in him, as was my aunt Mary's partiality for me. She was supposed to keep me in her room, sewing on squares of cheap cotton, making handkerchiefs with big, crude, ugly hems, and ripping them out and making them over again, but though she had no feeling for art or visual beauty (she would not even teach me to darn, which is an art, or to do embroidery, as the nuns did later on, in the convent), she liked to talk of the old days in Chicago and to read sensational religious fiction in a magazine called the *Extension*, which sometimes she let me take to my room, with a caution against being caught. And on the Sunday walks that my uncle headed, at the end of an interminable streetcar ride, during which my bigger brothers had to scrunch down to pass for under six, there were occasions on which he took us (in military order) along a wooded path, high above the Mississippi River, and we saw late-spring harebells and, once, a coral-pink snake. In Minnehaha Park, a favorite resort, we were allowed to play on the swings and to examine the other children riding on the ponies or on a little scenic railway. Uncle Myers always bought himself a box of Cracker Jack, which we watched him eat and delve into, to find the little favor at the bottom—a ritual we deeply envied, for, though we sometimes had popcorn at home (Myers enjoyed popping it) and even, once or twice, homemade popcorn balls with molasses, we had never had more than a taste of this commercial Cracker Jack, with peanuts in it, which seemed to us the more valuable because *he* valued it and would often come home eating a box he had bought at a ball game. But one Sunday, Uncle Myers, in full, midsummer mood, wearing his new pedometer, bought my brother Sheridan a whole box for himself.

Naturally, we envied Sheridan—the only blond among us, with fair red-gold curls, while the rest of us were all pronounced brunettes, with thick black brows and lashes—as we watched him, the lucky one, munch the sticky stuff and fish out a painted tin butterfly with a little pin on it at the bottom. My brothers clamored around him, but I was too proud to show my feelings. Sheridan was then about six years old, and this butterfly immediately became his most cherished possession—indeed, one of the few he had. He carried it about the house with him all the next week, clutched in his hand or pinned to his shirt, and my two other brothers followed him, begging him to be allowed to play with it, which slightly disgusted me, at the age of ten, for I knew that I was too sophisticated to care for tin butterflies and I felt in this whole affair the instigation of my uncle. He was relishing my brothers' performance and saw to it, strictly, that Sheridan clung to his rights in the butterfly and did not permit anybody to touch it. The point about this painted tin butterfly was not its intrinsic value; it was the fact that it was virtually the only toy in the house that had not been, so to speak, socialized, but belonged privately to one individual. Our other playthings—a broken-down wooden swing, an old wagon, a dirty sandbox, and perhaps a fire engine or so and some defaced blocks and twisted second-hand train tracks in the attic—were held by us all in common, the velocipedes we had brought with us from Seattle having long ago foundered, and the skipping rope, the jacks, the few marbles, and the pair of rusty roller skates that were given us being decreed to be the property of all. Hence, for a full week this butterfly excited passionate emotions, from which I held myself stubbornly apart, refusing even to notice it, until one afternoon, at about four o'clock, while I was doing my weekly chore of dusting the woodwork, my white-haired aunt Mary hurried softly into my room and, closing the door behind her, asked whether I had seen Sheridan's butterfly.

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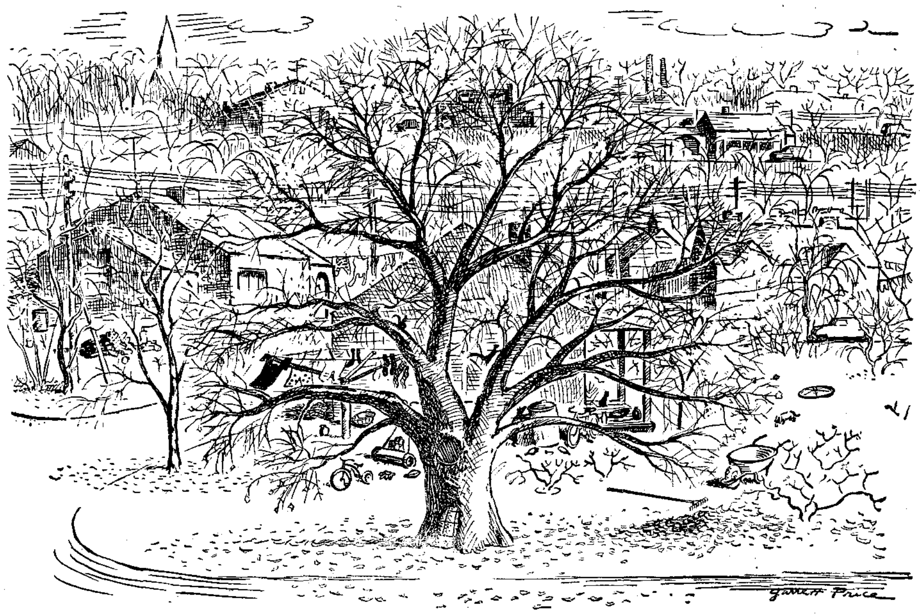


The topic wearied me so much that I scarcely lifted my head, answering no, shortly, and going on with my dusting. But Aunt Mary was gently persistent: Did I know that he had lost it? Would I help her look for it? This project did not appeal to me, but in response to some faint agitation in her manner, something almost pleading, I put down my dustcloth and helped her. We went all over the house, raising carpets, looking behind curtains, in the kitchen cupboards, in the Victrola, everywhere but in the den, which was closed, and in my aunt's and uncle's bedroom. Somehow—I do not know why—I did not expect to find the butterfly, partly, I imagine, because I was indifferent to it and partly out of the fatalism that all children have toward lost objects, regarding them as irretrievable, vanished into the flux of things. At any rate I was right: we did not find it and I went back to my dusting, vindicated. Why should *I* have to look for Sheridan's stupid butterfly, which he ought to have taken better care of? "Myers is upset," said Aunt Mary, still hovering, uneasy and diffident, in the doorway. I made a slight face, and she went out, plaintive, remonstrant, and sighing, in her pale, high-necked, tight-buttoned dress.

It did not occur to me that I was suspected of stealing this toy, even when Aunt Margaret, five minutes later, burst into my room and ordered me to come and look for Sheridan's butterfly. I protested that I had already done so, but she paid my objections no heed and seized me roughly by the arm. "Then do it again, Miss, and mind that you find it." Her voice was rather hoarse and her whole furrowed iron-gray aspect somewhat tense and disarrayed, yet I had the impression that she was not angry with me but with something in outer reality—what one would now call fate or contingency. When I had searched again, lackadaisically, and again found nothing, she joined in with vigor, turning everything upside down. We even went into the den, where Myers was sitting, and searched all around him, while he watched us with an ironical expression, filling his pipe from a Bull Durham sack. We found nothing, and Aunt Margaret led me upstairs to my room, which I ransacked while she stood and watched me. All at once, when we had finished with my bureau drawers and my closet, she appeared to give up. She sighed and bit her lips. The door cautiously opened and Aunt Mary came in. The two sisters looked at each other and at me. Margaret shrugged her shoulders. "She hasn't got it, I do believe," she said.

She regarded me then with a certain relaxing of her thick wrinkles, and her heavy-skinned hand, with its wedding ring, came down on my shoulder. "Uncle Myers thinks you took it," she said in a rusty whisper, like a spy or a scout. The consciousness of my own innocence, combined with a sense of being let into the confederacy of the two sisters, filled me with excitement and self-importance. "But I didn't, Aunt Margaret," I began proclaiming, making the most of my moment. "What would I want with his silly old butterfly?" The two sisters exchanged a look. "That's what I said, Margaret!" exclaimed old Aunt Mary sententiously. Aunt Margaret frowned; she adjusted a bone hairpin in the coiled rings of her unbecoming coiffure. "Mary Therese," she said to me, solemnly, "if you know anything about the butterfly, if one of your brothers took it, tell me now. If we don't find it, I'm afraid Uncle Myers will have to punish you." "He *can't* punish me, Aunt Margaret," I insisted, full of righteousness. "Not if I didn't do it and *you* don't think I did it." I looked up at her, stagily trustful, resting gingerly on this solidarity that had suddenly appeared between us. Aunt Mary's pale old eyes watered. "You mustn't let Myers punish her, Margaret, if you don't think she's done wrong." They both glanced up at the Murillo Madonna that was hanging on my stained wall. Intelligence passed between them and I was sure that, thanks to our Holy Mother, Aunt Margaret would save me. "Go along, Mary Therese," she said hoarsely. "Get yourself ready for dinner. And don't you say a word of this to your uncle when you come downstairs."

When I went down to dinner, I was exultant, but I tried to hide it. Throughout the meal, everyone was restrained; Herdie was in the dumps about his butterfly, and Preston and Kevin were silent, casting covert looks at me. My brothers, apparently, were wondering how I had avoided punishment, as the eldest, if for no other reason. Aunt Margaret was rather flushed, which improved her appearance slightly. Uncle Myers had a cunning look, as though events would prove him right. He patted Sheridan's golden head from time to time and urged him to eat. After dinner, the boys filed into the den

YOU CAN'T TELL THE HIT PARADE WITHOUT A DRUM MAJORETTE

In Africa, it's the sirocco.
Our equivalent is the disc jocko.

The jocko's chatter is brisk,
Four commercials to every disc.

The commercials are Brahmses and Bachs
Compared to the discs he jocks.

For instance, he cannot assuage
His passion for Patti Page,

That perhaps too talented elf
Who sings quartets by herself.

Thanks to scientific genius,
She sings four parts simulteneous.

If snowbound alone on a ridge,
I suppose she could always play bridge,

But such multiple schizophrenia
Is a vocal misdemeanior.

Yet nothing delights the disc jocko
Like Patti's quadruple echo.

Her effect on disc jockos is radical,
Like blackstrap molasses or Hadacol;

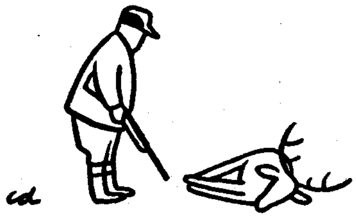
They will even curtail their chatter
To spin you her recentest platter.

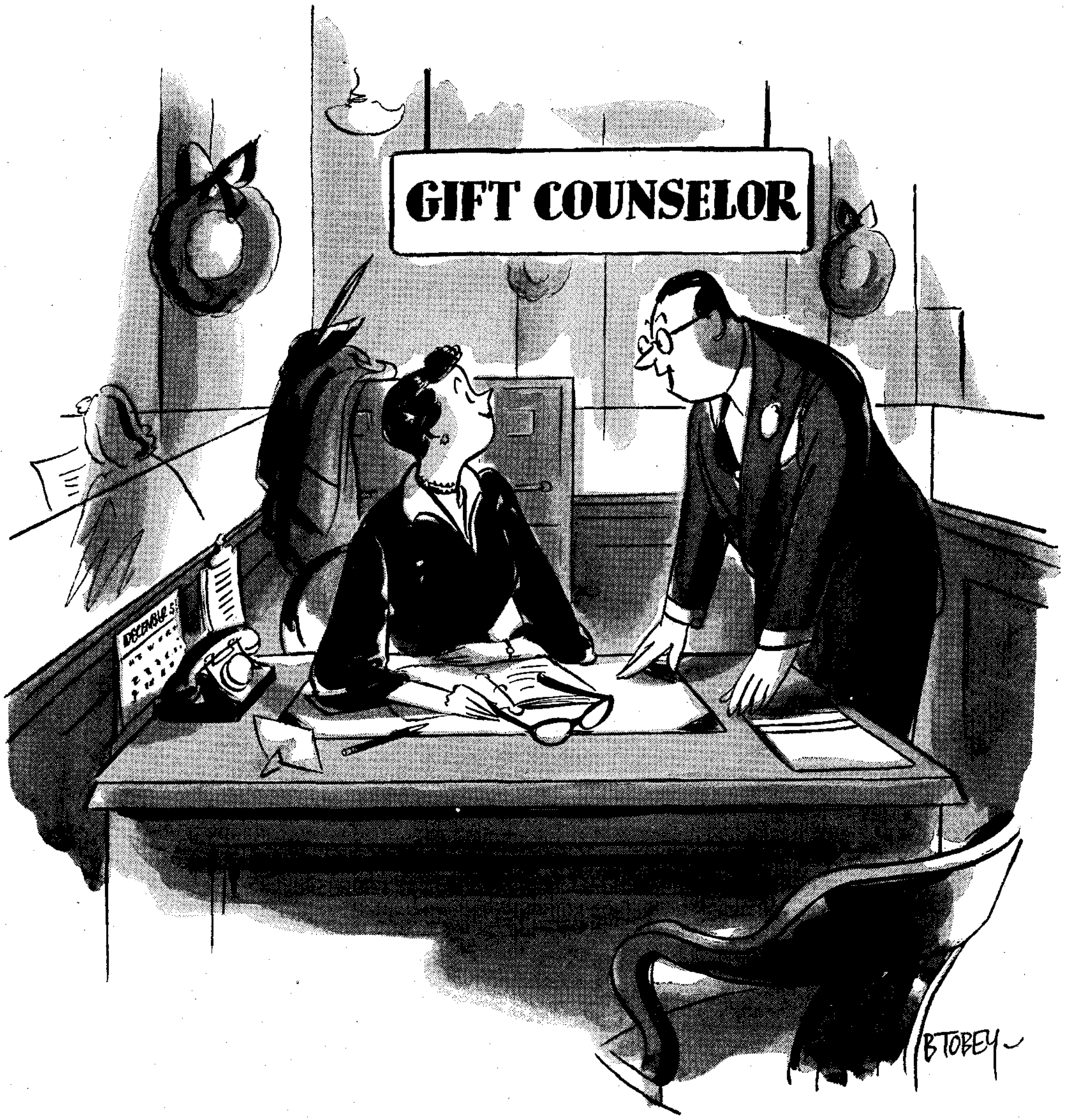
What will hold me through Patti and the commercial?
It's only my middle-aged inertia'll.

Thus grumbles this radio kibitzer,
But I doubt that I jolt the jock discers.
My opinions are flibberty-gibbertzer,
And Coolidge peeks out through my whiskers.

—OGDEN NASH

• •





"Nice work, Miss Clayton. We've unloaded every one of those ice buckets."

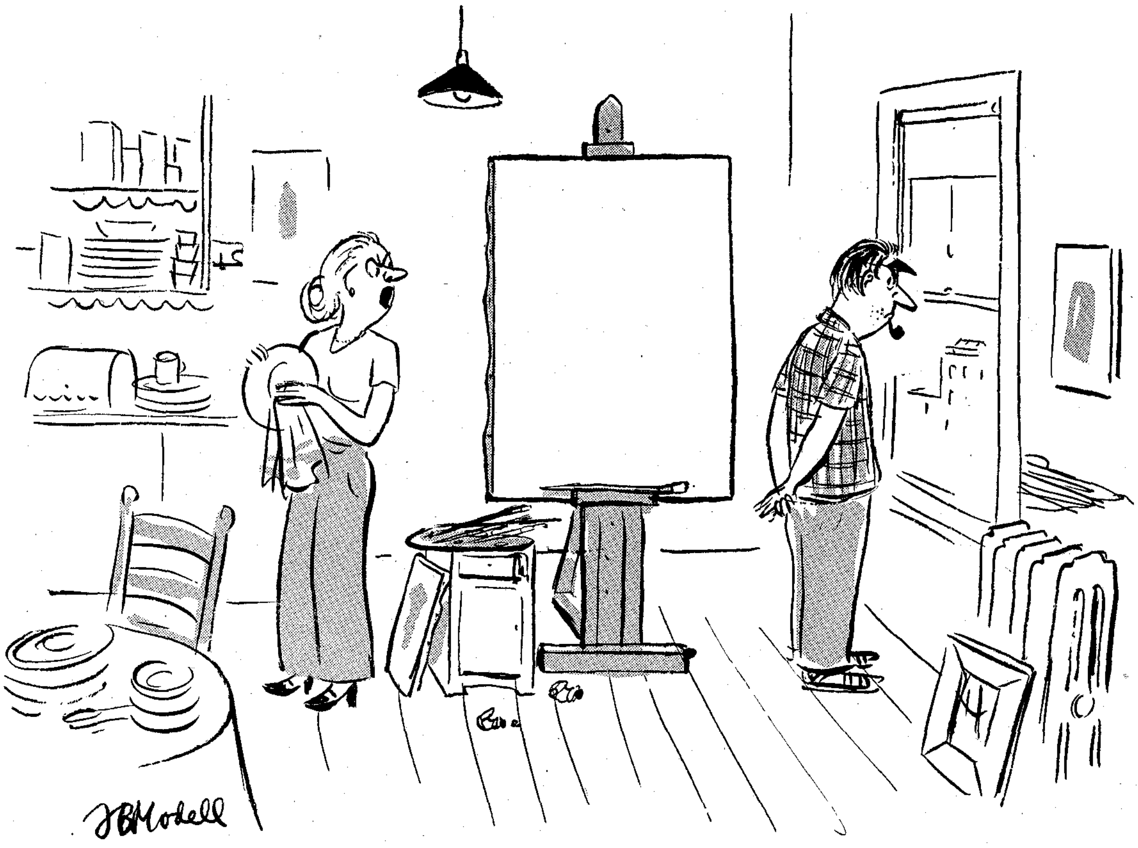
• •

behind Uncle Myers, and I helped Aunt Margaret clear the table. We did not have to do the dishes, for at this time there was a "girl" in the kitchen. As we were lifting the white tablecloth and the silence pad, we found the butterfly—pinned to the silence pad, right by my place.

My hash was settled then, though I did not know it. I did not catch the significance of its being found at *my* place. To Margaret, however, this was grimly conclusive. She had been too "easy," said her expression; once again Myers had been right. Myers went through the formality of interrogating each of the boys in turn ("No, sir," "No, sir," "No, sir") and even, at my insistence, of calling in the Swedish girl from the kitchen. Nobody knew how the butterfly had got there. It had not been there before dinner, when the girl set the table. My judges therefore concluded that I had had it hidden on my person and had slipped it under the tablecloth at dinner, when nobody was looking. This unanimous verdict maddened me, at first simply as an indication of stupidity—how could they be so dense as to imagine that I would hide it by my own place, where it was sure to be discovered? I did not really believe that I was going to be punished on such ridiculous evidence, yet even I could form no theory of how the butterfly had come there. My first base impulse to accuse the maid was scoffed out of my head by reason. What would a grownup want with a silly six-year-old's toy? And the very unfairness of the condemnation that rested on me made me reluctant to transfer it to one of my brothers. I kept supposing that the truth somehow would out, but the interrogation suddenly ended and every eye avoided mine.

Aunt Mary's dragging step went up the stairs, the boys were ordered to bed, and then, in the lavatory, the whipping began. Myers beat me with the strop, until his lazy arm tired; whipping is hard work for a fat man, out of condition, with a screaming, kicking, wriggling ten-year-old in his grasp. He went out and heaved himself, panting, into his favorite chair and I presumed that the whipping was over. But Aunt Margaret took his place, striking harder than he, with the hairbrush, in a businesslike, joyless way, repeating, "Say you did it, Mary Therese, say you did it." As the blows fell and I did not give in, this formula took on an intercessory note, like a prayer. It was clear to me that she was begging me to surrender and give Myers his satisfaction, for my own sake, so that the whipping could stop. When I finally cried out "All right!" she dropped the hairbrush with a sigh of relief; a new doubt of my guilt must have been visiting her, and my confession set everything square. She led me in to my uncle, and we both stood facing him, as Aunt Margaret, with a firm but not ungentle hand on my shoulder, whispered, "Just tell him, 'Uncle Myers, I did it,' and you can go to bed." But the sight of him, sprawling in his leather chair, complacently waiting for this, was too much for me. The words froze on my tongue. I could not utter them to *him*. Aunt Margaret urged me on, reproachfully, as though I were breaking our compact, but as I looked straight at him and assessed his ugly nature, I burst into yells. "I didn't! I didn't!" I gasped, between screams. Uncle Myers shot a vindictive look at his wife, as though he well understood that there had been collusion between us. He ordered me back to the dark lavatory and symbolically rolled up his sleeve. He laid on the strop decisively, but this time I was beside myself, and when Aunt Margaret hurried in and tried to reason with me, I could only answer with wild cries as Uncle Myers, gasping also, put the strop back on its hook. "You take her," he articulated, but Aunt Margaret's hairbrush this time was perfunctory, after the first few angry blows that punished me for having disobeyed her. Myers did not take up the strop again; the whipping ended, whether from fear of the neighbors or of Aunt Mary's frail presence upstairs or sudden guilty terror, I do not know; perhaps simply because it was past my bedtime.

I finally limped up to bed, with a



"Well, I've got an inspiration—you go out and get a job."

• •

crazy sense of inner victory, like a saint's, for I had not recanted, despite all they had done or could do to me. It did not occur to me that I had been unchristian in refusing to answer a plea from Aunt Margaret's heart and conscience. Indeed, I rejoiced in the knowledge that I had *made* her continue to beat me long after she must have known that I was innocent; this was her punishment for her condonation of Myers. The next morning, when I opened my eyes on the Murillo Madonna and the Baby Stuart, my feeling of triumph abated; I was afraid of what I had done. But throughout that day and the next, they did not touch me. I walked on air, incredulously and, no doubt, somewhat pompously, seeing myself as a figure from legend: my strength was *as* the strength of ten because my *heart* was pure! Afterward, I was beaten, in the normal routine way, but the question of the butterfly was closed forever in that house.

IN my mind, there was, and still is, a connection between the butterfly and our rescue, by our Protestant grandfather, which took place the following year, in the fall or early winter. Already defeated, in their own view, or having ceased to care what became of us, our guardians, for the first time, permitted two of us, my brother Kevin and me, to be alone with this strict, kindly lawyer, as we walked the two blocks between our house and our grandfather McCarthy's. In the course of our walk, between the walls of an early snow, we told Grandpa Preston everything, overcoming our fears and fixing our minds on the dolls, the baseball gloves, and the watches. Yet, as it happened, curiously enough, albeit with a certain aptness, it was not the tale of the butterfly or the other atrocities that chiefly impressed him as he followed our narration with precise legal eyes but the fact that I was not wearing my glasses. I was being punished for breaking them in a fall on the school playground by having to go without; and I could not see why my account of this should make him flush up with anger—to me it was a great relief to be free of those disfiguring things. But he shifted his long, lantern jaw and, settling our hands in his, went straight as a writ up my grandfather McCarthy's front walk. Hence it was on a question of health that this good American's alarms finally alighted; the rest of what we poured out to him he either did not believe or feared to think of, lest he have to deal with the problem of evil.

On health grounds, then, we were separated from Uncle Myers, who disappeared back into Elkhart with his wife and Aunt Mary. My brothers were sent off to the sisters in a Catholic boarding school, with the exception of Sheridan, whom Myers was permitted to bear away with him, like a golden trophy. Sheridan's stay, however, was of short duration. Very soon, Aunt Mary died, followed by Aunt Margaret, followed by Uncle Myers; within five years, still in the prime of life, they were all gone, one, two, three, like ninepins. For me, a new life began, under a happier star. Within a few weeks after my Protestant grandfather's visit, I was sitting in a compartment with him on the train, watching the Missouri River go westward to its source, wearing my white-gold wristwatch and a garish new red hat, a highly nervous child, fanatical against Protestants, who, I explained to Grandpa Preston, all deserved to be burned at the stake. In the dining car, I ordered greedily, lamb chops, pancakes, sausages, and then sat, unable to eat them. "Her eyes," observed the waiter, "are bigger than her stomach."

SIX or seven years later, on one of my trips East to college, I stopped in Minneapolis to see my brothers, who were all together now, under the roof of a new and more indulgent guardian, my uncle Louis, the handsomest and youngest of the McCarthy uncles. All the old people were dead; my grandmother McCarthy, but recently passed away, had left a fund to erect a chapel in her name in Texas, a state with which she had no known connection. Sitting in the twilight of my uncle Louis' screened porch, we sought a common ground for our reunion and found it in Uncle Myers. It was then that my brother Preston told me that on the famous night of the butterfly, he had seen Uncle Myers steal into the dining room from the den and lift the tablecloth, with the tin butterfly in his hand.

—MARY MCCARTHY

•

FALL RIVER, MASS (UP): Fined $3 for an auto violation, Mrs. Ann Blume was about to leave the court when she heard officials calling for an interpreter. She returned, served as a translator for a rabbit, and received an interpreter's fee of $2.—*Cincinnati Post.*

Damn small pay, too.

THE FIRST FACE

WHEN she opened her eyes the next time, she saw that day was coming, for the air beyond the hospital window had lightened into a deep, shadowless blue-violet, so newly begun that the lights along the bridge had not yet been turned out. At this moment, balanced between night and day, the bridge itself was a surprise. She had been too preoccupied to notice it when she came here, hours ago. How many hours? She did not know.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"Nearly seven," her husband said. "I'll have to leave in a few minutes."

The bridge was wonderfully beautiful. In the cold winter air, its many lights trembled and quivered like stars; it was as if all the constellations of the sky, with their different-sized stars, had come down and arranged themselves in this great, horned, scintillating arc. Its brilliant, glittering beauty was one more thing—a crown for all her happiness. Never had she been so happy. She tried to tell her husband.

"I feel so— I can't describe to you how marvellous I feel."

"I know," her husband said—yawning, for he had been up all night. "You've told me."

"Have I? How many times?"

"Oh, fifteen or twenty." He smiled at her. "Off and on, ever since they brought you down."

"But isn't he wonderful?" she asked. "Didn't you think he was wonderful?"

"Of course. He's a beauty," her husband said. "His ears are nice and close to his head, too. Some of them have ears like Chihuahuas."

"Perfect little ears." She sighed with joy, and looked back at the scintillating span beyond the window.

After her husband had gone, she still lay staring at it. This was one of the few moments in life when the present could not be outshone by any dazzle from the future. Here she was, lying like a huge sea shell washed up by the highest wave, empty but still ringing from the tides.

Before her eyes, the lights winked out along the bridge. It was daytime in earnest, and where there had been a sparkling crown, there was now a peaked gray carcass. Already from within it came the steady mumbling of early traffic. The window curtains suddenly blew forward on a draft as the door opened and the nurse came in.

AT ten o'clock, a small basket on long stalks was wheeled in. Within it lay her son, neatly covered with a white cloth, like a new loaf of bread in a pan. There was no sound from him, no stir beneath the cloth.

"He sure is sleeping it off," said the nurse. Her voice was like coal going down a chute.

"Yes. Hurry. Let me see."

The nurse twitched back the cloth and tipped the little basket up on its frame.

Her son lay on a slant, his head turned toward her.

"Ten minutes, I'll be back to get him," the nurse said. "O.K.? Can't have him very long this first time."

She held her breath until the nurse departed; then she raised herself and leaned forward to look.

His eyes were closed. He was deeply asleep and absolutely still. None of the tiny tremors, the fleeting grimaces of earliest infancy, disturbed his flawless calm. The veins on his eyelids were lavender, and fine as silken threads; the nostrils were round in his blunt nose. His lips were firmly closed, and, folded on his breast, his hands were scaled and wrinkled, like the paws of an old turtle. She could not hear an inkling of his breathing, and only the soft pulsing of the fontanel on his domed head attested that life was at work in him.

It was the expression of his sleeping face that impressed her. It was— "majestic" did not seem too serious a word. For this was a face of total calm, a face where doubt had never yet been seen. One might have called it stern, but sternness presupposes an attitude toward acts or beings, whereas he had just accomplished the first and most important act of his life, willy-nilly, and as for beings, he was not so much ignorant as innocent of their existence. All at once, she realized that this must be the visage of the unborn, that he was still so new he had not quite outgrown it. In the latter weeks, as his features had become perfected, this must have been the look he had worn, lying in the oceanic fastness of the womb, sustained beyond doubt or question, assured as no caress or mortal word could ever reassure him. In his lifetime, he would hear and say the hackneyed word "security" a hundred thousand times, perhaps, never quite forgetting that once it was no word but his own kingdom.

That was the meaning of the look, the look of austere, undamaged peace that he would not wear again until, when life was over, he lay dead. And then it would mean nothing.

She put out her hand and laid it over the crumpled paws on his chest. Beneath them she could just detect the hasty, tiny tripping of his heart—the only hasty thing about him. He did not stir.

The draft announced the nurse. She slapped in loudly on her rubber soles. She entered and moved and spoke as though she knew all about reality and had discovered it to be made out of white tiles, ice water, and hundred-watt bulbs.

"Well, time's up," she called vigorously, at the bedside. "Time to take your boy friend back to the bull pen. Here you go, brother."

Two large hands seized the edges of the basket and adjusted it so briskly on its frame that the baby's head wobbled like an egg in a tossing nest, but still he did not wake.

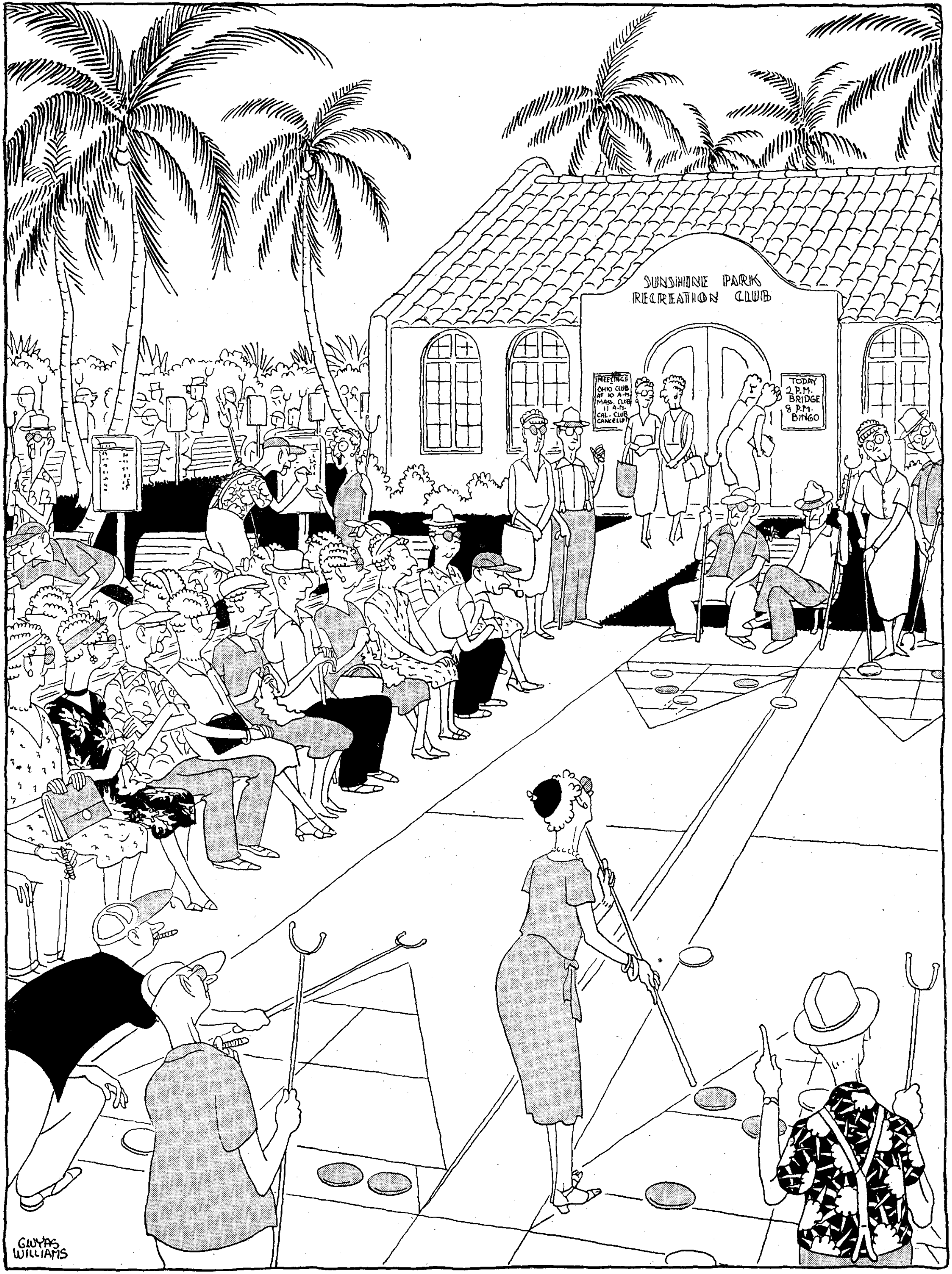
AT six o'clock, when her son returned, she heard him before she saw him. An angry chirping sounded from the basket, and when the nurse lifted him out, his whole head, right to the nape of his neck, was rosy purple with anger. His hands were the same color, and even the toes of his bare feet were dark as red kernels of Indian corn. The nurse (another woman, this time, older and gentler) folded him up carefully in a white blanket, then held him in her hands, watching him remotely, though with pleasure.

"Oh, give him to me, please!"

The next second, he was laid beside her, warm with outrage. His fingers closed fiercely around her thumb, and on his features, as his open mouth searched for her breast, there was an expression of determination and impatience that nobody had had to teach him.

After his short span of sucking, he seemed exhausted and content, and fell asleep at once within her sheltering arm. But this was sleep upon another level. His face was continually crossed with little squalls—premonitory frowns, grimaces, and flickering, mirthless smiles. His eyelids trembled, and his lips worked reminiscently. The look of masterly peace was gone, and she would never see it on his face again.

—ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

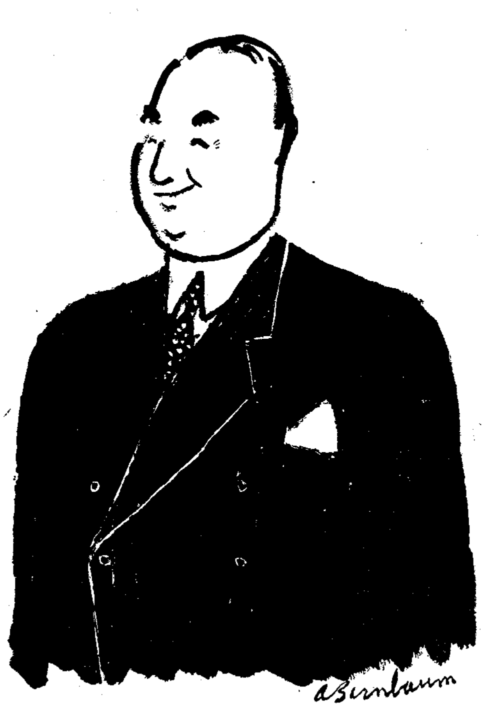

SUNSHINE PARK
RECREATION CLUB
MEETINGS
OHIO CLUB
AT 10 A.M.
MASS. CLUB
11 A.M.
CAL. CLUB
CANCELLED
TODAY
2 P.M.
BRIDGE
8 P.M.
BINGO
GLUYAS
WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Anywhere in Florida—Shuffleboard

PROFILES

BIG OPERATOR—II



William Zeckendorf

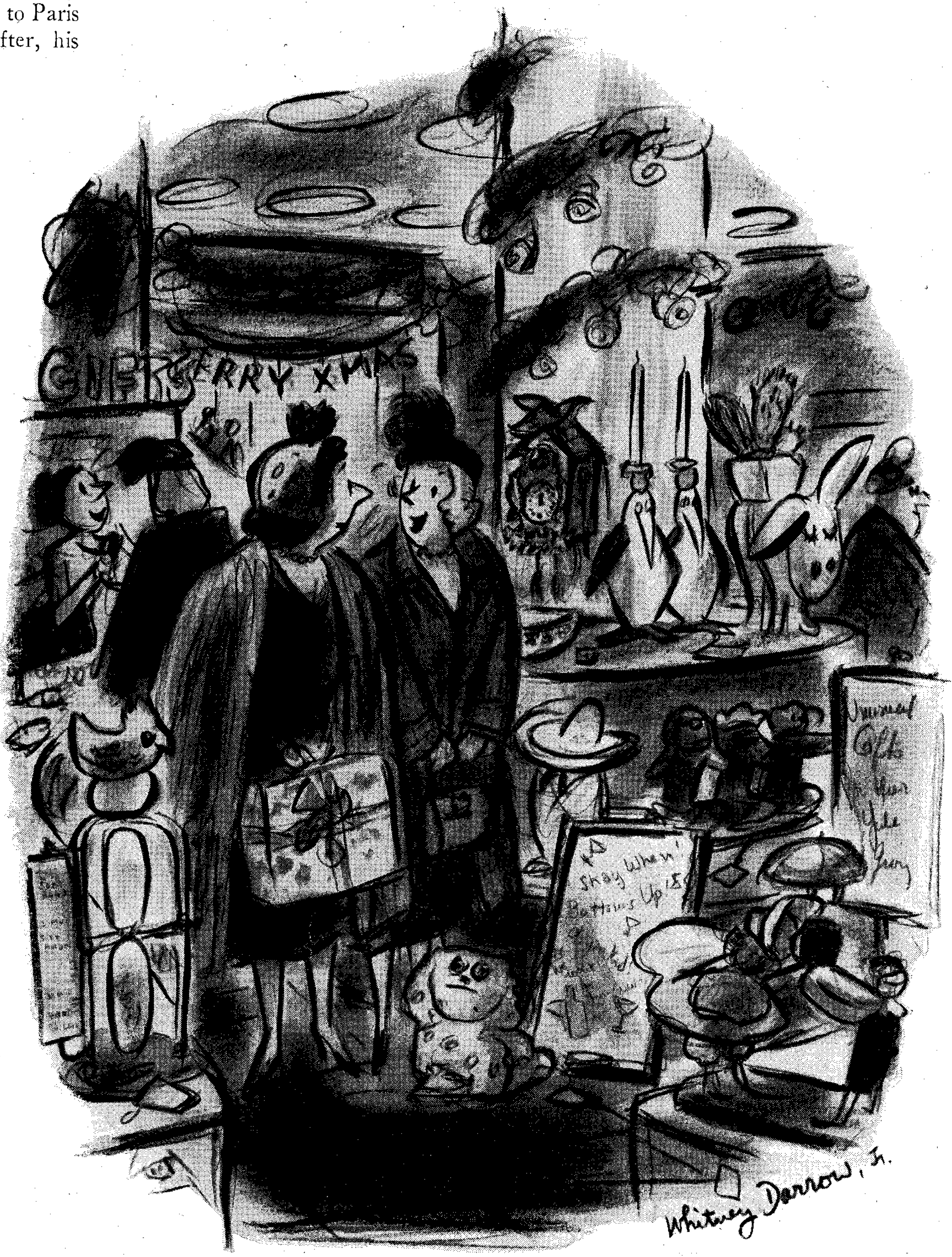
IN 1942, when William Zeckendorf, a splendid example of how a determined young man can get ahead even in the Age of the Income Tax, became executive vice-president and general overseer of the New York real-estate firm of Webb & Knapp, Inc., the concern's liabilities exceeded its assets by a hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars. Today, Webb & Knapp has a liquidating value conservatively estimated at twenty million dollars, and Zeckendorf, as its president and sole owner, is, at the age of forty-six, probably sitting as pretty as anyone this side of a Texas oil field. (He may be sitting prettier, since he also has an interest in some gushing acreage in Oklahoma.) Until shortly before he joined Webb & Knapp, Zeckendorf, who has earned considerable renown since then as the assembler of the site on which the United Nations' headquarters stands and as the originator of a number of sweeping proposals to alter the skylines of New York and other cities, was a run-of-the-mill real-estate broker, of little repute even among real-estate men and so far from prosperous that at one point his home telephone was cut off because he couldn't pay the bill. At present, he is familiar to the readers of Leonard Lyons's column as a man of anecdotal stature, hobnobs easily with such financial giants as the head of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and Lee Shubert, and can readily foot his phone bills, despite their being even more disproportionate to the norm than Zeckendorf, who usually weighs around two hundred and fifty pounds, is himself.

Zeckendorf's one enforced absence from the telephone made his heart grow excessively fond of it. At his office, he refuses to let any of his three secretaries intercept the calls that come in for him; instead, deftly juggling three instruments, he deals directly with his switchboard operators. Now and then, the operators have half a dozen long-distance calls that he has put in stacked up for him, like planes awaiting a chance to land at an overburdened airport. The phone in Zeckendorf's penthouse apartment, at Seventy-second Street and Madison Avenue, where he lives with his second wife (his first, by whom he had two children, divorced him in 1934), has three extensions, and since they are attached to fifteen-foot cords, he is almost never out of reach of one or another of them. He has a phone in his car—a Chrysler limousine—to tide him over while in traffic. His romance with the telephone becomes most passionate when he is out of town. He goes abroad four or five times a year, and no matter where he is, unless he's hopelessly out of reach of a phone, he calls his office at least once every weekday. He sometimes talks to as many as eight of his associates in succession, remaining contentedly hooked up for an hour or two at a stretch. During a four-week trip to Europe last year, his bill for conferring electronically with his colleagues came to twenty-seven hundred dollars. Early this year, he and his wife spent three days in Rome, where, because he was bedded by influenza, she limited him to just one call to his office. He stayed on the phone long enough to run up a three-hundred-dollar charge, and felt much better for it.

Zeckendorf is practically always in a hurry. "Time is the most precious asset I have," he likes to say. He is usually pressed for it. On a recent afternoon, he asked six busy men to meet him, at three o'clock sharp, at the midtown office of one of them. The others arrived promptly. Zeckendorf rushed in at three-twenty-two, and nine minutes later, just as the main subject they were to discuss was being introduced, he looked at his watch and announced that he had to leave instantly to catch a four-o'clock plane at LaGuardia Field. His fellow-conferees piled resignedly into Zeckendorf's car, a spacious one, and as it shot out to the airport, ignoring red lights, they managed, by keeping its owner off the telephone long enough, to complete their business exactly forty seconds before the plane's scheduled departure. Zeckendorf enjoys nothing more than flying, and once compressed a trip from New York to Denver to Los Angeles to San Francisco to St. Louis and back to New York—with business appointments at all stops—into two and a half days.

At the moment, Zeckendorf's favorite flight is to Havana, where he goes a couple of times a year and transacts no business. He used to be partial to Mexico, but six years ago he let himself get involved in an abortive hotel-building project there, on which he dropped a hundred thousand dollars. "As soon as I had bought property in Mexico, the Aztec culture lost its attractiveness for me," he says. "I am firmly resolved never again to buy any real estate in a foreign country that I particularly like being in." He succeeds in shielding himself from the siren lure of Cuban real estate by never leaving his hotel in Havana during daylight. He picks up a tan by engaging a room with multiple exposures and shifting his chair as the sun shifts. At dusk, he emerges from his lair and spends most of the night on the town, sampling Morro crabs and other indigenous delicacies. He loves fancy foods and liquors. One of the most satisfying vacations he ever had was a brief sortie to the Romanée-Conti country, in France, where for two whole days he splashed happily in fragrant Burgundy. Good things to eat and drink can even alter the value he sets on his own time. In New Orleans once, Zeckendorf interrupted an urgent telephone conversation with a banker in New York to suggest that the man hop a plane and join him in a delicious frozen Daiquiri, like one he was at the moment sipping. Several years ago, having lunch at the Ritz here with a broker who wanted to talk about a big deal, Zeckendorf unconcernedly sacrificed quite a few irretrievable minutes to a protracted comparison of various clam juices he and the broker had at one time or another consumed. The deal didn't go through, but the broker later sent Zeckendorf a tasty clam-juice recipe from one of his clubs, and Zeckendorf was highly pleased. He spent last New Year's Eve at Maxim's, in Paris, where, under an epicurean spell induced by the time, the place, and the fact that he had just been elevated to membership in the Chevaliers du Tastevin—an honor that quickly followed his purchase of ten thousand dollars' worth of French vintage wines for consumption at his home—he was persuaded to visit a hotel in Catania, Sicily, that was supposed to have exceptional food. He took off for Catania two days later by air. His first meal there was disappointing, however, and although nearby Mt. Etna happened to be in eruption, an event that would have delighted most tourists, he abruptly abandoned Sicily and flew back to Paris and Maxim's. Shortly thereafter, his office associates here received a note from the proprietor of Maxim's, saying that Zeckendorf and he had talked about opening a branch of the restaurant in New York, and could they let him know if any good locations were available? (Webb & Knapp tipped Maxim's off to a couple of promising spots, but nothing has yet come of the idea.) Twice a year, Zeckendorf stoically goes on a diet, waves away hovering sommeliers, and throws off about forty pounds, which he regains immediately on resuming the Lucullan life. His wardrobe, which consists of two dozen suits, tailored by De Gez, Inc., includes twelve designed for him to wear while stout and twelve for his relatively lean days. While he is in mid-passage up or down the scales, his clothes accordingly seem either too tight or too baggy.

Zeckendorf's proclivities as a gourmet stem largely from his former proprietorship of the Monte Carlo, a plushy restaurant and night club, now defunct, that occupied the ground floor of a two-story taxpayer at Madison Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street. In 1940, figuring that the place must be doing well because he had had trouble getting a table there once or twice, he bought the building for Webb & Knapp. He was surprised, a couple of weeks afterward, when his haughty tenant requested a reduction in rent, claiming that business was terrible, and even more surprised, six weeks later, when the night club sought to borrow fifty thousand dollars from its landlord. Zeckendorf, his heart softened by the fact that he was by then regularly able to get a table without waiting, agreed to the loan, and to another in the same amount soon afterward. In 1942, when it developed that the club was still in the red, Webb & Knapp took over its management. Zeckendorf ran it for six exhilarating years, in the course of which he transacted much of his business from a telephone-equipped corner table that was reserved for his exclusive use. Notwithstanding his enormous personal consumption of the joint's highest-priced wares, it made half a million dollars during the booming war period. In 1946, the profits began to dwindle, and eventually they were superseded by a fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-month deficit. One day in June, 1948, Zeckendorf's headache was aggravated by the news that his bartenders were going out on strike at five o'clock that afternoon. Proceeding to the club at that hour, Zeckendorf called a meeting of

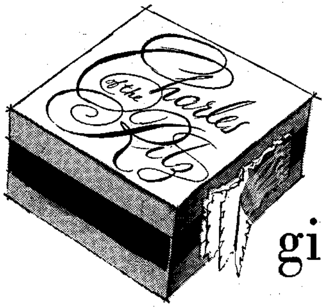


"I made up my mind that this year I'd give Aunt Mildred a dose of her own medicine."

The most *Personal*

of all Christmas Gifts...

The most personal gift you could buy her would be something made-to-order exclusively for her. And of all the gifts that you could have made for her, none could be ready in time for Christmas except the most novel...the most exciting...the most surprising Empty Gift Powder Box. It's empty when you buy it...it's empty when she receives it...but when she takes it back to any Charles of the Ritz consultant in any store in any city, it will be filled with her very own made-to-order face powder. Your gift will be the most thrilling experience of her beauty lifetime. $1 and $2 the box (plus tax).



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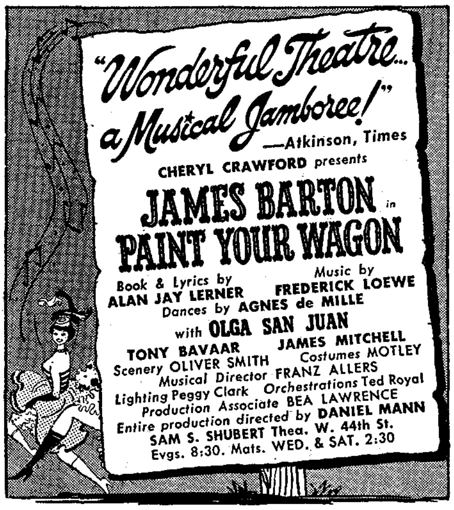

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all the employees on hand. "I believe in unions," he recalls saying to them, "and so I won't fight a strike and won't ask any of you to cross the bartenders' picket line. But I also believe in the capitalistic system—that the able and efficient survive and the inefficient perish. You bartenders think Webb & Knapp can afford to give you a raise. Well, we can't. I guess we must be bum, inefficient operators. If we are, we probably have no place in this business, so we'll close down after tonight." It was by then nearly six o'clock. All the food for the evening had, of course, been purchased, and a band was tuning up its instruments. "Since this is our last night," Zeckendorf went on, "let's make it *your* night. Call your wives and sweethearts and tell them to come on down. Nobody else gets in." He thereupon played host at a party that lasted until six o'clock the following morning, with some of the guests skillfully waiting on the others, and the bartenders, their picket signs laid aside, expertly mixing themselves and everybody else drinks on the house.

IN the main, Zeckendorf has proved to be a highly efficient operator under the capitalistic system. Not long ago, he received a testimonial to his ability when a Hollywood producer suggested that they go into partnership on a business venture of some grandiose nature, involving both movies and real estate. The movie man, asked why he had made this proposal, replied, "Well, I've always been successful, but I never seem to be able to hang on to any of my money. I thought maybe with Zeckendorf as a partner I could." Zeckendorf's reputation for being a tenacious fellow with a dollar is based on shrewdness rather than on frugality. He is not a stingy man. Two years ago, a builder who had a fourteen-million-dollar structure half completed suddenly ran uncomfortably low on cash. "I tried practically every big bank and insurance company in the country and got nowhere," he said the other day. "All at once, I thought, Why not try Zeckendorf? I called him, and he said to come right over. I doubt whether he knew much about my situation, but in less than five minutes he had lent me a million dollars. That's the way Bill Zeckendorf works." Zeckendorf believes that more people would work the way he does if it were not for a lamentable tendency on the part of many supposedly big operators to be scared of large sums of money. "Any businessman can tell you that two and two make four," he says, "but even though he knows equally well that two million and two million make four million, the mere magnitude of the figures deters him from looking at them squarely. Instead, he trembles with fright." Zeckendorf remains conspicuously unruffled in the presence of large figures. A while ago, a broker dropped in at his office to inquire if a certain building Webb & Knapp owned was for sale. "Everything here is for sale," said Zeckendorf, employing a phrase he is fond of. The broker then said he had a client who would pay three and a half million for it. "I wouldn't take a penny less than three seven-fifty," said Zeckendorf, who often dispenses with inconsequential ciphers. The broker said he had hoped Zeckendorf would be content with a slightly smaller profit on the property. "What makes you think you know what I paid for it?" asked Zeckendorf slyly. The broker said he had reason to believe that he knew, and, upon being challenged, said, politely dropping into Zeckendorf's idiom, "Three three three five." Zeckendorf smiled fleetingly and enigmatically, but with just enough warmth to convince the broker that he was correct. "Three seven-fifty, take it or leave it," Zeckendorf then said, as if he realized he couldn't hope to get that sum but was going to make one last stab at it. The broker said he'd have to see how his client felt about it, and departed. "You know," Zeckendorf later told a friend who had been in his office during this interchange, "he was nearly right on his guess, except that he was a trifle high. I'd have let him have it for three and a half if I hadn't had a hunch that he didn't really have a client and was just fishing for information." A few weeks afterward, Zeckendorf, to whom luck sometimes seems as gracious a handmaiden as wiliness, sold the building, through another broker, for just short of four.

Zeckendorf dotes on deals that involve large sums of money, preferably at least a million dollars, but his favorites are those that, regardless of size, give him a chance to indulge his penchant for ingenious financial arrangements. Several years ago, he was particularly pleased when, after buying for eighty-five thousand dollars an East Side house that had been converted into apartments, he managed to sell it to one of its tenants for a hundred and fifty thousand. The tenant, a widow, had been paying six thousand dollars a year rent. Zeckendorf chivalrously pointed out to her that she was living on investments

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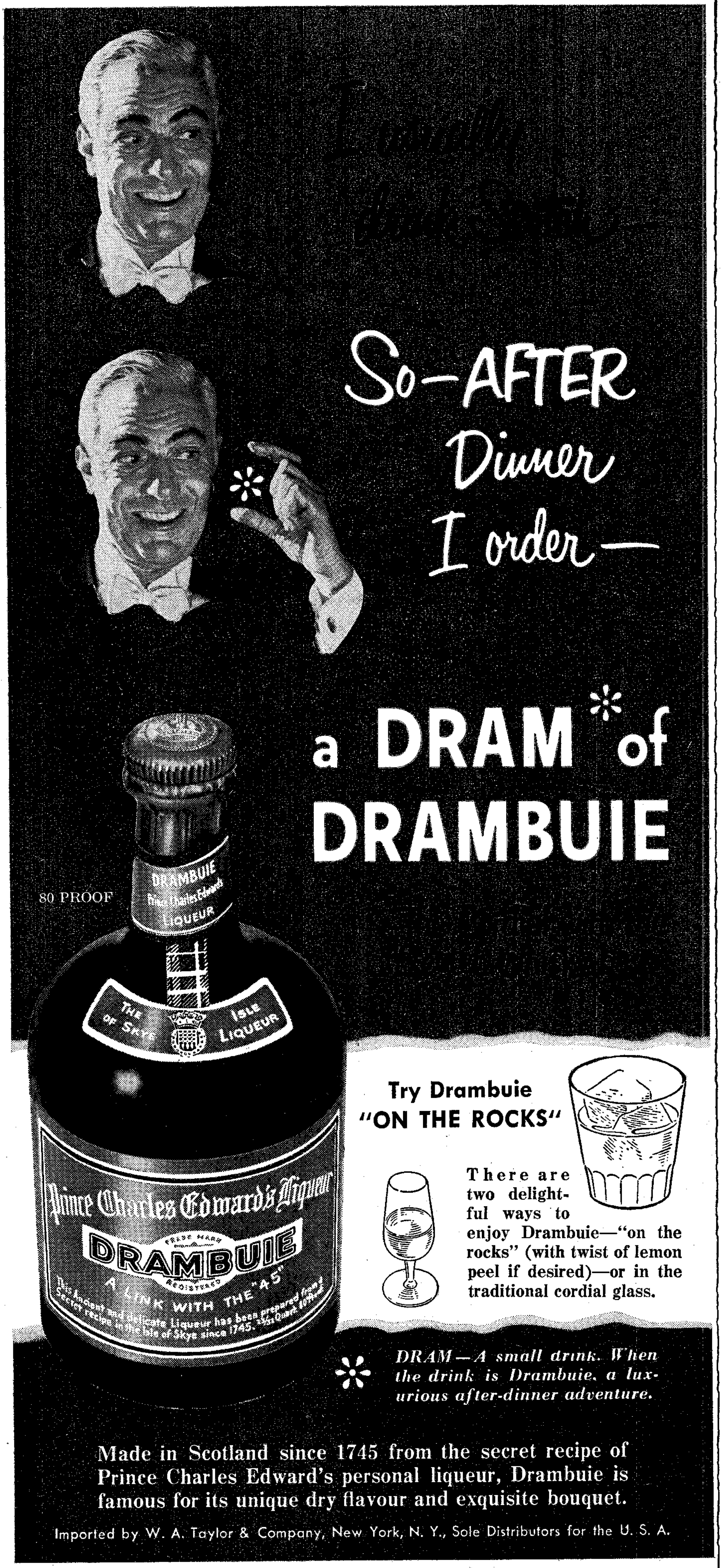

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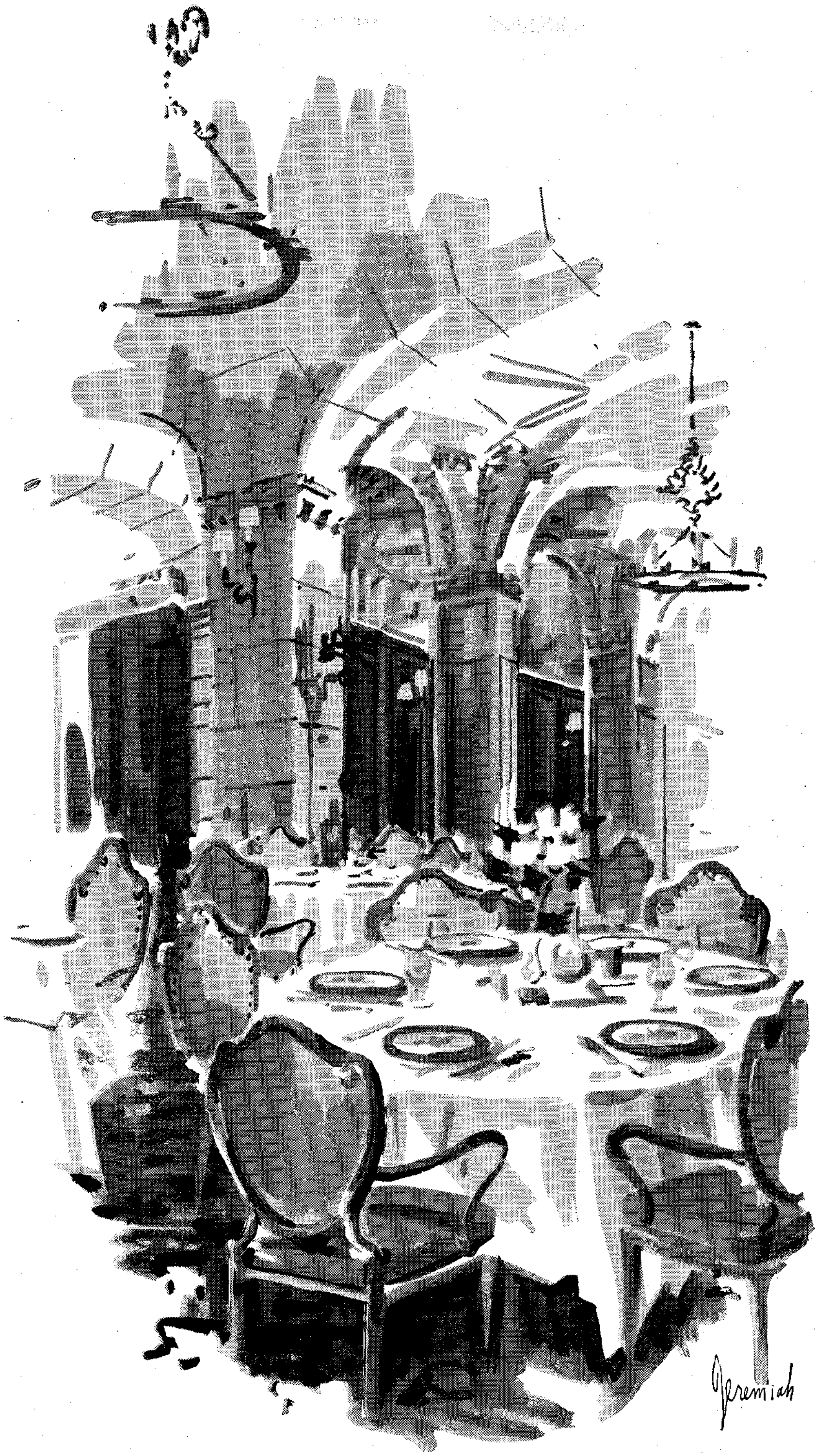
and that, assuming she was getting four per cent on her capital, she had to tie up a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of it to pay her rent. "Why not put the identical sum into the building, live rent-free, and collect rent from the other tenants?" he urged her. The lady was persuaded of the soundness of this reasoning and bought the building. Zeckendorf was almost equally delighted with one deal that didn't come off. After having talked a big corporation into accepting a block of good—but unspecified—bonds with a face value of a million and a half dollars as part payment for a building he was about to buy from it, he roguishly produced the stipulated equity in the form of the corporation's own bonds, which were then worth sixty cents on the dollar. A spokesman for the corporation stiffly declined this offer. "You mean to say you don't consider your own bonds any good?" asked Zeckendorf. "Far too good for you," the corporation's man replied lamely. On still another occasion, Zeckendorf acquired a million-dollar property without committing a dollar of his own, and, indeed, profited handsomely on the transaction. Knowing that a certain store, which owned the premises it occupied, needed cash badly, he offered to pay a million for the property and give the store a thirty-year lease at what he was able to convince its owners was the preposterously low rental of sixty-seven thousand a year. Putting up the property as collateral, Zeckendorf then borrowed the million from a bank at four per cent, or forty thousand a year, and thus came out twenty-seven thousand dollars a year ahead on the exchange. "It was a good deal in another respect, too," he told a friend cheerfully, "because the store isn't doing very well and will probably go broke in



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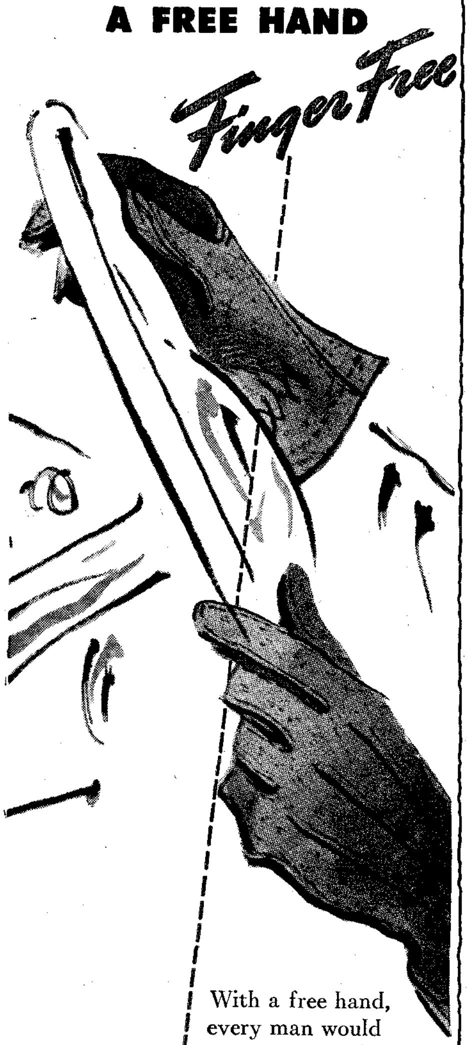

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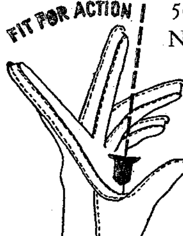

ten years. Then I can put in a new tenant, at a higher rental.”

IN the course of one of many discussions that other real-estate men have held about Zeckendorf, Charles F. Noyes, who has been in the trade for fifty-three years, was moved to remark, “Bill’s just terrific. There’s no one in the business as colorful and spectacular as he is. He’s the fastest man in town.” Zeckendorf himself occasionally ponders the motives that drive him at such a speedy pace. “I think men run fastest when they run on account of fright,” he said in an atypically reflective moment, while sniffing an aged brandy on the terrace of his four-room penthouse—a terrace that, incidentally, has been subdivided for dining, dog-walking, and shuffleboard, and that adorns a building owned by his wife, to whom he affectionately makes a present of whatever premises they have an apartment in. “Some men run because of ego, some because of avarice, and some because of love, but the man who runs because of fright runs the fastest. I’ve experienced real economic fright, and that’s why I run so fast. I think I have very little avarice as such—I have the lowest regard for money simply as money—but my basic interest is in security, a desire to defend myself from the degradation that a lack of money can bring.” For over a year, he has been on the point of moving to the penthouse of another building he owns—a four-*story* penthouse. He has hesitated to make the switch, though the quadruplex quarters are vacant, because he is not convinced that he is yet ready for such diggings. “I always like to play for the highest stakes,” he says, “but I have a phobia about living beyond my means. Not that I’ve ever lived within them, but I mean living beyond them in an ostentatious way. It’s almost a superstition with me; I have a fear of failure. I think it would be inappropriate for me to live on a four-story scale until I feel secure enough to do it comfortably. I’ll make the change when I’m satisfied that it would be more ludicrous for me to go on living where I am than to move to a more spacious place.”

Zeckendorf’s childhood was a good deal less insecure than his adult apprehensions would indicate. He was born in 1905 in Paris, Illinois, where his father, Arthur William Zeckendorf, had paused with his wife, while migrating eastward from Arizona, to run a general store. The real-estate man’s paternal grandfather, William Zeckendorf, was one of five merchant brothers who left Germany after the revolution of 1848 and made their way to the pioneer Southwest of this country. They opened a store in Santa Fe ninety-seven years ago, and subsequently moved it to Tucson, where it is still in business, known now as Albert Steinfeld & Co. In the old days, the establishment, then called Zeckendorf Brothers, issued its own scrip—in handy denominations like twelve and a half cents—and carried an immense variety of stock: dry goods, clothing, boots, shoes, hardware, groceries, crockery, mining and farming implements, hats, china, tinware, drugs, medicines, and liquor. The story is told that the elder William Zeckendorf asserted he could meet any customer’s requirements, no matter how bizarre, and that one blazing summer day a man strolled in off the desert and, to test this boast, asked for a pair of ice skates. “What size, please?” the real-estate man’s grandfather is said to have replied.

Arthur William Zeckendorf left Illinois and moved on to New York when his son was two years old. Here he became a salesman and, ultimately, a manufacturer, of shoes. He made many of the low-priced ones that were retailed thirty years ago by Sears, Roebuck. He and his wife first settled on Long Island, and moved to Manhattan when their son was fourteen. Young Zeckendorf had an uneventful boyhood. He attended P. S. 165 and DeWitt Clinton High School, and in 1922 entered New York University. Mostly because he weighed two hundred and fifty even then, he went out for football, and played guard on the varsity his sophomore and junior years. At that time, football was so low-pressure a sport at N.Y.U. that when he decided to quit college after his third year, having found the academic life unappealing, nobody made any special effort to get him to change his mind.

Twenty years old, without a college degree, and trained for no particular occupation, Zeckendorf was at loose ends. His family got him to go to work for a real-estate man named Samuel Borchard, who was married to a sister of the young man’s mother. Borchard had an office building at 32 Broadway that swarmed with vacancies, and he gave it to Zeckendorf to manage. Zeckendorf resolutely began filling the vacancies, and while doing so demonstrated some of the unorthodox tactics that have characterized his operations ever since. He hired several of his N.Y.U. classmates, who had finished up there and could use a little extra

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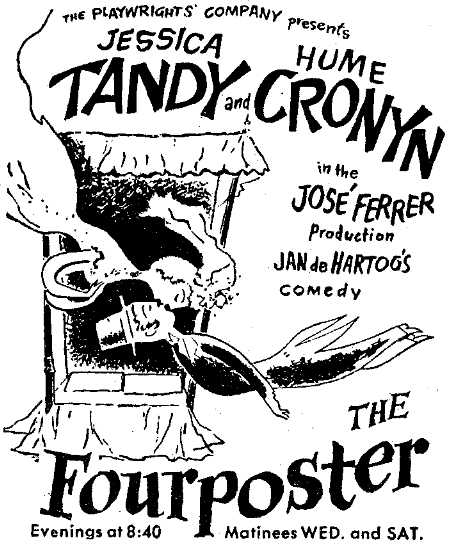
money, to recruit tenants for him on a commission basis. He himself methodically worked his way through a good many of the office buildings in the downtown area, accosting tenants, advising them that their leases were about to expire, and urging them not to renew but instead to shift to 32 Broadway, where, he assured them, they would get a better shake. "I knew that the standard lease was for three years," he says, "so in one out of every three instances I was bound to be right." The managers of the buildings soon learned what he was up to and were irked. It was Zeckendorf's custom, before assaulting a rival building, to copy off from the street-floor directory the names and room numbers of the lessees in order to know whom he was talking to when conducting his door-to-door campaign. At a number of buildings, orders were issued to the elevator starters and operators to discourage such preliminary research, and at these places Zeckendorf, as soon as he planted himself in front of the lobby board and pulled out a pencil, would be wrestled out into the street. Counterattacking, he bought a camera with a flash-bulb attachment and photographed the interdicted directories before the enemy could close in on him. By such resourceful methods, he increased the rental income at 32 Broadway two hundred thousand dollars in one year.

Concluding that real estate was a promising field, Zeckendorf decided to stay in it. He didn't want to continue in a nepotic environment, however, and in October, 1926, he approached Leonard S. Gans, a real-estate broker, and suggested that he be taken on as head of Gans' management department. Gans didn't have a management department and didn't especially want one, but, impressed by Zeckendorf's achievement at 32 Broadway, he set one up and put Zeckendorf in charge of it. That December, Gans was awakened early on a Sunday morning by a telephone call from the janitor of the only building Zeckendorf had yet come to manage. The janitor said the pipes were frozen, and requested instructions. Gans gave him Zeckendorf's home phone number and went back to bed. Nowadays, Zeckendorf seems inexhaustible and often reaches his office at 8 A.M., but twenty-five years ago he liked to sleep late, especially on Sunday. When he was roused by the janitor, he reluctantly bestirred himself and arranged to have the pipes thawed. The following morning, he recommended to Gans that the management department be discon-



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tinued and that he himself become a broker. Almost a year passed before Zeckendorf made a sale. He earned his first commission, a four-thousand-dollar one, as the middleman in the transferral of an East Side hotel, a deal that was complicated by the fact that the place had as a long-term business tenant a notorious madam, whose lease had first to be bought up, for the prospective purchaser wanted to run the hotel in irreproachable style. The madam finally agreed to accept a settlement on her lease and move her entourage elsewhere, but she distrusted checks and insisted on being paid off in bills. On the day the deal went through, Zeckendorf escorted her and a retinue of lawyers to a bank, where she sat on the floor and counted the money as it was handed to her. Zeckendorf was charmed by this episode, having even then developed a liking for out-of-the-ordinary transactions. "Occasionally, Bill would make a simple, straightforward sale of something," Gans said recently, "but unless a deal was very involved, he was never really happy about it."

Zeckendorf remained with Gans for twelve and a half years, becoming his partner in 1930. Like many other brokers, they had rough going during the depression. Zeckendorf earned forty-three thousand dollars in commissions in 1929, when he was only twenty-four, and twenty-one thousand as a single commission in 1930, by setting up the deal that resulted in the building of the Parc Vendome apartments, on West Fifty-seventh Street; but after that his income dropped way off. He grew discouraged about being a broker, and when, in 1938, he was offered a chance to move over to Webb & Knapp, whose activities were then devoted primarily to management and consultant work, he jumped at it.

WEBB & KNAPP had been founded in 1922 under the name of 385 Madison Avenue, Inc. (which was changed to the present name in 1933), by W. Seward Webb, a descendant of Commodore Vanderbilt; Robert C. Knapp, a former vice-president of Douglas L. Elliman & Co.; and Eliot and John Cross, who were both architects, and designed, among other structures, Doctors Hospital and the Tiffany Building. Webb & Knapp was originally a small, sedate firm that engaged chiefly in managing a few buildings, including 383-85 Madison Avenue, a block-square structure, also designed by the Crosses, where it had, and still has,

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its offices. Knapp died soon after the company was formed. In 1936, when Webb and John Cross retired, Eliot Cross brought two new members into the firm as equal shareholders, James Landauer and John H. P. Gould. Webb & Knapp's operations expanded slightly, but it was still a quiet, circumspect outfit when Zeckendorf appeared on the scene. A legend among real-estate men has it that he wandered in one day just before the Second World War, asking for the use of a desk and a telephone; that shortly after his wish was granted, everybody else went off to war; and that on their return the others found, with mixed emotions, that Zeckendorf had taken over and had made them all millionaires. Like most legends, this one is fashioned out of a mite of truth. By the end of the war, he was indeed in charge, and those of his colleagues who may not already have been millionaires had, more or less *in absentia*, moved into that class, but his entrée was less casual than alleged. In 1937, in the capacity of broker, he had helped the members of Webb & Knapp buy a twenty-five-story office building at Lexington Avenue and Forty-first Street. Soon afterward, he was invited by Cross, who was still seeking new blood, to join Webb & Knapp. Zeckendorf did, and was given equal status with the incumbents even though he didn't invest a penny in the firm; Cross must have considered his blood exceptionally rich. Landauer drifted away in 1945, and Cross retired the following year. By 1949, when Zeckendorf bought out his two remaining associates—Gould and Henry Sears, a relative newcomer, who had joined the firm in 1940—he had got himself into the position, partly by extensive borrowing, of being able to pay them three million dollars in cash and a like amount in real estate, securities, and a few odd cases of surplus liquor from the Monte Carlo. So far, Zeckendorf's personal take from Webb & Knapp has been relatively modest; currently, he draws only a hundred and forty thousand a year from it, in salary and bonus, as well as a lavish expense account that includes the upkeep of his limousine and the salary of the chauffeur who drives it.

Although Zeckendorf can be uncommonly softhearted in his personal relationships, he does not often let sentimentality impede his progress up the capitalistic ladder, and when he was liquidating assets to pay off his partners, he unhesitatingly sold the leasehold on 383-85 Madison Avenue, which Webb & Knapp had occupied and cherished since the firm's beginning. (The title to the land beneath the building, like that to much of the land above the Grand Central tracks, belongs to the New York Central Railroad.) Webb & Knapp still operates the building, however, with a lease-back arrangement under which it will eventually reacquire the building. In the last few months, Zeckendorf has altered the structure drastically, spending as much as the original cost of the building on air-conditioning, new elevators, and other renovations. After the work was well under way, he announced to his staff one day that he planned to spend an additional quarter of a million prettying up the façade and lobby. It was pointed out to him that this seemed like an unnecessary, if not downright extravagant, gesture, inasmuch as all the floor space had already been rented to eminently desirable tenants. "I've shelled out something like three million dollars on the damn building and as far as the general public is concerned there's nothing to show for it," Zeckendorf retorted. "For only ten per cent more, I can make it show."

While making it show, Zeckendorf has also been spending three-quarters of a million to refurbish Webb & Knapp's offices, embellishing them with such fancy outside frills as a terrace garden planted with Scotch pine and dogwood. During the time these alterations, which are due to be completed any day now, have been in progress, he and his whole organization have been occupying temporary headquarters in the Marguery, another Webb & Knapp property, a block away. Webb & Knapp obtained the lease to the Marguery early in 1945, and later the same year sold it to Time, Inc., which planned to erect an up-to-the-minute Time & Life Building on the spot; the old Time & Life Building dates all the way back to the birth of Rockefeller Center. Time, however, couldn't evict the Marguery's non-transient residents, so Webb & Knapp repurchased the property. Unabashed by Time's difficulties, Zeckendorf presently an-

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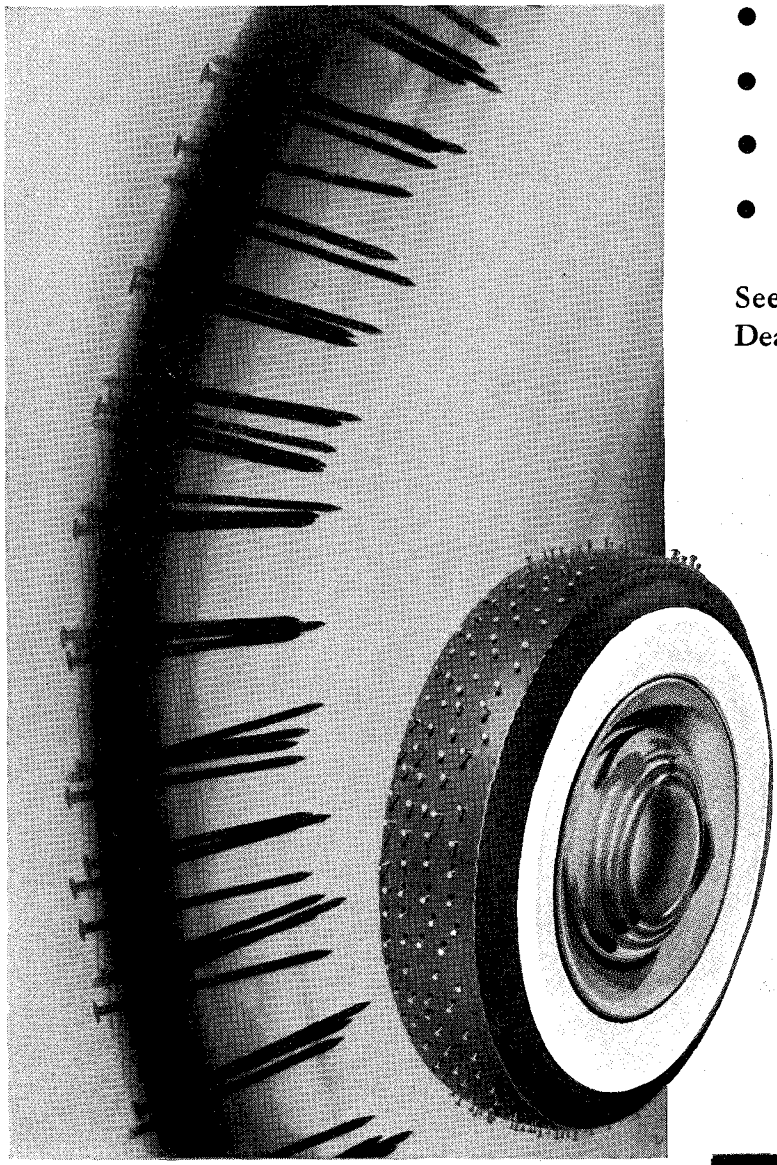

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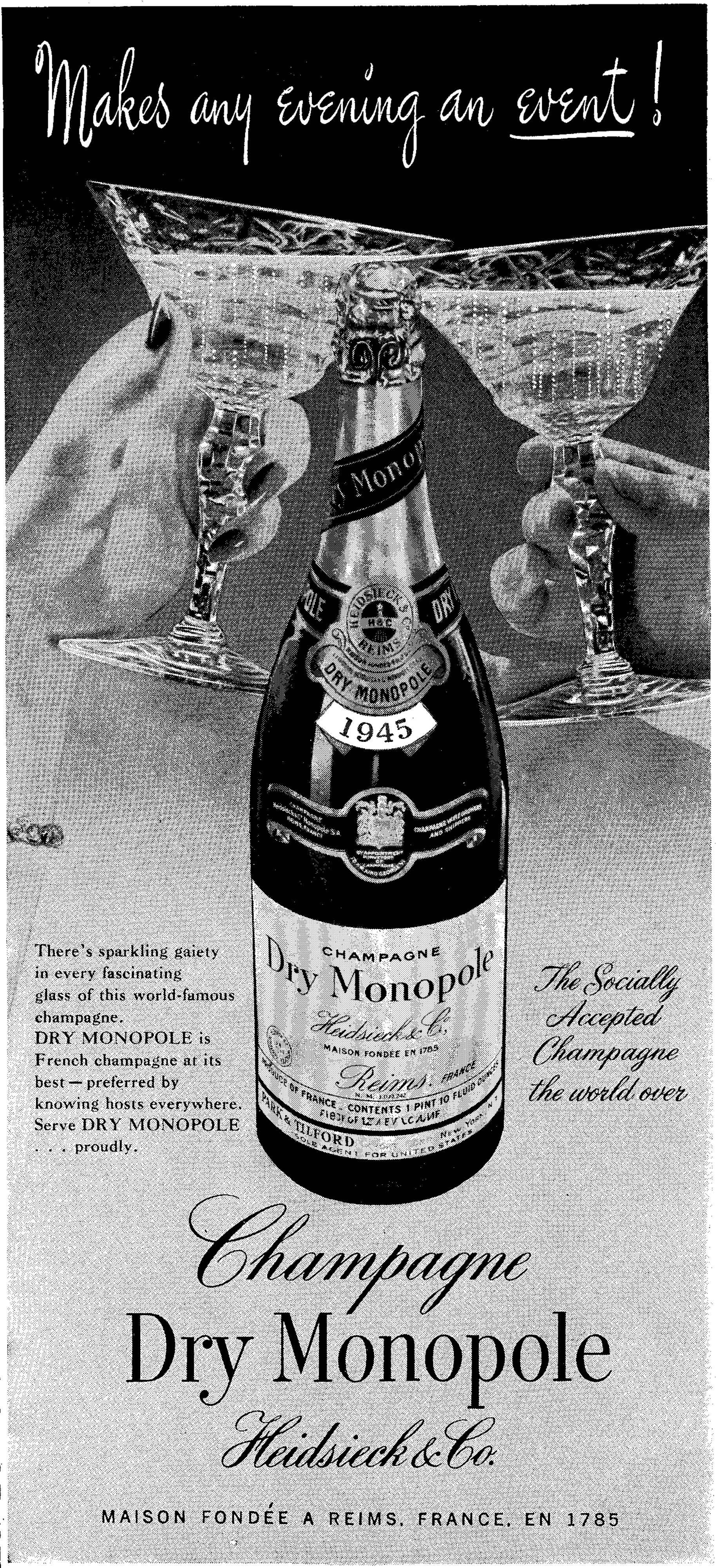
nounced that he would put up a fifteen-million-dollar skyscraper there, forty-four stories high. By surmounting it with an observation tower and a television mast, he expected it to attain an over-all altitude of fifteen hundred and eighty feet, or, as it happens, almost exactly a hundred feet more than the Empire State Building's. But what with the present shortage of building materials, it will probably be some time before Zeckendorf breaks ground for it, assuming that he ever does.

IF any one sequence of events can be said to have raised Zeckendorf from the status of a commonplace real-estate operator to the lofty perch on which he now roosts, it is undoubtedly the fruitful deals he brought off in administering the real-estate holdings of Vincent Astor during the war. Astor, who was a Naval Reserve officer, went on active duty as a commander in 1941, and early the following year, suspecting that he wouldn't be able to devote himself to his real-estate investments for quite a while, he instructed his attorneys to find him a capable stand-in. Astor was on friendly terms with Eliot Cross, and because of this association, as well as because of Zeckendorf's impressive persuasiveness, Webb & Knapp got the assignment. Of the firm's top five men, all were absent in the armed forces except Cross, who was in ill health, and Zeckendorf. Astor's properties, then worth close to fifty million dollars, ranged from the St. Regis Hotel to ancient, dilapidated tenements. "It sure was a messed-up portfolio," a Webb & Knapp man commented recently. This was Zeckendorf's feeling, too. "My first conclusion after examining it," he later told a friend, "was to have a fire sale of the Commander's junk, and to reinvest the proceeds in long-term leases with guaranteed rents and percentage clauses as a hedge against inflation." It had long been the policy of the Astor family to concentrate its real-estate holdings in New York City, but Zeckendorf, after overwhelming the Commander with the logic behind his first conclusion, prevailed upon him to break with this tradition and branch out into the hinterland. By early 1946, when Astor returned to civilian life and took back his portfolio, Zeckendorf had increased its value, according to a conservative estimate, by five million dollars, or, according to Zeckendorf's estimate, fifteen million. This aggrandizement was achieved through a hundred and fifty separate deals, and in the announcements of many of them that were sent to the



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papers Zeckendorf, who has a high regard for publicity, saw to it that the names of the principals concerned, from A to Z, got equally prominent mention.

At the time Zeckendorf undertook to handle Astor's properties, he declined to set a fee for his efforts, declaring that he would rather have his firm paid for accomplishments than for promises. He worked on Astor's behalf for a year before Webb & Knapp received anything. At that point, Astor insisted, through his attorneys, that he be presented with a bill. "Having already made the Commander a ten-million-dollar profit," Zeckendorf says, "I named a sum of four hundred thousand, adding that he didn't have to pay it if he thought it was out of line. With some trepidation, Astor's lawyers reported back to him and showed him my bill. The Commander looked at it and said, 'Pay him and send him a bunch of flowers from me and renew his contract.' I don't remember that I actually ever got any flowers. It was more a figure of speech." In all, Webb & Knapp received a million and a half in fees from Astor, two-thirds of which, in effect, the firm gave right back to him by purchasing a piece of property from him, as an investment of its own, for a million more than he had paid for it when Webb & Knapp bought it for him.

Zeckendorf's administration of the Commander's mess coincided with a sharply rising real-estate market, during which the dollar value of even the most scabrous tenement was almost bound to increase, and it is occasionally hinted by Zeckendorf's belittlers that this economic state of affairs may have been no less responsible than his skill for the blossoming of Astor's holdings and the attendant rise of Zeckendorf's star. Several months ago, a friend, seeking to twit him gently, said, "Bill, don't you attribute a lot of your success to the times?" "Certainly," said Zeckendorf amiably. Upon being pressed for a further explanation of his swift ascent, he said, "Diversification." As befits a man whose grandfather stocked an assortment of ice skates in the desert, he is fond of declaring that Webb & Knapp is prepared to deal in any kind of property, anywhere, at any price, and in substantiation of this claim can point out that since he began running the firm, it has trafficked in golf courses, gas stations, post offices, supermarkets, bus terminals, airports, railroads, wharves, theatres, hotels, night clubs, bookstores, jails, firehouses, and cemeteries. He bought the municipal jail of Boise, Idaho, a couple of years ago, but he

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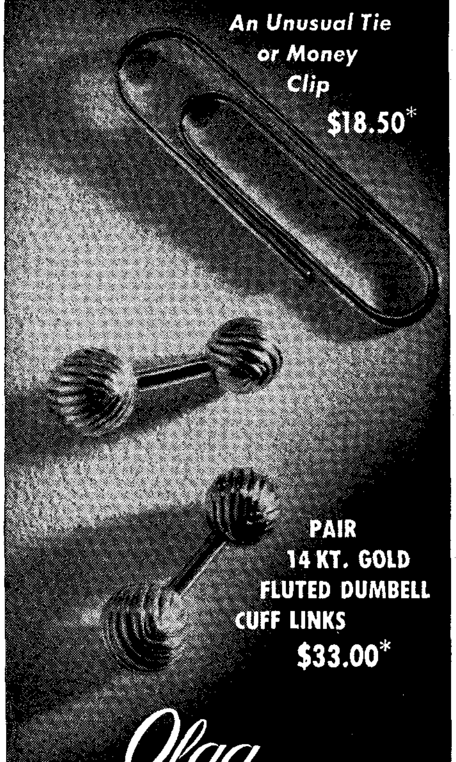

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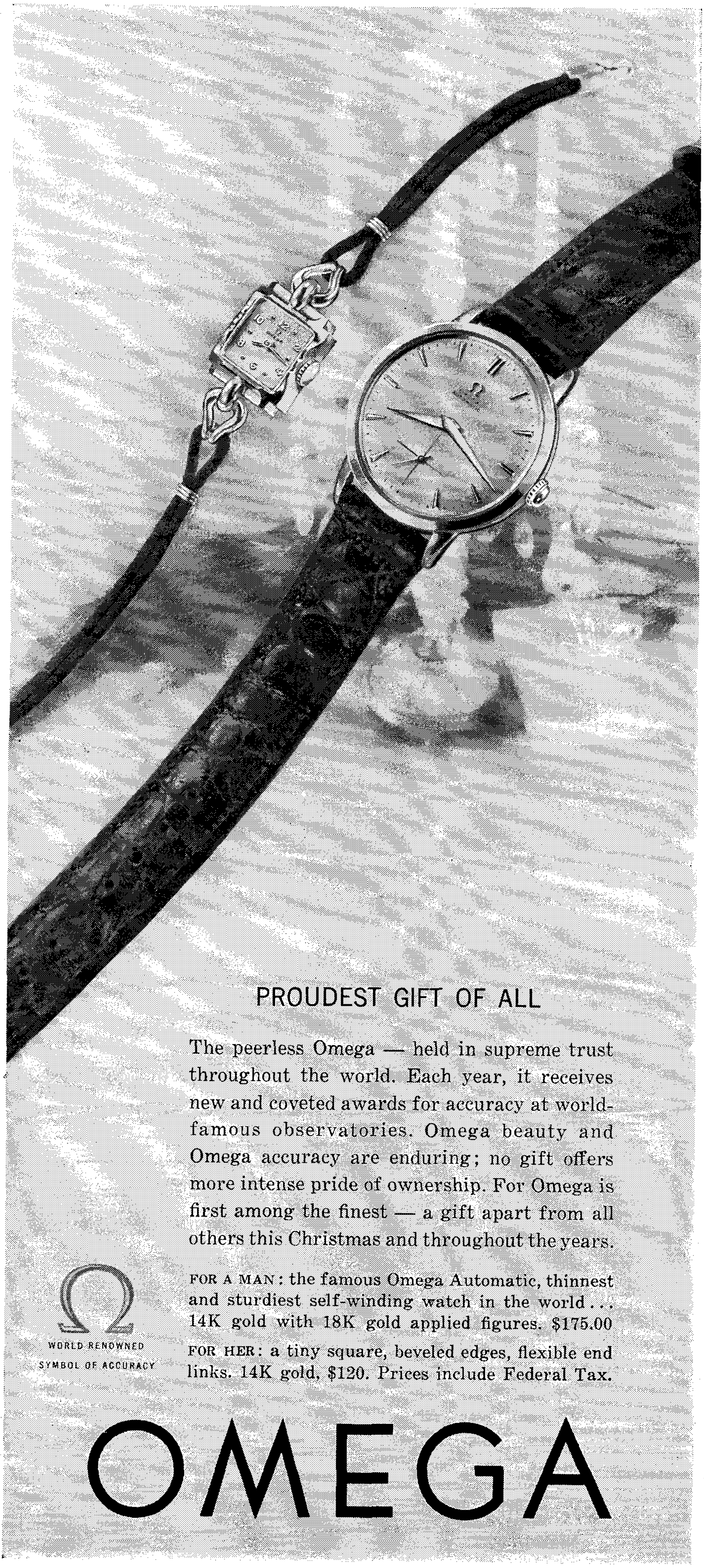
managed to get it without tenants, and so was spared what might otherwise have been unusually troublesome eviction proceedings. In the course of assembling a strategic parcel of land, which he now controls, in the Herald Square area here—a plot facing Macy's on the north and Gimbel's on the south, and valued by Zeckendorf at twelve million dollars—he was temporarily stymied by a forty-nine-year-old firehouse that stood on a West Thirty-third Street plot he coveted. Noting that there was an even more antiquated firehouse on West Twenty-ninth Street, along the same north-south axis, Zeckendorf asked the city if it would give up the Thirty-third Street station in the event that a brand-new firehouse was put up, at his expense, on West Thirty-first Street, big enough to cover the territories previously assigned to the two old ones. The city gladly approved the plan, and he went ahead and carried it out, spending three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars on his dual-purpose substitute, which, in a flush of civic spirit, he equipped with such cozy refinements as a recreation room and a solarium. Zeckendorf's involvement with graveyards had a less happy outcome. While making plans for an addition to a big shopping center that he operates on the outskirts of St. Louis, he leased some city land that contained the St. Louis potter's field, agreeing to pay the cost of having the bodies in it moved to another site. Zeckendorf was led to believe that the cemetery held about two hundred corpses, but he soon became aware that overcrowding in slum areas is a misfortune that hounds the poor even to their graves, for by the time he was through, he had been obliged to reinter closer to two thousand.

In September, 1946, not long after he had returned the Astor portfolio to the Commander's safekeeping, Zeckendorf announced the consummation of a highly diversified deal. For eight million dollars, Webb & Knapp had bought a three-quarter-mile stretch of the Hoboken waterfront, a purchase that wafted into Zeckendorf's hands, among other assets, nine piers and a railroad. Since he had never shown any interest or ability in handling such cumbersome conveniences, and since real-estate firms do not normally get mixed up in the management of them, it was thought in some circles that he had overextended himself. Within less than a year, though, he had got back his eight million dollars, in exchange for only half of his Hoboken holdings. The half he still holds includes the railroad, a freight line which has



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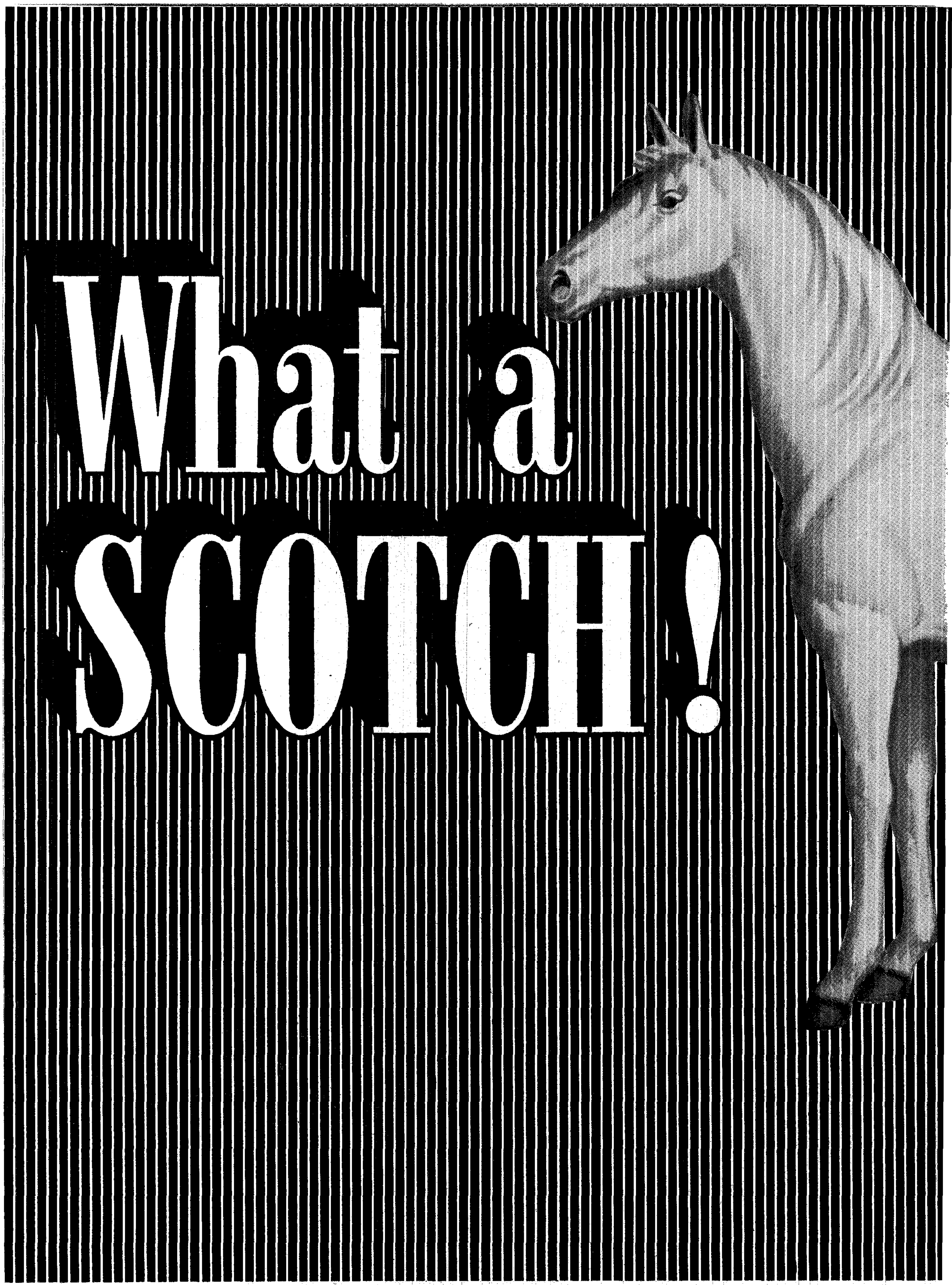
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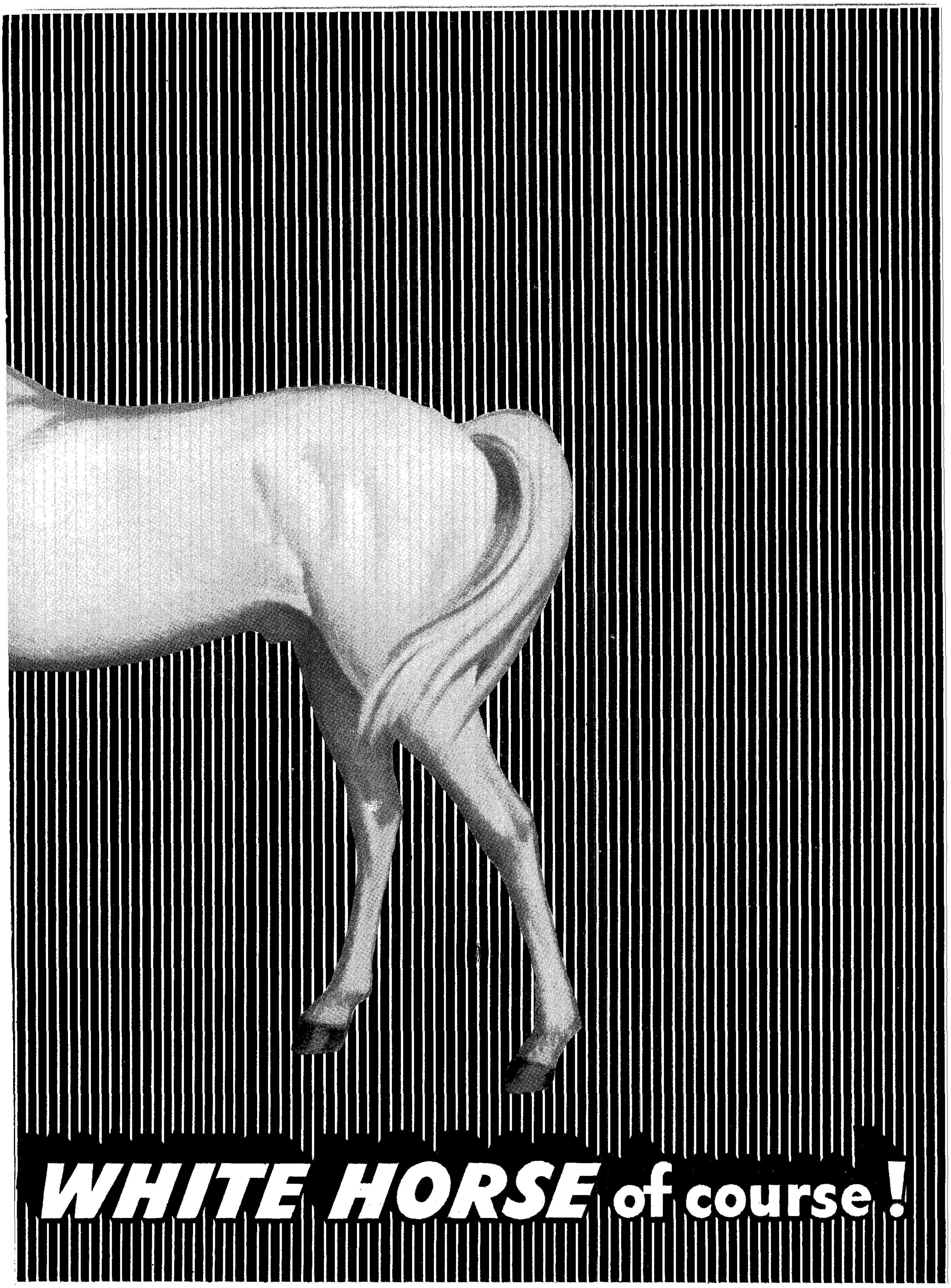
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nine miles of tracks and is called the Hoboken Manufacturers Railroad. Up to the time he acquired it, nobody had ever paid it much heed. Small boys, for instance, would hardly glance twice at its drab and dusty engines. Soon after the Hoboken Manufacturers came under the brightening aegis of Webb & Knapp, however, the engines were gaily daubed with alternating zigzag stripes of green and yellow, and the name of the line was inscribed on them in a luminous paint visible for nearly three-quarters of a mile. "It was a classic example of combining astute public relations with grade-crossing safety," one Webb & Knapp man has said.

As a man with a yen for diversification, Zeckendorf has been less troubled than some of his contemporaries by the present restrictions on building. In a few instances, the war clouds into which many such skyscrapers as his replacement for the Marguery have disappeared may even benefit him. A year ago, after cocking an observant eye at Long Island, he decided that the place was growing in an unbalanced way; while enjoying a boom in residential construction, it was lagging in industrial construction. Zeckendorf forthwith bought a controlling interest in Roosevelt Field, a three-hundred-and-sixty-acre airport that hadn't had much recent use. It was his thought that, suitably developed, the land and its hangars and other buildings would make a fine setting for light industries, and he was encouraged in this belief by the fact that Levittown, a potential source of man-power for his project, is only five miles from it. In February, the village of Hempstead, in which nearly all of Roosevelt Field is situated, obligingly rezoned the area to permit the infiltration of factories, theretofore frowned upon. Currently, Webb & Knapp, which has sold some of its stock in Roosevelt Field but still holds a big slice of it, is finishing up a twenty-two-acre plant on the reconverted airport for Arma, Inc., makers of precision instruments. This installation is calculated both to help the mobilization effort and to help prevent Zeckendorf from being adversely affected by the nature of the times. He is also dickering to bring to the scene the three main exhibition buildings of this year's Festival of Britain, which just to ferry over from London, he broadly estimated this fall, would cost him a million dollars.

Owing to the embargo on nonessential construction, Zeckendorf has had to put off one pet project of his—the residential development of Moun-

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tain Park, a twelve-thousand-acre segment of Los Angeles that he has owned since 1947. He thinks that Los Angeles, which has expanded rapidly in the past few years, is certain to continue the process. Mountain Park, nearly as large as Manhattan Island, is fifteen miles west of the downtown area of Los Angeles, but it is nonetheless within the city limits of that sprawling metropolis. "When I first went out and examined Mountain Park," Zeckendorf says, "I drove over forty or fifty miles of roads, past herds of wild deer and coveys of quail, and I still hadn't seen more than half of it. I stood at the highest elevation, three thousand feet up, and gazed out across the San Fernando Valley, and I turned around and gazed out over the Pacific, and I said to myself, 'Here's an empire that will sell for upward of twenty-five million.' " Zeckendorf, whose investment in Mountain Park totals three million dollars, has in mind building himself a house someday on the lofty crest where he halted and computed, and the spot is already known around the Webb & Knapp office as Zeckendorf Peak. "When Bill gets that house finished, on the summit of his own great empire," one of his associates said recently, "he'll have created the monument to himself that he really wants."

IN view of Zeckendorf's pronounced ambitiousness, many of his acquaintances do not believe that he could ever be satisfied with a mere house, even one with such a diversified view. They suspect that he will sooner or later go into politics, and that the job of Mayor of New York might especially appeal to him. Zeckendorf is generally thought to be a Democrat. He is close to Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., whose law firm is retained by Webb & Knapp and whom Zeckendorf last year offered to back to the tune of twenty-five thousand dollars if he would run for Governor. He is close to Vincent Impellitteri, to whom he contributed twenty-five hundred dollars on the day the Mayor's then seemingly absurd campaign for his present office was launched, and who showed his gratitude not long ago by appointing Zeckendorf to the nonsalaried post of Honorary Deputy Commissioner of Commerce of the city. He is close to Sidney Salomon, Jr., until his resignation a couple of months ago the treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, with whom he is associated in the St. Louis shopping center and whose political treasury he enriched by a thousand dollars when the Committee was hawking tickets to a big din-

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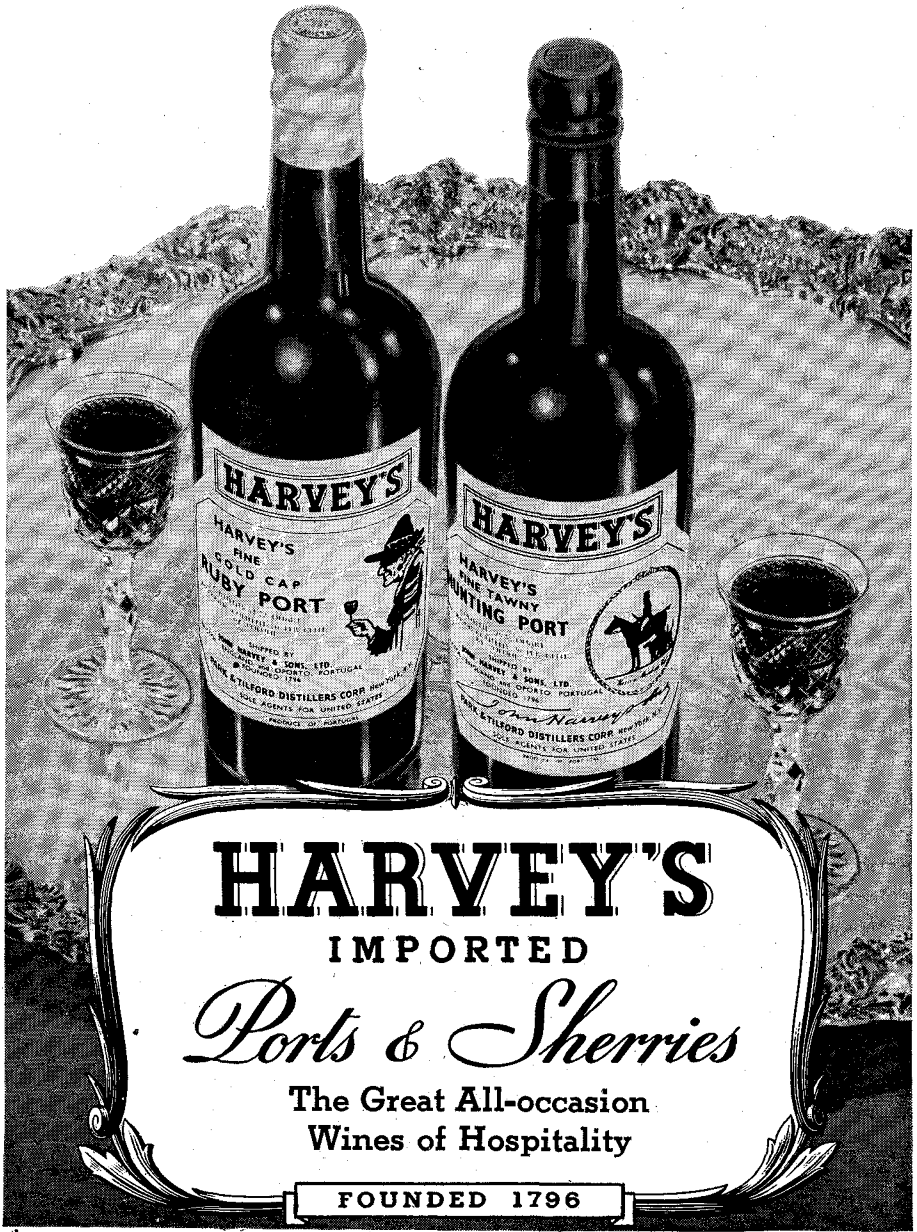
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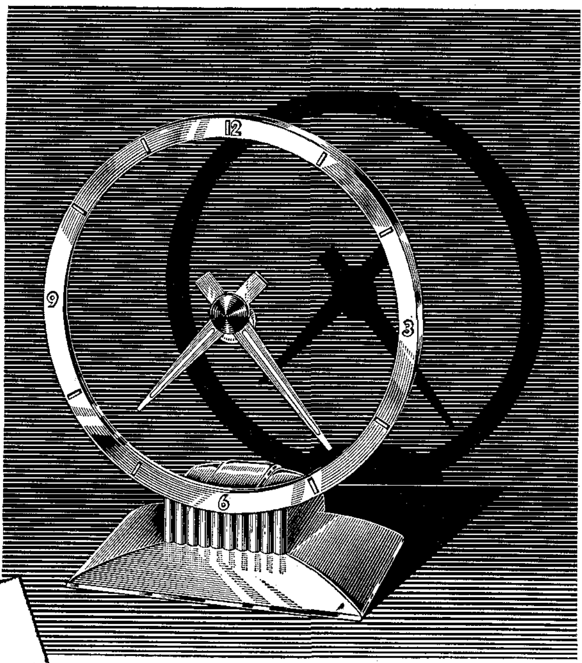

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ner in New York last February. (Zeckendorf was too busy to sit through the dinner, but he did drop in at the start of the festivities and shake a few hands.) Even in politics, however, Zeckendorf adheres to diversification. "I am a Republican, actually," he told a man who brought up the subject not long ago. "I vote both ways."

Whatever Zeckendorf's party affiliations, there is no doubt about his attitude toward the participation of real-estate men in politics. He thinks they should be much more active than they are, for he feels that they have a solid, practical approach to the things, such as real property, that have true and permanent value in life. One friend to whom he expressed this view remarked that the choice of the Thirty-eighth Parallel as a property line in Korea had been a sort of real-estate approach to politics and didn't seem to have worked out sensationally well. "That deal wasn't based on sound economics," Zeckendorf replied quickly. "Real estate that isn't based on sound economics doesn't mean a thing." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Zeckendorf.*)

•

Eleven of the 14 jurors who served in the Paul Francis Lee homicide trial here last September were present at a "jury reunion" held Sunday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Alma Mott in LeRoy.

Mrs. Mott was one of the jurors and was the hostess for the reunion, serving a delicious chicken dinner.

The guests included not only the jurors, but their husbands or wives, and the four tipstaves—David A. McNeal, Dayton Mills, Mrs. James Laughlin and Mrs. Daisy Place. Mrs. McNeal, Mrs. Mills, Mr. Laughlin and one of Mrs. Place's daughters also were guests.

All enjoyed the novel reunion to the utmost. Whether or not it will become a regular affair has not been indicated.
—*Towanda* (*Pa.*) *Daily Review.*

Maybe it ought to be combined with Christmas.

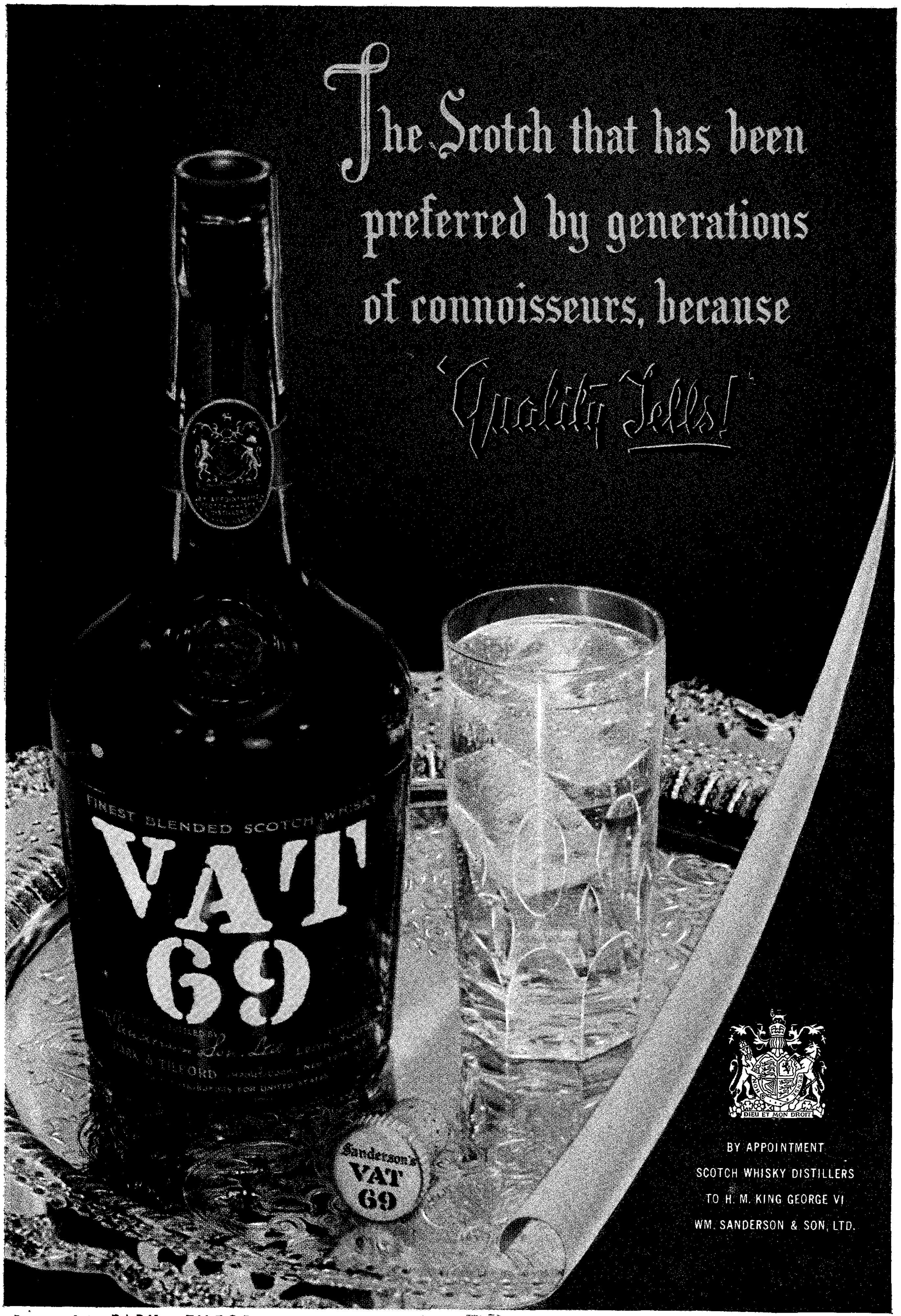
•

MUTTERS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MUTTERED

[*From the Cleveland Plain Dealer*]

Young Richard Hayes' new car was smashed when it skidded off an icy road en route to Canton, after he had finished his Main Street Club engagement here. Only slightly bruised and dazed, the Mercury Records singer found he had been hurled through an open auto door and landed in a snowbank.

When a highway patrolman found him, Hayes was muttering: "I knew something like this would happen when I recorded that song of woes, 'Out in the Cold Again'!"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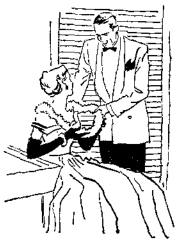

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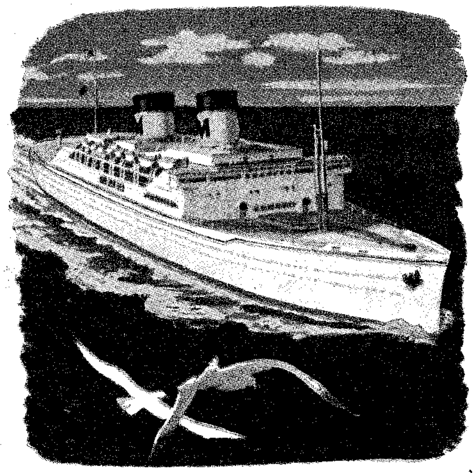

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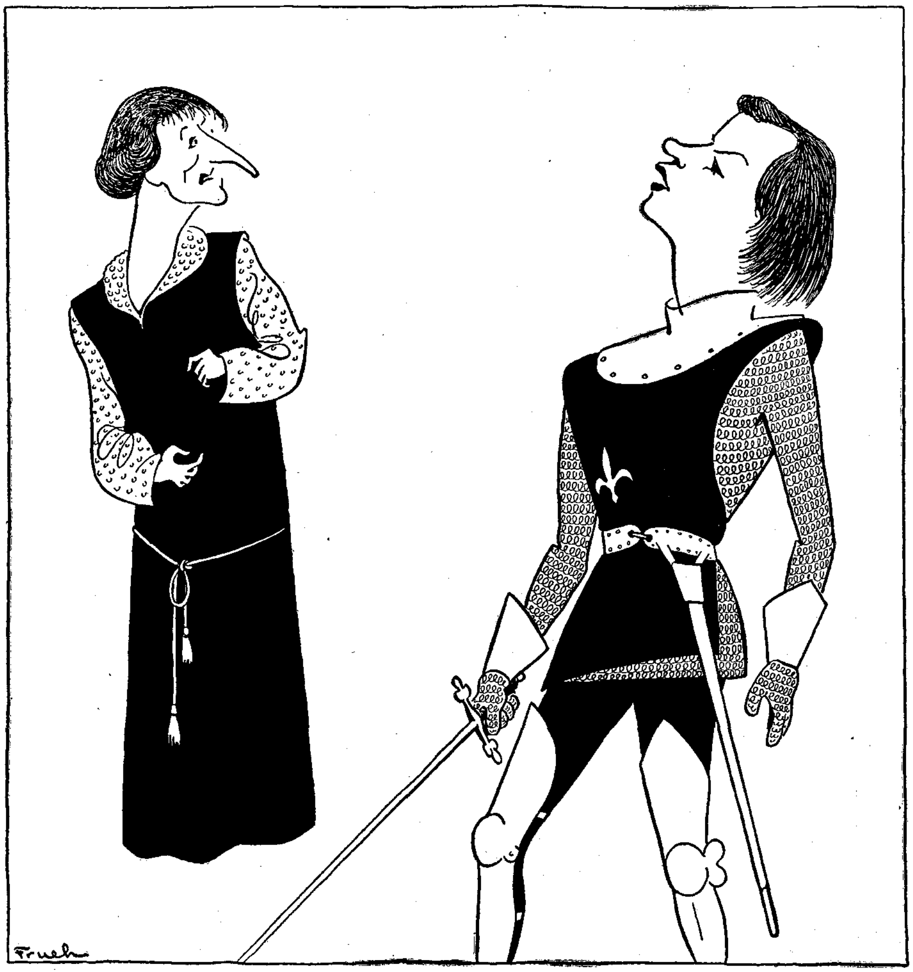
THE THEATRE

OUT OF THE MOTHBALLS

MOST of the reviewers were inclined to deal facetiously with the circumstance that in Philadelphia, some two weeks before the New York opening of the play called "Nina," Gloria Swanson issued a statement to the effect that she had a low opinion of this work, and especially of her own part in it; that the director, Gregory Ratoff, had contributed almost nothing; and that she would be glad to be clear of the whole foolish business. My colleagues were unanimous in saying that Miss Swanson is apparently a very sound critic herself, which—in this case, at least—happens to be the truth, but they neglected to go into the ethical aspects of the matter. These would seem to involve the facts that Miss Swanson is presumably able to read well enough to have formed her unfavorable judgment when she got the script and that she should properly have declined it on the spot (her contention that extensive rewriting and another method of direction could have turned a thoroughly bad part into a good one can, I think, be dismissed as somewhat disingenuous); that, having agreed to do the play, she oughtn't to have jeopardized the interests of her employers and fellow-actors by making damaging remarks to the papers about it; and that professional actresses should assume some part of the blame for incompetent performances.

None of this, of course, can hide from us that "Nina," adapted from André Roussin's French farce by Samuel Taylor, is the sort of thing that might have entertained audiences in 1908 but now just seems thin, mechanical, and remarkably juvenile. The plot, naturally, focusses on a wife, her lover, and her husband, and it relates how these three eventually achieve such an eminently civilized and Gallic arrangement that it is hard to tell precisely who is in love with whom. Practically this same frisky situation, if my memory isn't at fault, was employed in 1933 in "Design for Living," a comedy by Noel Coward, which differed from the current romp principally in that its cast included Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, as well as the author himself, whose lines were deft and witty enough to compensate, at least partly, for the fact that his story was essentially a very similar piece of bogus and antique naughtiness.

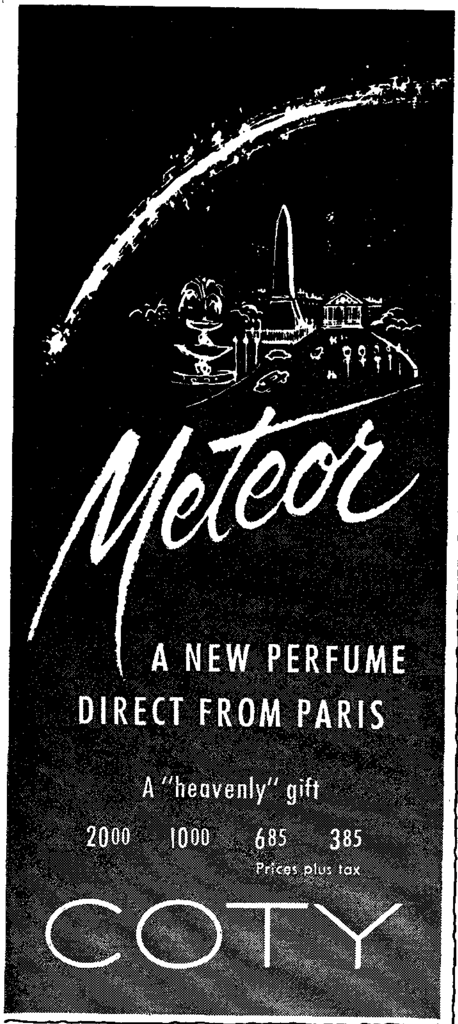


"SAINT JOAN"

The lady here is Uta Hagen, as the Maid of Orleans, and her companion is John Buckmaster, as the Dauphin, whose kingdom she saves but who really wishes that she'd just relax and go home. Shaw's play, directed by Margaret Webster and produced by the Theatre Guild, is at the Cort.

"Nina" begins with the unexpected entrance of the husband, a wispy and hypochondriacal worker in the Department of Finance, into the living room of his wife's lover, whose gifts for amour are such that a succession of ladies call him up all night, attempting to arrange rendezvous. The husband's first intention is to shoot his rival, but he is distracted by a fit of sneezing. Very shortly, a strong attachment springs up between the two men (the little bureaucrat, it seems, is carried away by his admiration for his betrayer's technique in the matter of seduction, listening in with rather appalling relish to the telephone conversations with the mistresses), and when the wife comes in, she is superfluous to such an extent that a somewhat inept attempt is made to poison her. There are a lot more complications, but basically that is what is going on these nights at the Royale. Unconventional sexual behavior undoubtedly has its comic aspects, but there are very few playwrights, French, American, English, or Chinese, who can be unremittingly funny about it for two and a half hours. Certainly "Nina" accomplishes no such miracle.

As the wife and her lover, Miss Swanson and David Niven don't seem to contribute much beyond energy and their handsome physical appearances. Alan Webb, however, in the odd role of the husband, is one of the treats of the season, especially in two scenes—one in which he is somehow emotionally mixed up with a quilt and another in which an indignant husband, played by William Le Massena, delights him beyond measure by mistaking him for an accomplished roué. Except for Mr. Webb's diverting conduct, a slight mishap to one of the costumes Miss Swanson designed for herself when a strip of



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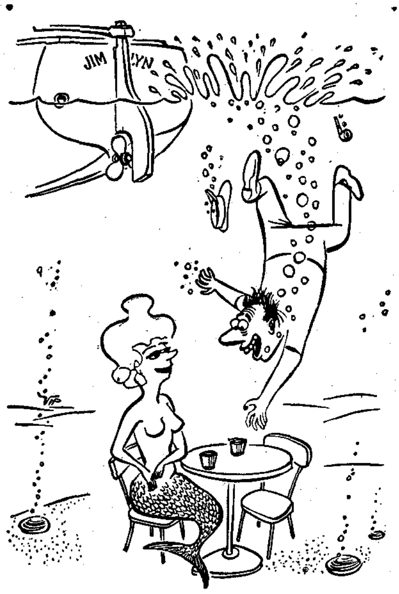

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whalebone sprang embarrassingly loose from its moorings, and a very brief interlude when Mr. Niven gave an impressive demonstration of how to pack a bag, I had a fairly distressing evening.

"THE CONSTANT WIFE," by Somerset Maugham, which was revived last week at the National, is what I have found it convenient to describe in my mind as a pro-woman play. The central character, that is, is a lady of such charm, wit, tolerance, and superior mental agility that nobody else in the cast seems worthy of occupying the same stage with her. This conception, while guaranteed to titillate female audiences, especially those in their middle years, may easily strike a lot of people as dated, tiresome, and perhaps a little unrealistic. The heroine, in case you happened to miss the original production in 1926, is married to a Harley Street surgeon who has been conducting an affair with a blonde. Being practically omniscient, the wife has been aware of this liaison for a long time, but not until an accident brings the whole thing more or less out into the open can she persuade herself to discuss it with him, in a conversation that I found lofty but a trifle enervating. As a result of their talk, she decides to go into the interior-decorating business, in which, in the course of a year, she picks up the tidy sum of two thousand pounds, and in the end to take off for Italy, after paying her husband back for her board and lodging, since, naturally, she is reluctant to be supported by a man she no longer loves. There is an old and persistent admirer tangled up in all this, and some suggestion that she intends to meet him in Genoa, but it is a vague project at best, and I gather that her heart isn't really in it. Mr. Maugham has written an occasional sprightly line and created some picturesque subordinate characters—especially that of the heroine's mother, who is almost as superhuman as she is—but altogether I'm afraid that the play belongs to another time, or else to the girls.

As the wife, Katharine Cornell gives the kind of performance that has always fascinated her public, but I preferred the less stylized and majestic work of Grace George and Brian Aherne, who are cast as her mother and husband. In other parts, Nan Martin, Gertrude Musgrove, and John Emery are all satisfactory enough. Donald Oenslager's setting is a bit elaborate for the dwelling of even the most successful London doctor, but it is still a very handsome job.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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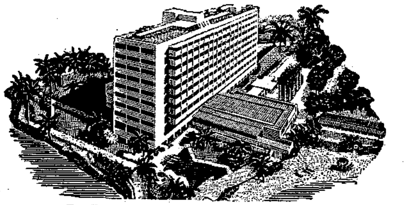

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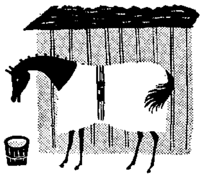
THE RACE TRACK

Prize Day



AS all the world knows, very few race-trackers agree on anything, even on Man o' War. By some small miracle, though, all nineteen of the country's leading racing secretaries, who constitute the Thoroughbred Racing Association's board of selection, tapped Counterpoint for the Horse of the Year. The choice certainly wasn't a surprise, but I hardly thought it would be unanimous. (Practically always, somebody puts in a dissenting opinion, just on general principles.) However, Counterpoint's performance in the Empire City Gold Cup at Jamaica was something that couldn't be overlooked; I'd almost say it was the Race of the Year. Besides, he has won more prize money this year than any other horse in training—a matter of $250,525. Hill Prince was rated the best of the old boys, but he didn't get all the votes; Citation got two, no doubt because his earnings finally passed the million mark last July, and County Delight and Cochise got one each, for reasons that escape me. The honors list doesn't end there. It includes Tom Fool and Rose Jet, in the two-year-old divisions; Kiss Me Kate, the top three-year-old filly (Counterpoint, of course, was also voted the best three-year-old colt); Bed o' Roses, the best of the older fillies; and Oedipus, the best steeplechaser. The owners received large silver medals last week at the Association's annual meeting. C. V. Whitney, who flew in from Paris for the presentation, accepted only one for Counterpoint; Syl Veitch, the colt's trainer, took the other. Jock Whitney, who, as part owner of Tom Fool, received the Greentree Stable's memento, slipped it into his hip pocket as he left for home. It fitted perfectly. The Whitney stables, by the way, have done all right this year. Greentree has picked up $622,942 in purses and stakes, and will remain at the top of the heap unless Calumet Farm wins $17,563 by New Year's Day. C. V. Whitney's racers have won $386,365, which is just about twice as much as they won last season.

BY now, I should think, the racing secretaries and horsemen who have been in a huddle for months figuring out a revision of the Scale of Weights (that complicated arrangement of weights that horses of different ages must carry when running against each other) would be finished with their homework. But they're not. For years, there has been grumbling that in the autumn, with the weights the way they are, three-year-olds have a big advantage over the older racers. And, on the record, they seem to. Four out of the five winners of the Empire City Gold Cup, which is run in October, have been three-year-olds, and seven out of the last ten winners of the Jockey Club Gold Cup, an older October classic, also have been three-year-olds. Only one three-year-old has won the Saratoga Cup since 1940, but the Saratoga Cup is run much earlier in the season. What's proposed is to reduce the impost for four-year-olds, who now carry the same weights as older animals. That sounds fair enough. I'm all for anything that will bring out more weight-for-age races.

LOOKING backward, I'd say the biggest disappointment of the season was Uncle Miltie. He ran so brilliantly in his first start at Jamaica early last April that the horse watchers declared he might be another Count Fleet. You may remember that it took Battlefield, who tried to step along with Miltie for a furlong, more than a month to recover from the going over he got. As for Big Stretch, who also tried to step along with Miltie, he's really never been quite the same since. (Some people say he wasn't much to begin with, but he was such a promising two-year-old that that's hard to believe.) Miltie's inexplicable fadeout wasn't as bad as Big Stretch's; he showed a flash of form a couple of times at Monmouth last July, but when I saw him at Belmont in the autumn, he was just another three-year-old. Maybe he'll come back to his form next year. And I still think How would have been the best three-year-old filly if she had had more flesh on her bones, and hadn't been such a flibbertigibbet.

—AUDAX MINOR

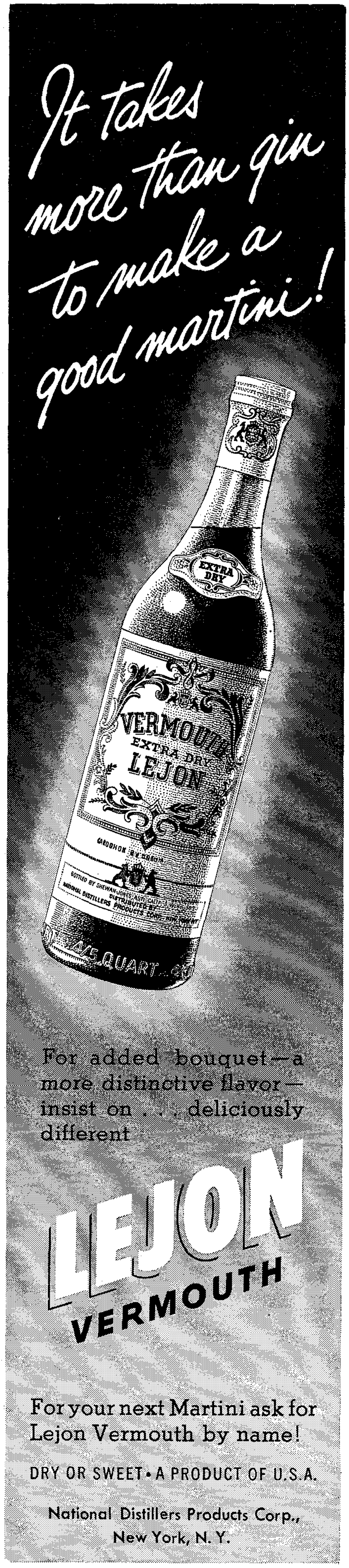
•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Web of Days," by Edna Lee*]

And when, surprised, I asked him what other crop would pay so well he answered, "Garden truck, Miz Hester—garden truck to ship east."—*Page 161.*

Next year, I resolved, I would grow garden truck to ship North for I had not forgotten Shem's words "garden truck to ship North—that's our ticket."—*Page 181.*



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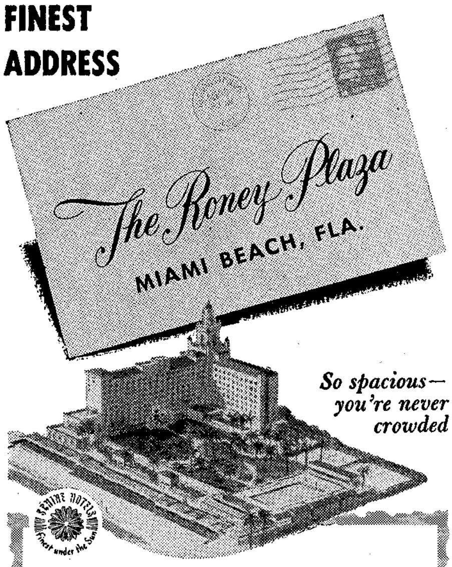

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TABLES FOR TWO

Some Wild Ones

THE Dixieland boys are whooping it up all around town. To be sure, with the departure of Muggsy Spanier's expertly disciplined sextet from Nick's last week, one of the most stimulating small jazz bands to come along in the past year is temporarily missing from the local scene, but there are others in full cry. Down at Eddie Condon's, the seemingly indestructible cornet of Wild Bill Davison is in a more dominant position than ever. Since the leave-taking, a couple of years ago, of Georg Brunis and his outspoken trombone, Wild Bill has been undisputed champion among the noisemakers there. The present trombonist, Cutty Cutshall, is apparently a peaceable fellow, with no desire to drown him out when he is in an earsplitting mood. A bottle of Scotch whiskey and a glass are kept, for Wild Bill's convenience, on an otherwise unused trap drum that rests cozily at his feet, like a coffee table, and occasionally he takes time out to pour himself a dainty slug and drink it. This gives the others an opportunity to be creative, too, and they, real musicians all, respond superbly. Then Bill, fortified, thoughtfully picks his spot and breaks into the surrounding musical texture with a firmness that allows no argument. Let it be noted right here that his mood is not always violent; he is adept at shadings, and his solo of "When Your Lover Has Gone" ranks among the more sensitive readings of its kind.

In addition to Davison and Cutshall, who is a first-rate trombonist, another leading ballcarrier is Edmond Hall, a fine man on a clarinet. In the line are Gene Schroeder, at the piano; Buzzy Drootin, the drummer; Bob Casey, on bass; and, when he's not out in front looking up friends in the house, Eddie Condon, on guitar. It's a good band, all right, with something inventive and commanding cropping up every few minutes. In between sets, Ralph Sutton doodles at the piano with a sure grasp of ragtime.

UPTOWN, there's Jimmy Ryan's, a long, low, narrow room (it's been redecorated—dark walls hung with small, cheerful paintings) in which, if you don't mind being directly in the path, no matter where you sit, of the rush of sound from the bandstand, at the far end, you may find solace in the standard Dixieland numbers beaten out by a sextet under the leadership of Wilbur de Paris. The de Paris outfit is loud and rather obvious in its solo and ensemble work, but it plays with a great deal of enthusiasm. Besides Wilbur, on trombone, there are brother Sidney, playing the trumpet; Don Kirkpatrick, at the piano; Omer Simeon, on clarinet; Danny Barker, picking away at the banjo; and Freddy Moore, on drums. Barker and Moore also do vocals from time to time. The microphone, which one or another of the six combatants is forever playing or singing into, is more than unnecessary. It may have been installed in warm weather, when the front door was kept open, with the idea of filling the street outside with sound and persuading passersby away from the flesh shows that abound in that part of the block. If so, it had a humane purpose, but now that December is upon us and the door must be kept closed, to prevent an epidemic of pneumonia among the standing customers, who line the bar near the entrance, all sound is locked securely within the room and the microphone has a malign influence.

HARRY BELAFONTÉ, a singer who began his career a couple of years ago as an imitator of Billy Eckstine and got nowhere at it, has now turned up, at the Village Vanguard, as a folk singer, and a darned good one. Youthful and clean-cut in appearance, he sings, chants, and shouts like a man possessed, and has a tremendous hold on the audience in this small, wedge-shaped room. He has a splendid guitar accompanist, who sits on a stool beside him and now and then joins in the singing. Belafonté's voice is not an especially rich one, but it is excellently suited to the kind of thing he is doing and he uses it supremely well. I remember most vividly his chanting of a moving address a Negro parson presumably made to his parishioners immediately after learning about Lincoln's death, and I found his presentation of the lovely folk song "Shenandoah" and a river-boat jingle called "Mark Twain!" appealing. Besides Belafonté, there are two other agreeable performers at the Vanguard. One is Phil Leeds, a soft-spoken, ingratiating, and funny monologist, who, by the way, offers the inevitable, surefire satire on folk singers. Royce Wallace, a young woman who can handle a ballad or a rhythm song as easily as most and whose collection of show tunes and unhackneyed popular songs is a strong point in her favor, is the other. The Clarence Williams Trio accompanies Miss Wallace ably and plays for dancing.

YOU have no right to expect to find anyone as lovely and talented as Celeste Holm at work on a supper-club floor, but she is currently holding the Persian Room crowd in the palm of her hand, and since that's the lady's fancy at the moment, let's be grateful for it. She is artful, fresh-looking, and loaded with charm. The only reservation I have about her performance is that it is a bit precious, but surely anyone can overlook that in view of her extraordinary ability. The evening I succumbed to her, she was wearing a long-sleeved black gown that was rather daringly sheer from the waist up. Her voice, small but perfectly controlled, was delightfully musical at all times, even in her comments between songs. An unusually disarming team of young dancers, June and John Belmont, came on first. They were so expert and engaging that by the time Miss Holm arrived, the atmosphere in the room was extremely friendly.

The same sort of thing occurs over at the Empire Room, in the Waldorf-Astoria, where a pair of brisk dancers, Ted and Phyllis Rodriguez, work together so slickly and effortlessly that the audience is all warmed up when it comes time for the dancers to give way to the star—in this case, the comedienne Mary McCarty. It took Miss McCarty a little while to make the spectators forget the dance team, the evening I watched her, but she eventually did it, with some sharply satirical material and her own winning personality. She spares nobody in her sniping, levelling her sights on such targets as Academy Award winners, demure young ladies, aspiring girl singers, and, of course, folk singers. The high spot of her performance for me was "Flaming Youth," the bright song about the flapper age that served to establish Miss McCarty on Broadway a few years back, in a revue. —D. W.

●

Dr. Irving Hall of Macon, Georgia, was best man. The ushers were Dr. Frank Graham of Brookline, Mr. Thomas Henry of South Natick, Mr. Hugh Flanders of Cranston, Rhode Island, and Mr. hat and a cocoa cattelya orchid. Mrs. Collins was gowned in ashes Mrs. Morse chose gray and amber brocade with amber velvet Frederick Eng of Wellesley Hills.
—*Wellesley (Mass.) Townsman.*

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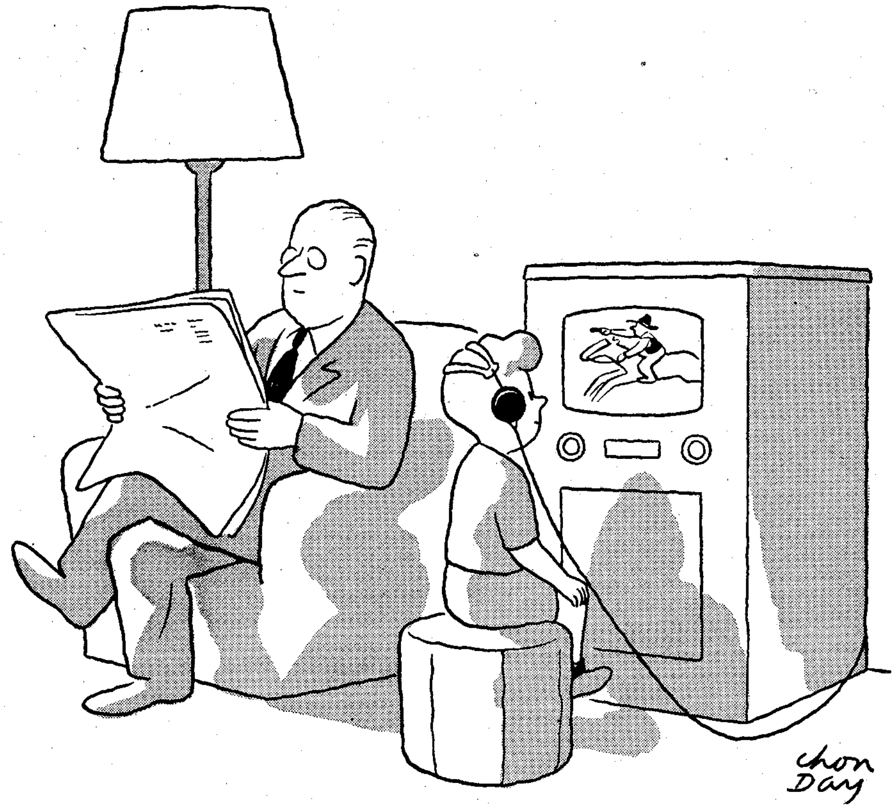
END OF THE LINE

KEY WEST, FLORIDA,
DECEMBER 6

A BUS driver who sometimes makes the night run down the Overseas Highway announces the end of the journey by saying, "This is Key West. You don't transfer for nowhere." The statement is gratuitous and not entirely accurate. There are no stops along the bus's entire hundred-and-fourteen-mile route—from Florida's mainland to Key West—at which a transfer is possible; indeed, compared to places like Tavernier, Islamorada, Marathon, Pigeon Key, Bahia Honda, and Ramrod Key, Key West, with an area of seven densely populated square miles, deserves to be called a hub. Planes of the Aerovias Q line make regular flights from here to Havana, ninety miles away; daily ferryboat service to Cuba is expected to be resumed in the near future; charter boats are always ready to slip their moorings for the Dry Tortugas, the Marquesas Keys, or any other place they can get to and from on a tankload of gas. The bus driver's announcement, however, is intended not to convey geographical information but to express a poetic and historical truth, and if it is a rather dispiriting one for sailors returning to the naval station here from leaves, it is likely to be a message of cheer and reassurance to at least some of the other passengers. Key West's remoteness, its position at the end of the line, has always had an attraction for certain people and has for decades provided the community with a leavening of beachcombers, runagates, and various other sorts of escapists—some of them of the true calling, others fundamentally respectable people suffering from a temporary case of the blues or an overdose of Somerset Maugham. To be sure, they are attracted by an illusion rather than a reality; not only is Key West something of a way station for points south but it is less than an hour by plane (and only three hours by bus) from Miami Beach, that lurid synthesis of Central Park South, Galveston, and the Sunset Strip. Still, the illusion of remoteness—strengthened by the increasing desolation of the mangrove swamps at the southern tip of the peninsula, by the ghostliness of the other keys, by the strong Cuban influence on the local culture, and by the map's irrefutable evidence that this is about as far as you can get from the continental United States without leaving its political boundaries—is an impressive thing, and has enough force to lead people here to sometimes speak of the mainland as "the States" or "Stateside." Key West is a place where it is possible for Americans to arrive at a peculiar sort of existence that might be described as semi-expatriation.

The illusion of remoteness is certainly one of the things that attract Key West's most distinguished visitor, Harry S. Truman, who is now on the island for the tenth time in five years. In theory, the President comes here as a vacationer in search of rest, sunshine, and mild exercise. In fact, he comes here as a man on the lam. He is running away, as every President must on occasion, from Boy Scouts with eighty-two merit badges; from delegations of Peruvian editors, Japanese politicians, and Liberian scholars; from winners of national contests for meritorious motherhood and safe driving; from celebrants of Fire Prevention Week, American Art Week, and National Letter Writing Week; and, above all, from the endless procession of true-blue Party men who want something for themselves or feel that the President would benefit by their advice on legislation, on Party affairs, and on his selection of judges, federal administrators, ambassadors, and the other officeholders he is required by law to appoint. In the White House, these visitors and petitioners take up just about half of every working day; in the so-called Little White House here, which was built as the residence of the naval commandant, they take up none of his time, and he is therefore able, while officially on vacation, to get almost twice as much work done as he can normally do while officially on the job in Washington. There are, of course, plenty of other places to which he could beat a retreat, but in the view of his aides, Key West offers him a degree of seclusion he could not find anywhere else in this country. "There are people who would try to get to him if he camped out in the middle of the Dakota Bad Lands but who don't trouble him with so much as a phone call here," one of them said the other day. "There's something about his coming to Key West that tells people he means business—that he wants to be left strictly alone. It really is almost as if he were out of the country. And there's another thing—any place else he went, he'd have the local people trying to build themselves up on the strength of his being in the neighborhood. He'd find the state leaders and the leaders in all the surrounding states hammering at the door, attempting to persuade him to do this and that for the Party. He gets very little of that here. I don't know whether it's because the local people don't need him or because they're too proud to ride on his coat-



tails or what, but they've been most unobtrusive."

EXCEPT that he sees only the people he needs or wants to see, and except for the hour or so he spends on the beach on warm days, the President's life here follows closely the pattern of his life in Washington. Here, as there, he begins the day with a smart walk through the streets. He goes to the beach shortly after breakfast and sometimes holds a staff conference or gets down to paperwork (on this trip, he has been chiefly occupied with the three reports he must make early next year—the State of the Union Message, the Budget Message, and the Economic Message) while sunning himself. Whether or not he takes work to the beach, he is on the job at the Little White House, either on the porch or in the study, by midmorning, and he keeps at it until midevening, when he generally sits in on a card game with members of his staff.

Aside from his morning walks, which are taken at an hour when the slanting sun strikes wonderful lavender and blue shadows from the white Key West houses but when there is hardly anyone on the streets, the President sees almost nothing of the community in which he takes periodic refuge. The Little White House faces the open water; behind it and around it are Navy buildings and the organized, standardized life of a Navy base. Whether the President, in his ten visits here, has acquired any appreciation of the unique quality of life on this island is a question he has never discussed, though it is frequently a matter of conjecture and discussion here. When, a few days after his arrival last month, a picture was published showing him in a plain shirt and white sweater, the local people, while not particularly approving the getup, which also included ice-cream pants and a Barney Oldfield cap, felt that his apparent abandonment of the garish prints he had sported on earlier visits indicated that he was getting closer to the spirit of the place and was no longer confusing it with Miami or Los Angeles. One day last week, however, after he and his entourage, departing from the usual brisk routine of the morning walk, stopped downtown for a cup of coffee, the Key West *Citizen*, the island's one daily, devoted a long and aggrieved editorial to the fact that the place the President had selected was the island's only specimen of the glossy, glass-walled drive-in establishments that are to be found everywhere and that sell not only coffee but cheeseburgers, malted milks,

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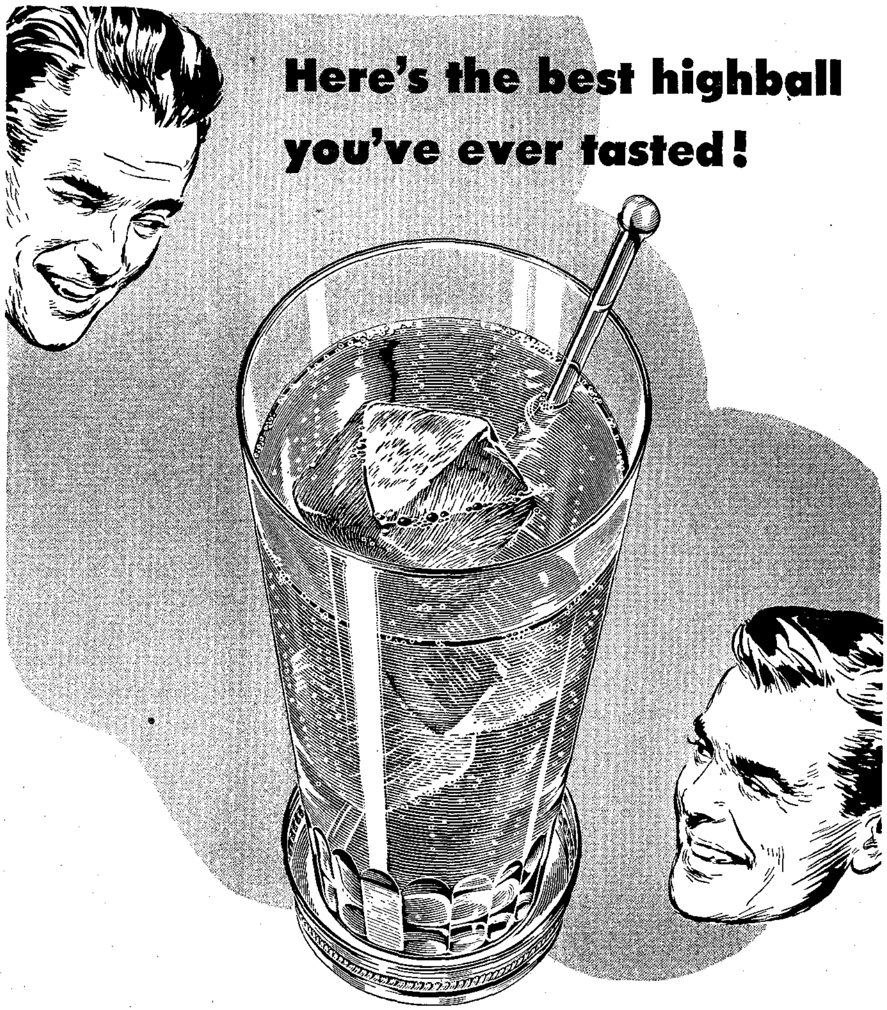

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and the like. In any other place, a man in need of coffee could be excused for patronizing such a resort, but in Key West it is a sure sign of Philistinism. Key Westers look upon the small Cuban coffee shops that dot the town as the finest and most civilized of the local institutions; a good deal of their social life centers in these places, which not only serve superlative coffee but offer their customers such amiable diversions as dominoes and billiards. "But the President has not yet drunk a cup of Key West coffee as Conchs [a common designation for the descendants of the original Bahamian settlers] and Cubans generally like it," the *Citizen* observed, and went on to explain that while Cuban coffee, which is made by a single pouring of hot water over a bag of fine-ground coffee, is a healthful, morale-building elixir, coffee percolated in chromium vats is not only ill-tasting but injurious. The clear implication of the editorial was that if Mr. Truman went on drinking stewed coffee, the country might have a new President sooner than it expected.

The President's impact on Key West is easier to assay than Key West's impact on him. The community is manifestly pleased that Mr. Truman's visits so often focus the attention of the world upon it, but on the whole its expressions of gratitude have been modest and—in comparison with a place like Hyde Park, New York, where a purely fortuitous distinction has been celebrated by the appearance of such monuments as the Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Gas Station—remarkably dignified and uncommercial. The booster spirit is still feeble here, and there are no Chamber of Commerce or Real Estate Board signs trying to sell the town on the basis of the President's endorsement. The city has renamed one of its schools and one of its streets after Mr. Truman, but, on the other hand, it renamed an elementary school rather than a high school, and Truman Avenue (which is a suitable distance from a development called MacArthur Homes and which, on the outskirts of town, blends into Roosevelt Avenue) is not the principal thoroughfare but one of the main cross streets, formerly named Division. Truman Elementary School, Truman Avenue, and an obscure eating place named the Little White House Restaurant are the only visible homage Key West has paid its illustrious guest. If the booster spirit functions at all here, it is concerned less with Key West's transitory renown as a world capital than with its presumably permanent status as a geographical oddity. The Key West *Citizen* carries on its masthead the legend "The Southernmost Newspaper in the U.S.A." There are a Southernmost Insurance Agency, a Southernmost Flowers and Gifts, a Southernmost School of Beauty Culture, and a Southernmost Texaco Service. A Chamber of Commerce brochure advises tourists to make a pilgrimage to the foot of Whitehead Street and stand on "the southernmost point in the nation. Latitude 24° 48′ 6″ west." (Actually, it is only twenty-four degrees and *forty* minutes, and the direction happens to be north. Nothing could better demonstrate the *dolce far niente* here. It is doubtful whether any other Chamber of Commerce in Florida has ever been known to put itself too far north.)

The President made his first visit to Key West in 1946, at the suggestion of Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy, and decided then to establish a winter headquarters here. In the intervening years, the island has enjoyed a boom unlike any it has known for a century. (In the old days, the salvage of cargoes from ships wrecked offshore, often as the result of an ingenious rearrangement of channel markings, brought immense wealth to the early settlers.) The civilian population is now nearly twenty-two thousand—almost double what it was five years back. And tourists are coming here in greater numbers every month. The Navy, which is using Key West for its sonar, or underwater radar, work and for many of its other submarine and anti-submarine activities, is constantly increasing its personnel and equipment. There is a disposition among Key Westers to suppose that both the expansion of naval operations and the growth of the tourist business can be credited to the President. It doesn't seem likely that he bears any direct responsibility for the growth of the naval base, but there is no doubt that the publicity accruing from his visits has had a good deal to do with the increase in tourist trade. His patronage, however, has been by no means the only factor. Key West got into the tourist business in the early days of the New Deal, when government relief administrators decided it was the only business that could take the native population off relief. The trade grew steadily and, if it had not been for the war, would have mounted rapidly in the early forties, when work on the Overseas Highway and on the pipeline that brings fresh water in from the mainland (prior to 1942, Key West, a coral island, had nothing but cistern water) was finally

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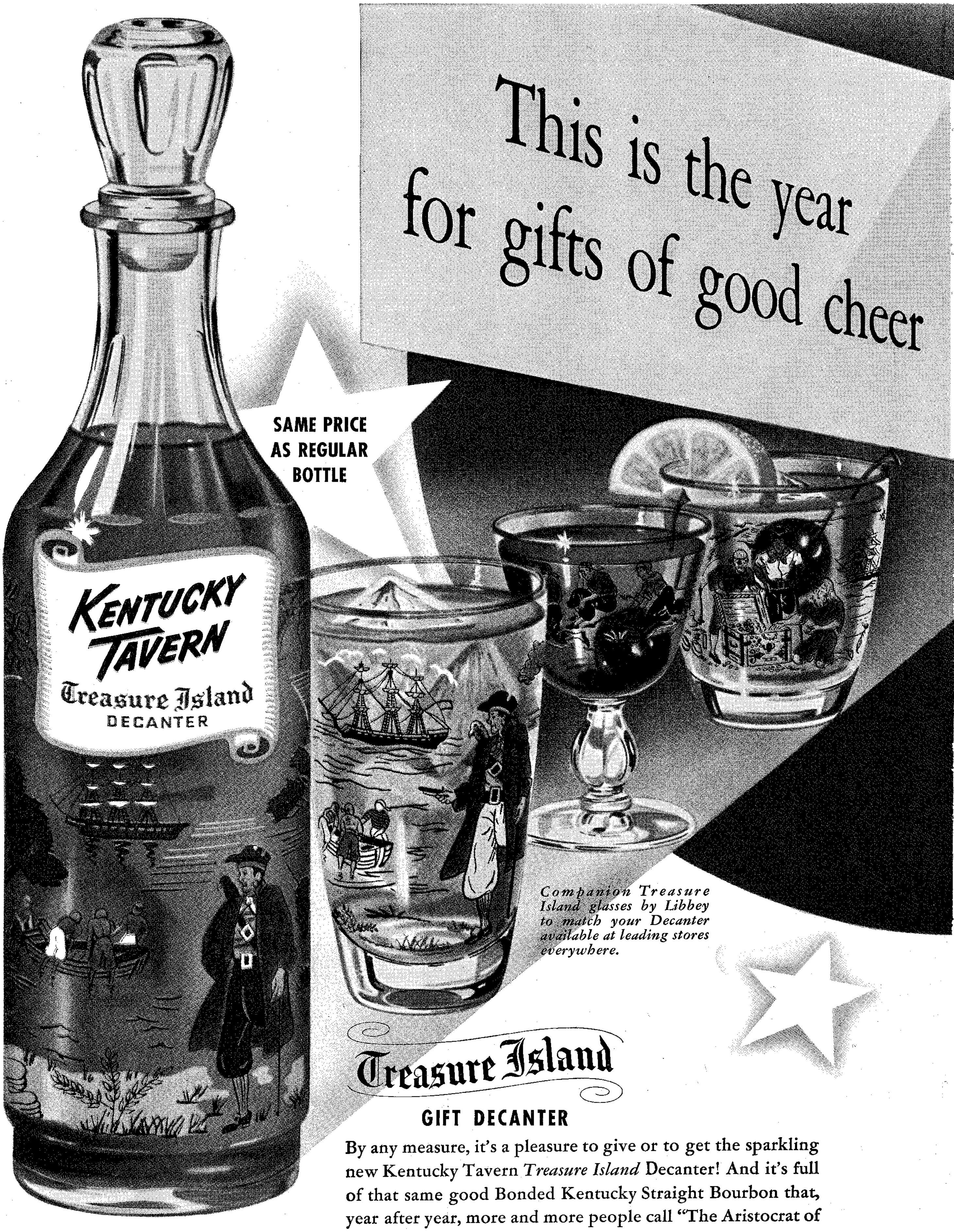
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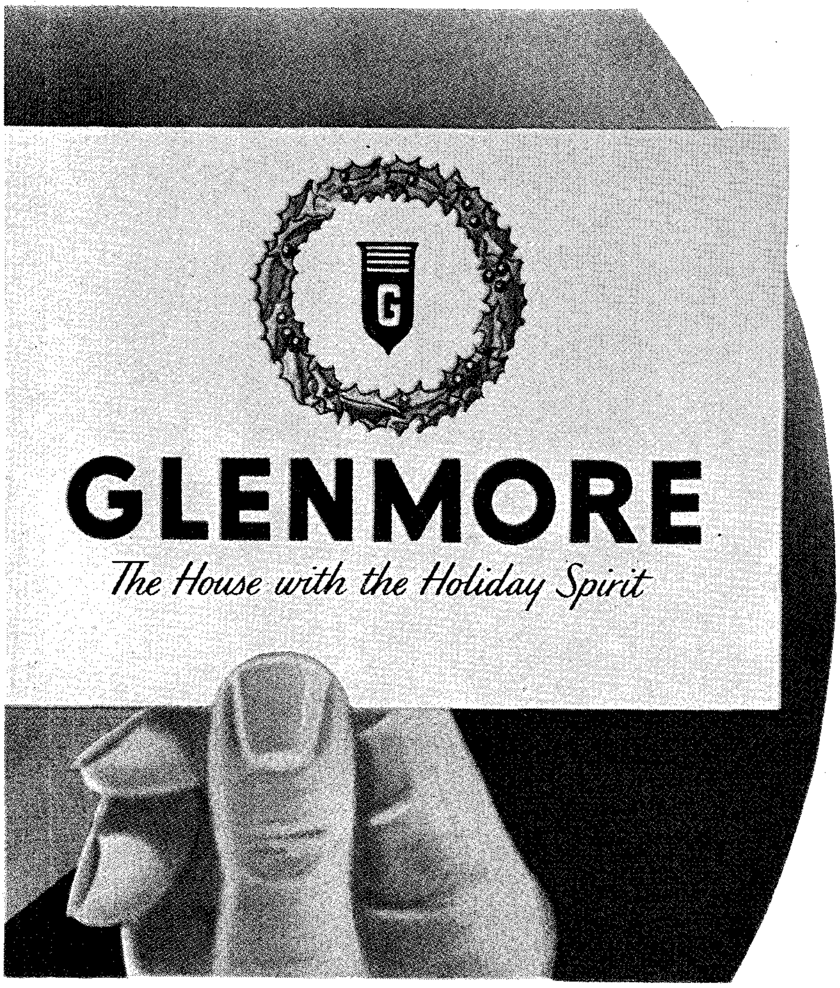
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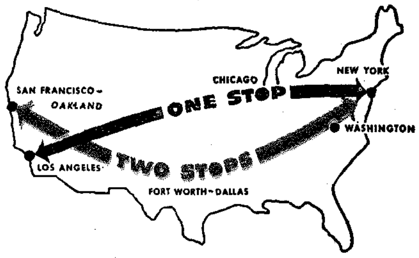
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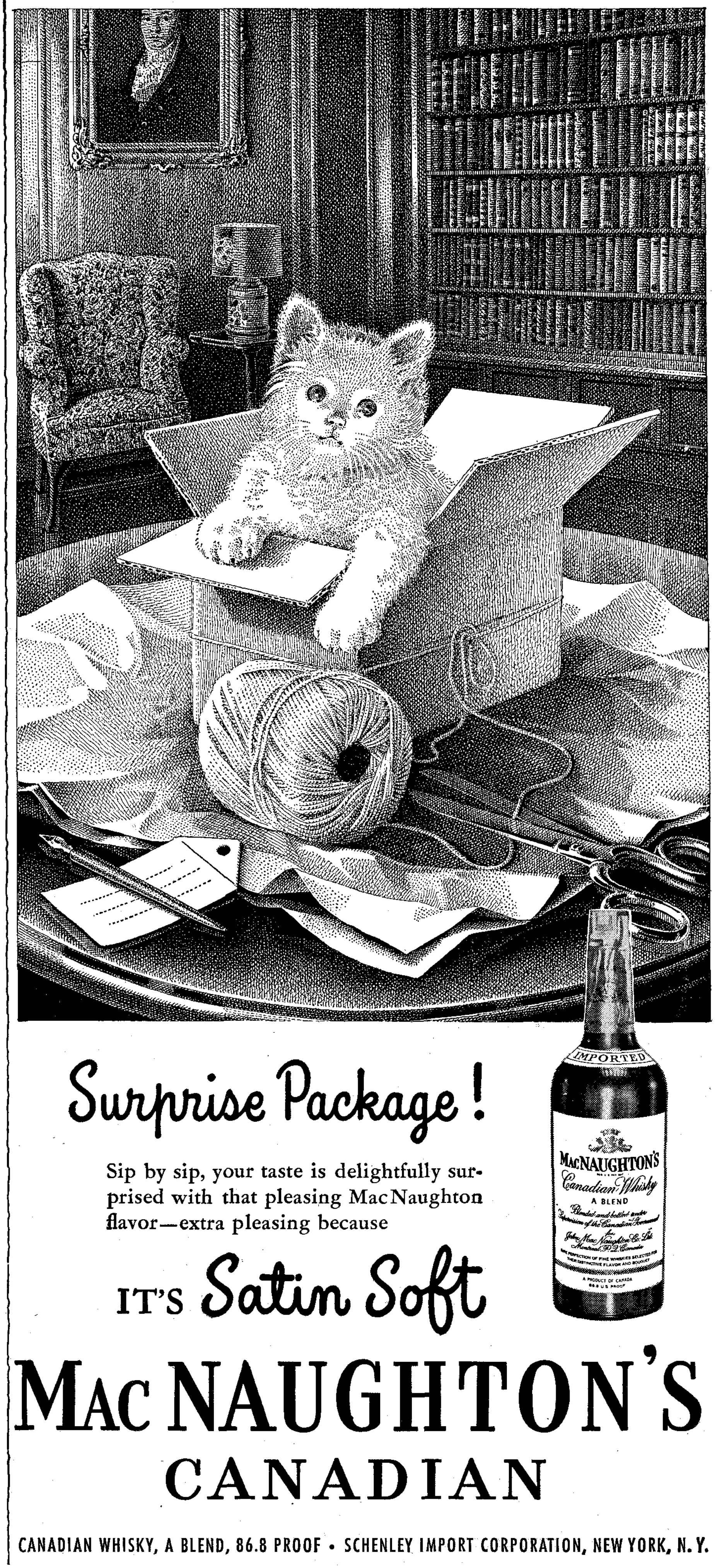
completed. The post-war popularity of Florida divorces and the extraordinarily relaxed attitude of the local authorities toward gambling and toward the more Fescennine forms of night-club entertainment have done nothing to discourage the influx of tourists. At the moment, the gambling—except for *bolita*, a numbers game highly favored by the Cuban population—is mostly shut down and the night-club acts have been scrubbed up a bit, but it is expected that things will soon revert to normal. The suppression of gambling, which did not occur on any of the President's previous visits, is said to be the result of some factional dispute in Florida politics rather than the presence of the President. But if it was not requested by members of his staff, it has been welcomed by them, on the ground that even the temporary purification of people and places with which his administration is associated is all to the good.

IN large measure, the Key West of today is a product of the rich and antic imagination of a former Ohioan and New Yorker named Julius F. Stone, Jr., who is now a resident of the island, its most successful attorney, and the owner of a house that surveyors have certified is the southernmost dwelling place in the United States. (The claim was disputed by the owner of a nearby house, but Stone's contention was upheld, and the other house, which accommodates tourists, gamely took to calling itself the Southernmost Rooming House.) Stone, a handsome, debonair man in early middle age, received a Harvard doctorate in organic chemistry in 1926, fourteen years before he got a law degree. He found the stock market more bewitching than scientific research, however, and became a Coolidge millionaire. Evaporation of the fortune took less time than the original parlay, and in the early thirties he was on his uppers. Being rusty on his valences by then, he got a job with Harry Hopkins in New York State social-welfare work, and turned out to be a gifted administrator. In 1933, when Roosevelt summoned Hopkins to Washington, Hopkins summoned Stone, and made him director of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration for the Southeastern United States, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. In this vast and vastly troubled territory, Key West, with a population of only twelve thousand, was an insignificant and almost forgotten spot. It achieved a certain melancholy significance, though, when a survey conducted by some of Stone's subordinates



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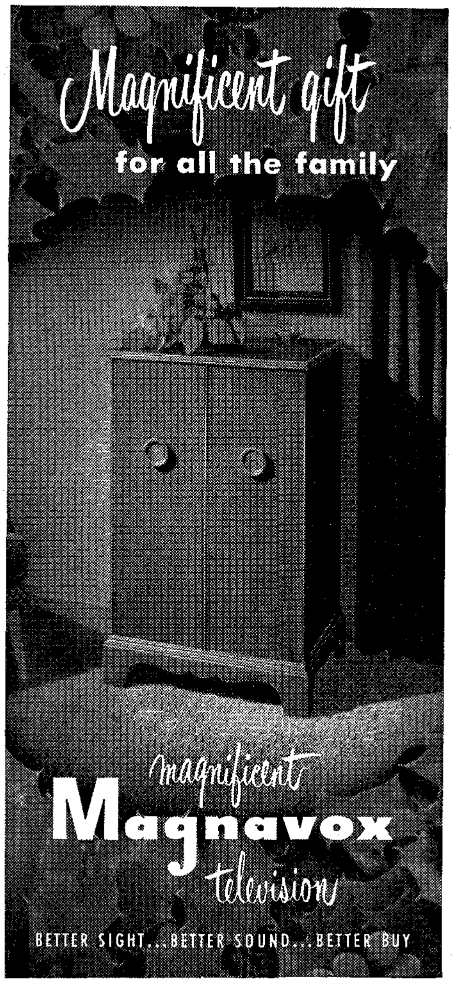

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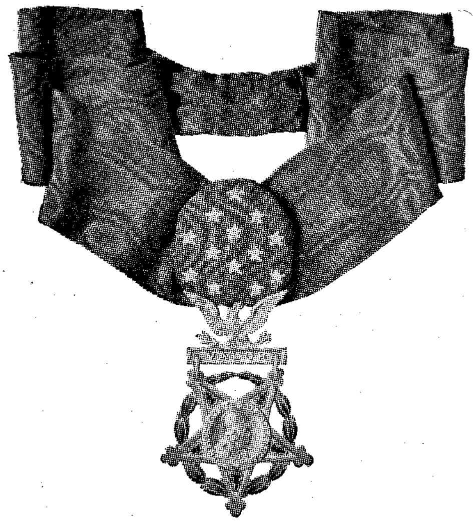
in 1934 revealed that its plight was just about the most desperate in the country. Eighty-five per cent of the Key Westers were either on relief or badly in need of it. No one, it seemed to Stone's investigators, was working except the saloon proprietors, and they managed to keep going only by extending credit to generous but unsound and, in the end, ruinous lengths. The local government had defaulted on all its financial obligations, including salaries, and its services had completely collapsed. When Stone made his first visit to Key West, early in 1934, he found the streets piled so high with trash and garbage that walking or driving through them was extremely hazardous, when it was not altogether impossible.

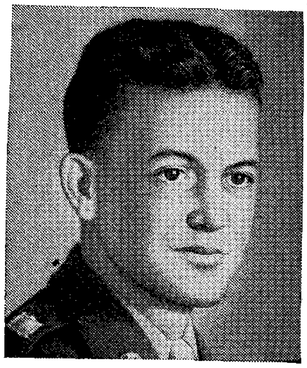
The F.E.R.A. survey showed that Key West's industries were not merely ill of the universal malady; the few that were not already dead were dying on their feet. The cigar-making business, which had once employed more than ten thousand workers, had long since been wrecked by cigarette smoking, strikes, and machinery. Synthetic sponges, a sponge blight, and the superior talent and equipment of the experienced Mediterranean divers, mostly Greeks, who had recently settled in Tarpon Springs had killed the market for sponges from Key West, which once accounted for ninety per cent of the country's supply. Repeal had put an end to rumrunning, except for local, or deferred-payment, consumption. The fishing was still good, but so was the fishing in all the waters around Florida, and the only market for Key West fish was Key West. The Florida East Coast Railway had for some time been in the hands of receivers, and their apparent ambition, in the view of Elmer Davis, who for decades has been an affectionate observer of Key West affairs, was to do so thorough and conspicuous a job of mismanaging the Key West line that they would finally be excused from their labors—an ambition that was ultimately realized, with the unexpected help of Nature, in 1935, when waters whipped up by the Labor Day hurricane washed out forty-one miles of roadbed. The line was never rebuilt. There were still, in 1934, two long ferry gaps in the Overseas Highway, and these put trucking out of the question as an alternative to the railroad. Finally, the military installations that had given Key West the title of "the American Gibraltar" and that for nearly a century had given work to the islanders were all but evacuated. Fort Taylor, once a regimental post, was in the hands of a maintenance crew that spent more time with its lawnmowers than with its gun emplacements. The Coast Guard had moved its district headquarters to St. Petersburg. As for the Navy, which now has a uniformed personnel of ten thousand on the island, its base was manned, when the first F.E.R.A. team arrived, by eighteen enlisted men and a lieutenant, junior grade.

The outlook was so desolate that a number of people felt that the only sensible course was to pick up the entire population and resettle it on the mainland, surrendering Key West to its vegetation. There was no hope of resuscitating the old industries, and no point, in view of the transport difficulties, in attempting to introduce new ones. "This wasn't a place where pump-priming would work," one of Stone's F.E.R.A. colleagues explained a few days ago. "The damned pump was busted, and, besides, there wasn't any water in the well." Stone came to much the same conclusion after studying the survey, but he was opposed to the resettlement project. He held that the Key Westers, with no experience in either farm or factory work, wouldn't be able to find jobs on the mainland and, with their island ways, would constitute a social irritant as well as a financial burden wherever they were moved. Stone felt there had to be a Key West solution to the Key West problem. As he looked the place over, he became increasingly impressed with its possibilities as a resort town. Mentally removing the litter from the streets and applying fresh coats of paint to the houses, he began to see the outlines of an American Nassau or Bermuda.

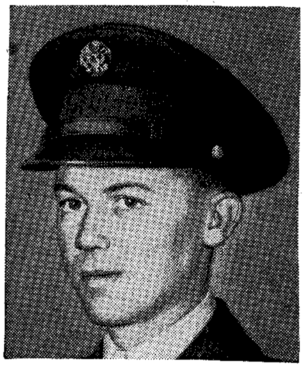
Stone was not the first man to have this vision. Twenty years earlier, Henry M. Flagler, the Rockefeller partner who developed the East Coast of Florida and whose name is more honored by far than that of Robert E. Lee in places like Palm Beach and Miami, had extended his Florida East Coast Railway down the Keys partly to prove that nothing was impossible when will power and venture capital were in good supply (it took fifty million dollars in venture capital and cost seven hundred lives) and partly to develop Key West as a vacation place. The railroad built and managed the Casa Marina, a big, luxurious hotel on the Atlantic side of the town. That was as far as the development got. The Casa Marina, which is one of the less offensive specimens of the architectural style known as Florida Mediterranean, was never much of a success. Most of the time it was unable to fill its rooms and it went through a

Medal of Honor

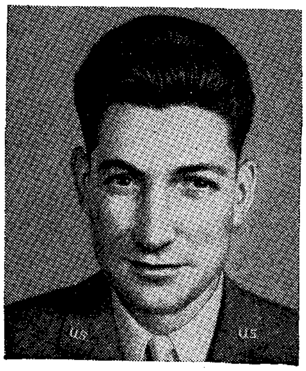




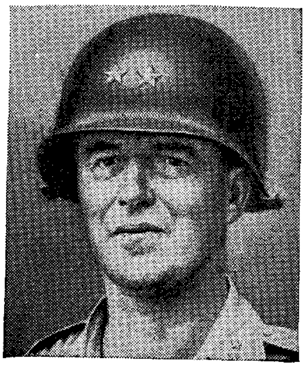
Sergeant Travis Watkins,
Gladewater, Tex.—Medal of Honor



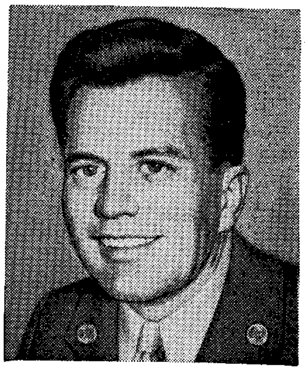
Private First Class Melvin Brown,
Mahaffey, Pa.—Medal of Honor



Lieutenant Frederick Henry,
Clinton, Okla.—Medal of Honor



Major General William F. Dean,
Berkeley, Calif.—Medal of Honor



Sergeant Charles Turner,
Boston, Mass.—Medal of Honor

This is the season when you think of stars. The one over Bethlehem. The ones on Christmas trees.

But this year remember another star, too—the one on the Medal of Honor. And make a place in your heart for the brave, good men who've won it. Men who, oftener than not, made the final, greatest sacrifice—so that the stars on your Christmas tree, and the stars in your country's flag, might forever shine undimmed.

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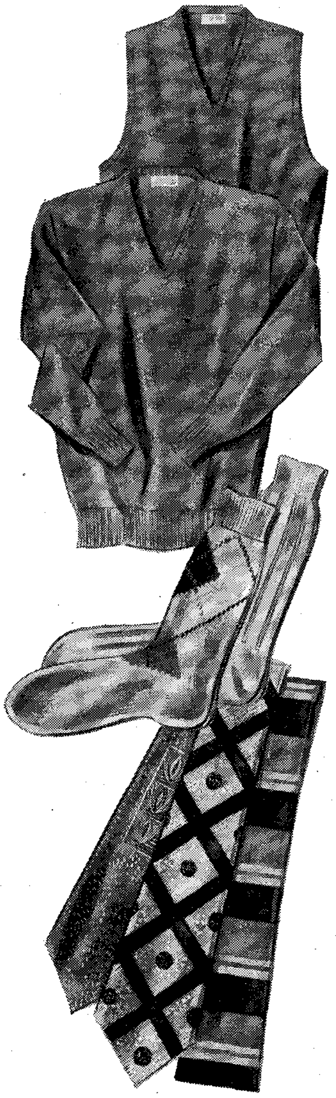
good many winters with its doors closed. It is still Key West's largest hotel. The tourist boom has opened it up again. A tourist boom was hoped for in the early days of prohibition, when Key West assumed that it would be one of the few places in the country with a liquor supply close at hand and the moral courage to disregard the law. This arrogant assumption was soon disproved. Hopes were raised once again during the Florida land boom, but all Key West got out of that was another hotel—La Concha, a commercial establishment in the business section. Stone was aware of this history of failures, but he was not greatly discouraged by it. He felt that no one had ever done a really good job of exploiting the attractions of the island.

To exploit Key West's attractions in 1934, two things had to be accomplished. First, the attractions had to be uncovered; the town had to be cleaned up. Second, a publicity campaign had to be organized. In July of that year, Stone hit on a device that brought Key West a volume of publicity such as could not have been bought with a sum equal to the assessed valuation of the island and that at the same time made it possible for him to do the street-cleaning and house-painting job he had already done in his mind's eye. He and the then Governor of Florida, David Sholtz, asked the city authorities to turn over all their legal powers to the state. The city authorities, who hadn't been able to do anything with their powers for over a year, were only too happy to oblige. The Governor thereupon released to the press an announcement that in order to deal with the unprecedented municipal crisis in Key West, he was declaring the existence of a state of civil emergency, and turning the powers over to the Florida Emergency Relief Administration, which was Stone. All this was Stone's idea. The "state of civil emergency" was a bold legal innovation for a man whose only training, at that time, was in organic chemistry; it had no legal sanction. The term just popped into his head. "I knew it didn't mean a thing, but I thought it sounded pretty dramatic," he says. "So did the newspapers. It put us on the front page in practically every city in the country, and a lot of editors remembered the story and kept checking up every so often on what we were doing here. It was the first big publicity lift we got."

Since Stone was administering relief in several states besides Florida, and also in the Caribbean possessions, he naturally had to leave many of the details of the



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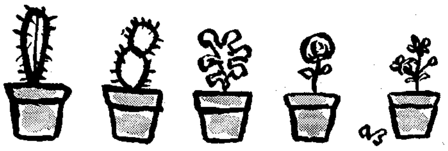
INFORMAL

The
SHERRY
NETHERLAND
Serge Obolensky, President

Key West job to deputies. Still, he gave the island an amount of his own time that was out of all proportion to its size and population—justifying this on the ground that success in the worst-hit town in the country would immeasurably increase the prestige of the F.E.R.A. everywhere—and assumed the responsibility for everything that was done here. Established as the boss of the island, he immediately set about tidying it up. In 1934, the federal government had not got very far with the large public-works and made-work projects that were to become its principal activity in the latter years of the depression; relief in those days was mostly straight dole, a handout of grocery and rent money to people hard pressed enough to qualify for it. Stone organized his relief clients into what he called the Key West Volunteer Work Corps. Drawing rosy pictures of Key West's streets and beaches teeming with heavy spenders from the North, he appealed to the islanders to help this vision materialize by dumping the trash into the sea. No one disputes the fact that the reliefers did remove the garbage, but there are conflicting opinions about the nature of Stone's experiment with volunteer labor. Stone's view is that the eagerness with which the Key Westers set about improving their island was a spectacle to overcome the most severe misanthropy, an ailment from which he does not suffer. The view of people whose enthusiasm for Stone's influence on Key West is restrained hold that those who signed up did so because they confused volunteer labor with forced labor. "The only ones who stuck with that outfit," one of the older residents, a shrimp fisherman, said a few days ago, "were a few weak sisters who thought they'd get thrown off relief if they didn't do what the government men said." This is the opinion held by most of the natives in a Key West novel, "To Have and Have Not," in which Ernest Hemingway, an outsider who deeply resented the presence here of other outsiders, celebrated the local character and missed no opportunity to pour contempt on the government men.

Whether the motive power was pride or fear, the job got done. Stone maintains that over a million man-hours were contributed and that fifty thousand cubic yards of trash was picked up and



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OTARD

Otard, one of the world's finest cognacs, selected from the best vineyards, is mellowed and bottled in the vaults of the 11th century Chateau de Cognac in the fabled town of Cognac.

Only Otard has the heritage, the bouquet, the flavor that belongs in a home of taste. People to the manner born deserve a cognac to the manor born—Otard.

Sole Importer: CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York 17, N. Y.

Someone lovely has just passed by!

LE DANDY D'ORSAY

THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL HEAR WHEN YOU WEAR THAT WICKED, WORLDLY WONDERFUL FRAGRANCE

Le Dandy BY D'ORSAY

PARFUM **FROM $2.75**
EAU DE TOILETTE IN THE NEW DIAMOND-CUT FLACON **FROM $3.00**

dumped at sea. Now that the streets were ready for the tread of tourists, he turned his attention to Key West's houses, most of which were in advanced stages of dilapidation as well as badly in need of paint, and to getting publicity for the island. He put some of his reliefers to work with paintbrushes, but the most impressive part of his face-lifting job was the result of contractual arrangements, of a unique and probably improper kind, with property owners. By the terms of these agreements, the Relief Administration renovated old houses inside and out, and then rented them to tourists for as long a period as was necessary to recoup the cost of the repairs. Titles did not change hands. The owners of the dressed-up houses, most of which were unoccupied, merely let the Relief Administration collect enough rent to get back its investment, then repossessed their improved properties and took in the rent themselves. The fact that the old part of Key West—in which the architecture is a remarkably attractive blend of the British West Indian style with New England clapboard façades and widow's walks—did not crumble and rot during the depression was due largely to this self-liquidating project. It was fortunate for Stone that the project *was* self-liquidating, for he had no authorization to put F.E.R.A. funds to this use. "I got away with it because we were so far off that no one knew what we were doing and also because I chose a time when Hopkins was on a long vacation," he says. Stone also used F.E.R.A. funds to subsidize the first air service to Key West and to reopen the Casa Marina, guaranteeing losses of up to ten thousand dollars. He might have been in real trouble if he had ever had to pay off, but he never had to. During the winter of 1934-35, Key West drew forty thousand visitors, a vast increase over earlier years.

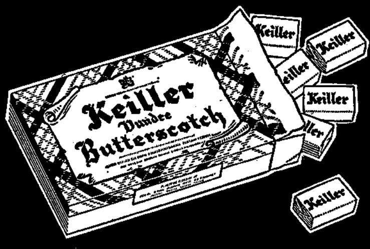
Stone's staff in Key West consisted of eleven administrators and twelve artists, the latter mostly landscape painters. He had decided that quaint and scenic resort towns were associated in the public mind with painters, and that painters created free advertising. Key West had been attracting artists ever since 1832, when John James Audubon came down in a revenue cutter to look for a pigeon. Until Stone's day, many Americans owed their awareness of the island to Winslow Homer's fishing boats and swaying palms. Stone believed that if he could harness the energy of a sizable batch of artists, he could increase people's knowledge of Key West and perhaps increase their desire for first-

Gift for a Gourmet

This unusual wine basket, exquisitely fashioned in fine French silverplate. A fitting receptacle for prized vintage wines. Typical of the interesting, distinctive gifts you will find in our fine collection. $30.00 tax included.

James Robinson INC.
716 FIFTH AVE., AT 56TH ST., N.Y. 19
Antique English Silver and China Reproductions

How Luscious Can Butterscotch Be?



KEILLER'S Dundee Butterscotch —creamy and delightfully different—ideal as a 'tween-meal snack. Made in "Bonnie Dundee," Scotland, and each tablet individually wrapped to preserve its wonderful, flavorful freshness.

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James Keiller & Son, Ltd., Inc., Baltimore 24, Md.

hand knowledge of it. The Federal Arts Project had not yet been organized, but there were a number of artists on government relief, most of them shivering in the North, and making dreary sketches of people in breadlines. Stone approached some of them and offered to get them transferred to F.E.R.A. rolls in Key West, where the relief dollar went farther, if they would paint the local scenery and allow him to exploit their work. Most of those he approached jumped at the chance, and in 1934, under the leadership of Edward Bruce, one of the first government art projects was set up here. When the oils and water colors began piling up, Stone persuaded a lithographer to reproduce them on postcards and put the postcards on sale in Key West. They sold well and they made effective advertising, but Stone saw to it that the work of his artists did double and triple duty. With the proceeds of the postcard deal, he printed up two stunningly handsome brochures on Key West, using the pictures over again, and got them widely distributed around the country. Later on, he arranged for the government to acquire some of the paintings themselves and had them hung in a number of places around the town. The décor in quite a few of the barrooms in Key West is the property of the United States government, on more or less permanent loan to the management.

Not all of Stone's innovations were successful. It occurred to him, for example, that Key West could improve its position among resort towns if people wore shorts. He was under the impression that Nassau and Bermuda owed much of their business to pictures of people wearing shorts, and he did his best to establish the fashion here. Whenever he and his wife visited the island, they got into sunning costumes (and, for good measure, did all their travelling by bicycle), and they were constantly urging everyone else to do the same. But the style never caught on. The force of habit was against it; moreover, mosquito control was poor. Stone also felt that it would be good policy to capitalize on the presence of the Cuban element of the population by organizing fiestas. Just as skirts and long pants put Key West at a disadvantage compared with Nassau and Bermuda, the absence of colorful street fiestas put it at a disadvantage compared with Cuba and Mexico. Where there was any Spanish atmosphere, Stone thought, people expected fiestas. When he found that the Key West Cubans didn't go in much for singing and dancing in the streets, he

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DOROTHY GRAY'S
SAVOIR FAIRE
FRAGRANCE

A champagne kind of scent, worldly and sparkling. And an S.F.A. gift wrap is your personal touch of savoir faire. Perfume, 5.00, 20.00. (3.50 purse size.) Toilet Water, 12.00. Cologne, 4.00. Plus tax. Street Floor, New York.

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Savoir faire
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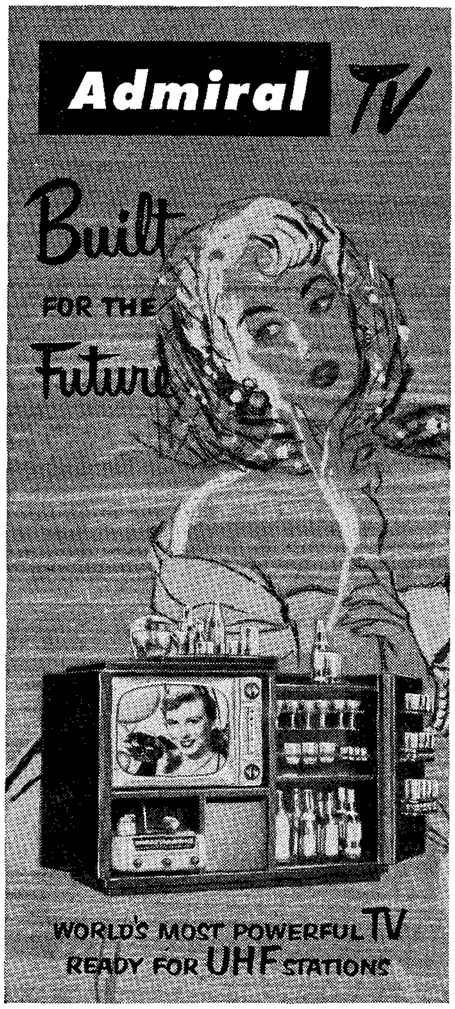
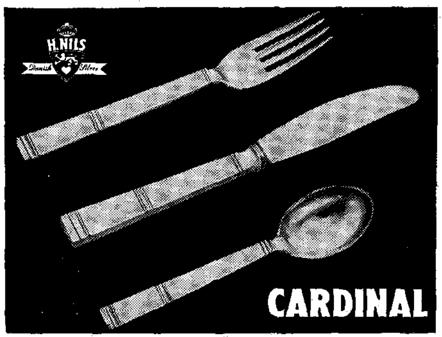
Wine of Sheer Delight
CALIFORNIA
TRIPLE CREAM SHERRY

Among the fine Sherries of the world, Cresta Blanca Triple Cream Sherry occupies a unique position.
It is a rich, sweet and mellow wine, with the smooth, creamy body of a fine liqueur. Its incomparable flavor derives from unhurried aging in small oaken casks.
Served with dessert or after dinner, Cresta Blanca Triple Cream Sherry is a compliment to your good taste and to your guests. Enjoy it soon.

Consistent Winner of Major Wine Awards Since 1889
CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY, LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA





From Denmark: One of our four plain designs in sterling table silver. Available in complete sets from open stock, each item is sold separately. 6-piece place-setting (dinner size) with monogram (one letter) and tarnish-proof bags: "Classic" $53, "Cardinal" $55, "Bell" and "Ripple" $58, incl. Fed. Tax. Exclusively at:

H. NILS HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER

1 East 58 St., New York City. At the Savoy-Plaza.

UNITE' triple dresser

From our Unite bedroom group. At leading furniture and department stores. Send 3-cent stamp to Dept. N for booklet.

UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

tried to interest them in the activities and even suggested some happy and unhappy events they might commemorate. Two synthetic fiestas—La Semana Alegre and El Grito de Yara, the first gay, the second dolorous—were staged, but the performances were indifferent. Stone's one success as an impresario was with the F.E.R.A. Marimba Band, which was one of the gayer features of the period.

Stone left Florida late in 1935, to become a trouble shooter for the W.P.A., which was created in that year. During his stay in the state, he not only had helped clean Key West up and get it a lot of free publicity but had helped obtain good-size government grants and loans for a new sewerage system, for the fresh-water pipeline from the mainland, and for the elimination of the gaps in the Overseas Highway. He had also helped persuade the Department of the Interior to take over Fort Jefferson, a mammoth six-sided, moated, casemated structure with brickwork of almost Renaissance magnificence, in the Dry Tortugas; it is now a national monument, run by the National Park Service. Key West was pretty well on its feet by the time Stone gave up the job. In 1937, he quit the government and enrolled as a first-year student at Harvard Law School. Upon graduation, in 1940, he came down here and set up a practice, and also became a real-estate operator.

BACK in 1935, Elmer Davis, writing of Stone's Key West experiment in *Harper's*, described it as one of the most hopeful and stimulating of the government's efforts in social rehabilitation, but at the same time he raised the question of whether it might not turn out that Stone and his aides had given a good illustration of Oscar Wilde's line about each man's killing the thing he loves. The question of whether Key West will be able to survive the boom that is in part Stone's work, in part the Navy's, and in part President Truman's is frequently raised here nowadays. Last week, there was only one cheeseburger-and-malted-milk drive-in, but next week—or, if not next week, next month—there will be more. The cheeseburger is closely allied to the motel, and the motel blight, which is even worse than the sponge blight, has been upon the island for some time. New motels are going up steadily, and two immense new resort hotels, the Key Wester and the Key Ambassador, both of them rivalling Miami establishments in size and glitter, are nearing completion. The 1934 vision of Key West as a tourist town did not include any of this. The idea then was that the town would be able to take care of all the tourists. But the old town is too small for the present flow of visitors, and the fear now, as more marl is pumped up daily from the sea to be used as fill for enlarging the island, is that the motels and drive-ins will eventually surround and overwhelm it. It is not resentment of outsiders that makes some people worry about this possibility but the fact that if Key West succumbs to the motels and drive-ins, there will be much less for the tourists to enjoy. Even the illusion of remoteness will be gone.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

• •

WITH EVERY REGRET

For many years the undersigned
Has struggled to improve his mind;
He now is mortified and moved
To find it is not much improved.

His unremitting efforts were
To build a sterling character;
The best that he can really claim
Is that it is about the same.

He went through many a tedious drill
Developing the power of will,
The muscles, and the memory.
They're roughly what they used to be.

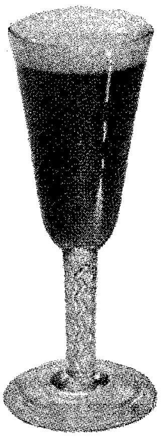
Alas! The inference is plain
That Education is in vain,
And all the end of our endeavor
Is to be just as dumb as ever.

—MORRIS BISHOP

Guinness Guide to Guinness

For a free reprint of this advertisement, suitable for framing, write Arthur Guinness Son & Co., Inc., 47-24 27th Street, Long Island City, New York.

GUINNESS EXTRA STOUT has been brewed in Dublin for generations. This is the classic Stout which is now brewed in America under the supervision of the Dublin brewers. The roasted barley and most of the barley malt are imported from Ireland. The original yeast was flown over from Dublin.



BLACK VELVET is made by mixing equal quantities of Guinness and champagne. Indian Princes call this delicious drink "Tiger's Milk." In Manila it is known as "Marivales Velvet." The English used to call it "Bismarck," and in Germany it is still "Wilhelm Der Grosse."

HALF-AND-HALF is made by mixing equal quantities of beer and Guinness Stout. The strong, hearty flavor of Guinness does wonderful things for your beer. Hence the old saying: "Guinness is good for beer." You've had something worth drinking when you've had Half-and-Half.

MULLED GUINNESS is made by plunging a red-hot poker into a jug of Guinness Stout, then adding nutmeg, a bay leaf and cinnamon. The immersion of the poker is an exciting business. Mulled Guinness should be drunk in winter, before a blazing log fire, with the curtains drawn.

GUINNESS & RUM is a truly *heroic* drink, calculated to warm the cockles of your heart after a long day's hunting or sailing in cold weather. Incidentally you can now get Guinness on draught in New York, Boston and several other cities.

GUINNESS
GUINNESS'S EXTRA STOUT

CHILLED GUINNESS is superbly refreshing, but its flavor is even better if you remove it from the refrigerator half an hour before drinking. In 1933 Sir Douglas Mawson's expedition to the Antarctic found (and enjoyed) four bottles of Guinness which had been left there eighteen years before. In hot weather many Americans mix Guinness with beer—a famous thirst-quencher.

GUINNESS COOLER. Put ice in a chilled silver mug. Add ⅓ jigger Curaçao, ⅔ jigger Crème de Cacao, 1 jigger Dubonnet, one 6-oz. bottle Guinness Stout. Decorate with a spiral of apple peel. Invented by the great Eddie Clarke when he was bartender at the Hibernian Hotel in Dublin.

GUINNESS® STOUT BREWED BY ARTHUR GUINNESS SON & CO., INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. ©1951

GUINNESS AT WATERLOO. A cavalry officer who was wounded at Waterloo wrote in his diary: "When I was sufficiently recovered to be permitted to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness. I shall never forget how much I enjoyed it. I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful."

Only the finest is fine enough for Christmas
1945
Seagram's
SONS LIMITED WATERLOO
An American Original
Seagram's Ancient Bottle distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and unique method, the first pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America, distilled & bottled by Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. Lawrenceburg, Indiana
Seagram
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IMPORTED
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO-ONTARIO-CANADA DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

FOR THE NAMES AT THE TOP OF YOUR LIST

SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND
. . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES . . . 6 YEARS OLD—86.8 PROOF.
SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE DISTILLED DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF.
SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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VO

Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin and Seagram's V.O. are available, where regulations permit, during the Holiday Season in unusually beautiful and distinctive Christmas gift packaging. They'll enhance and personalize these fine products for the names at the top of *your* list.

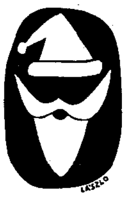
TEST CASE

IT was nearly midnight when the two men left the restaurant. They stood for a moment outside, as though undecided about which direction to go, and the doorman stepped into the street and raised his arm for a cab.

Henry Rogers, the taller of the two men, called to him. “Never mind, Red,” he said. “I think we’ll walk a way.” He brought some change from his pocket, gave the doorman a quarter, and then turned to his companion. “Where do you want to go?” he asked. “The Stork? Shor’s? What’s your mood?”

“I don’t care,” the other man said. “Whatever you say. Let’s go someplace where there’s music.”

“All right, let’s see what we can find,” said Rogers. “Let’s go down this way.” He nodded toward Sixth Avenue, and they turned and started walking down the block. They had had a long and elaborate dinner, with several highballs afterward, and Rogers was possessed by a feeling of well-being that loosened his stride and made everything he saw seem potentially hilarious. He touched the side pocket of his overcoat, in which was a bracelet he had bought for his wife’s birthday, the next day. The slim hardness of the box was somehow reassuring, and he liked to imagine what her reaction would be when she opened it. All in all, he told himself, this had been a day well spent. He lit a cigarette, took a deep drag, and smiled as he inhaled the smoke.



They stopped in front of a small night club, near the door of which was a billboard covered with pictures of semi-nude women. After a moment’s perusal of the display, Rogers’ companion said, “I read something in the paper about King Zog the other day. You know—Albania.”

“Oh?” said Rogers, as they resumed walking. “What was it?”

“I forget now,” said his friend, and skipped to get in step with him.

There was a moment’s silence, and then Rogers burst out laughing. “Well, thanks for the news, anyway,” he said, and his friend laughed with him.

At the next night club they came to, there was a doorman under the marquee, wearing a battered chauffeur’s cap and a shapeless blue topcoat, and he was repeating a singsong chant, few of the words of which were intelligible. From the night club behind him came occasional bursts of brassy music. The doorman increased the volume of his chant, and beckoned Rogers and his companion into the club.

“Let’s see what this is,” Rogers said, and peered past the doorman. He could see a blob of smoky light inside, in the center of which was a man playing a guitar, and there were many darkened forms milling around the edge of the light.

“Step right in step right in,” the doorman intoned. “Midnight show goes on in just a few minutes. Step right in.”

Rogers looked at his friend, and then at the doorman. “No, thanks,” he said. “We’re just window-shopping.” He peered back inside, and saw that the guitar player had been replaced by a woman singer, and the lights had turned blue.

“All right, then, get outa the way,” the doorman said. “Move along.”

Rogers looked at the doorman in surprise, but said nothing, and continued to watch the singer. Behind him, his friend had started to move away.

“On your way, bud,” the doorman snarled. “Drag it outa here.”

Rogers looked back at the doorman, and his stomach felt suddenly cold. “What’s the matter, friend?” he said. “What am I doing that’s wrong?”

“I said get outa here,” the doorman said. “And get outa here quick. You’re blocking traffic.”

“Oh, now, wait a minute,” Rogers said. He looked around, and the only person nearby was his friend, who had moved off a couple of steps and was waiting for him. “What traffic am I blocking?” he asked. “Where’s the crowd?”

“Look, Jack, I told you to get outa here and I mean it,” the doorman said. “Now, go on. Screw.”

Rogers tried to fight down the anger rising inside him. “To the best of my knowledge, this is a public sidewalk,” he said. “And I, as a member of the public, can use it in whatever way I see fit. I am”—he measured the distance with his eye—“at least six feet from your goddam doorway, and *you’re* not going to tell me to move *any*where. Is that clear?”

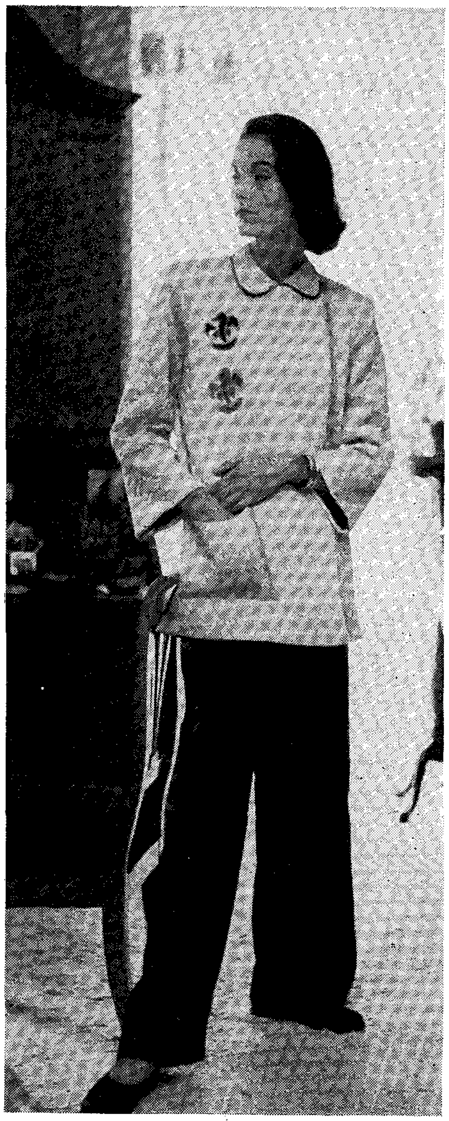
The doorman started toward him just as Rogers’ friend said, “Hey, Hank—come on,” and Rogers looked back and saw the gleaming buttons and shield of an approaching policeman. Rogers turned and faced the policeman, who pointed at him with his nightstick.

“O.K., Mac. Move along,” the policeman said.

“Just a minute, officer,” Rogers

Franklin Simon

FOR CHRISTMAS



SEE-TEE-VEE, Diana Dean’s new lounge ensemble with the exotic Far East flavor, and wonderful “at home” manners. Quilted rayon crepe coat in shocking, peacock, hunter green, or white, with black rayon satin trousers. 10 to 18. **16.95**

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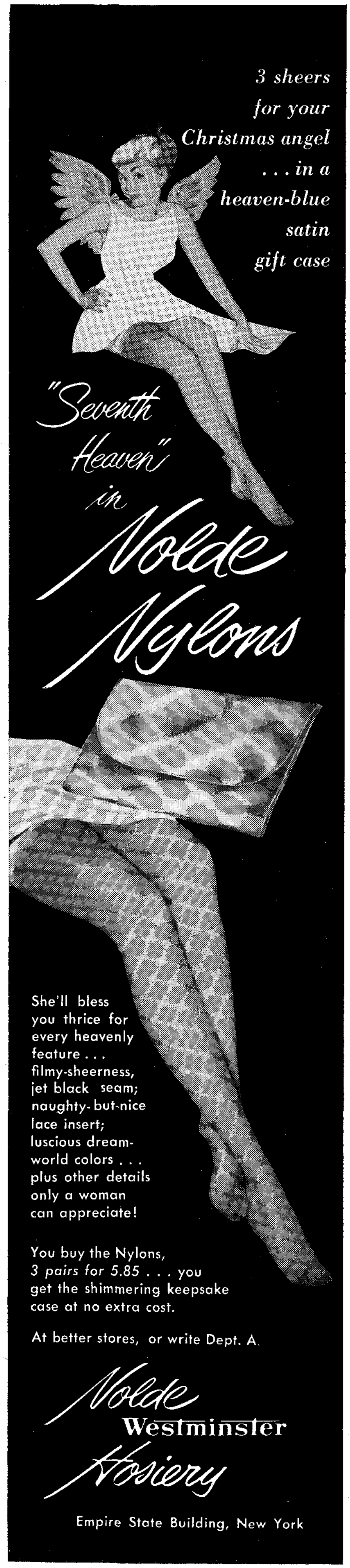
414 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
and all Franklin Simon Stores



3 sheers for your Christmas angel . . . in a heaven-blue satin gift case

"Seventh Heaven" in Nolde Nylons

She'll bless you thrice for every heavenly feature . . . filmy-sheerness, jet black seam; naughty-but-nice lace insert; luscious dream-world colors . . . plus other details only a woman can appreciate!

You buy the Nylons, 3 pairs for 5.85 . . . you get the shimmering keepsake case at no extra cost.

At better stores, or write Dept. A.

Nolde Westminster Hosiery

Empire State Building, New York

said. "May I ask you a question?" The policeman inclined his head and made a gesture with his stick for Rogers to start moving, but Rogers stood where he was. "I'd like to ask you a question," he repeated.

"What?" said the policeman.

"This guy was blocking the doorway," the doorman broke in. "I told him to get out, but he wouldn't. Tried to talk wise to me."

"All I want to know," Rogers said, ignoring the doorman, "is whether or not this is a public sidewalk. That's my only question."

"You can't block doorways," the policeman said. "Now, come on. Get going."

"I *wasn't* blocking the doorway," Rogers insisted. "Look—" He turned toward the door, and with his hands showed how people could pass both sides of him. "There's plenty of room, all around me."

"That door is a fire exit," the policeman said. "Fire exits must be kept clear and unobstructed at all times. Now go on. Don't give me any trouble." He moved closer to Rogers, as though to push him, but Rogers didn't budge.

"That's not the point," Rogers said stubbornly. "You'll never see a quicker man than I to clear a fire exit. The point is that this is a public thoroughfare, and I was doing nothing against the law." For some reason, strict adherence to the law had become quite important to him.

A man and a woman came out of the night club, and the woman turned and looked at Rogers.

"You see?" Rogers went on. "*They* didn't have any trouble getting past me. *Now* what kind of blocking am I doing of a fire exit?"

"Look, Mac, are you going to move along or am I going to have to run you in?" the policeman asked.

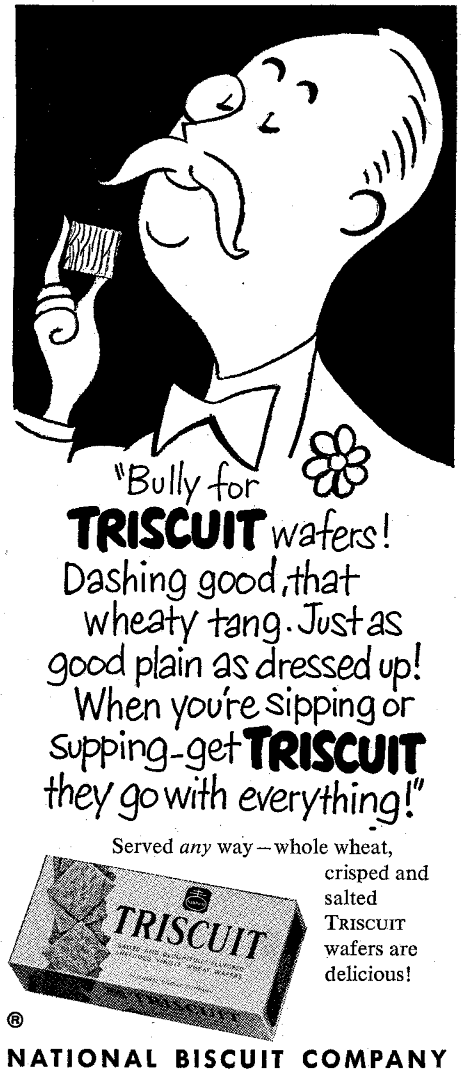
Rogers stared at the policeman for several seconds. "And what would the charge be?" he asked. "Specifically, what law am I breaking?"

"You'll find out," the policeman said. "Don't you worry about that. Now, before I—"

"Very well, let's find out what the charge is," Rogers said. "Come on—arrest me." He held out his hands, as though to be handcuffed. "Run me in."

The policeman drew a deep breath, then took Rogers by the arm. "All right, wise guy," he said. "You asked for it. Come on." He steered Rogers away from the doorway, and together they started down the block.

Rogers' friend, who had been stand-



"Bully for TRISCUIT wafers! Dashing good, that wheaty tang. Just as good plain as dressed up! When you're sipping or supping—get TRISCUIT they go with everything!"

Served *any* way—whole wheat, crisped and salted TRISCUIT wafers are delicious!

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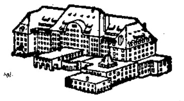
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Whether indoors or out, service at Suvretta House, St. Moritz is always perfect.



Make reservations now for the gayest, most satisfying holiday of your life. Suvretta House is the far famed international playground. There is nothing like it in the whole wide world. All winter sports, food and cellar beyond compare; dancing, cabaret, pluperfect service. Magnificent rooms with the Swiss Alps on your balcony. Rates, including all meals, as low as $6.00 per day. Details from your travel agent or write/cable Suvretta House, St. Moritz, Switzerland.

Terrific Speed High Altitudes—*Protect* your Comfort... *Take*—MOTHERSILL'S AIR SICK REMEDY

USED IN 64 COUNTRIES

ing nervously at the curb, caught up with them. "You want me to come with you, Hank?" he said. "Is there anything I can do?"

"You keep out of this, unless you want to get run in, too," the policeman said, still holding Rogers' arm. "Unless you want to make this a doubleheader, you just take off and go home."

"There's nothing, thanks, Fred," Rogers said. "I simply have a point, and I think it's a good one. I want to find out if I'm wrong. I'll see you tomorrow."

His friend muttered something in an exasperated tone, and dropped behind.

WHEN Rogers and the policeman reached the other side of Sixth Avenue, the policeman stopped and let go of Rogers' arm. "Look, Mac," he said, "you're doing nothing but getting yourself in a mess of trouble. Now, why don't you be a good boy and run along? You're not going to get anywhere with this."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," Rogers said. "I feel that I have broken no laws, and I further feel that in this country a law-abiding citizen should be safe from arrest. If I have broken a law, then let me be arrested for it, but I should like very much to know what that law is. It's as simple as that."

The policeman stared at him for a moment. "How much you had to drink, anyway?" he asked, squinting his eyes.

"Not too much," Rogers replied. "I'm not drunk, if that's what you mean. Come on—let's stop arguing. Let's go to the station and settle this thing."

"Why, you crazy son of a bitch," the policeman said, grabbing Rogers' arm again and starting off. "I ought to wrap this nightstick around your head."

"Incidentally, you don't have to drag me," Rogers said, trying to wrench his arm free. "I'm perfectly capable of walking alone."

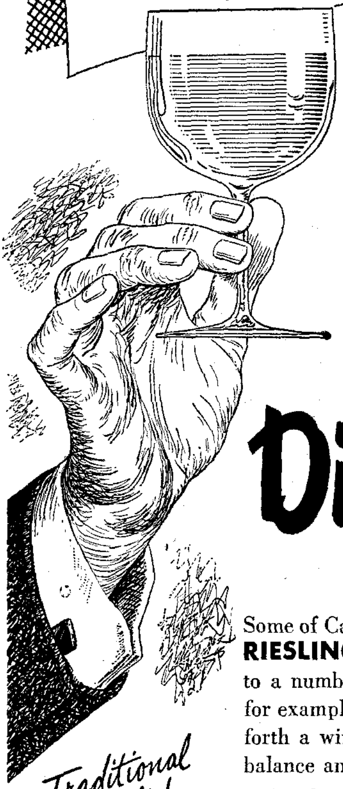
The policeman tightened his grip until Rogers' arm ached. "So you want to get arrested, you're going to get arrested good," he said. "Just like everybody else." He increased his pace, and several people turned and stared at the sight of a dignified-looking man being hustled down the street at a near dog-trot.

THE precinct station was brightly lighted, and a bony-faced lieutenant was sitting behind the desk. The policeman led Rogers to the railing in front of the desk, and the lieutenant looked up. He studied Rogers for a mo-

Those who know wine are today giving acclaim to a particular group of white table wines—*varietal wines* of California.

These wines bear the names of the world-famed wine grape varieties from which they are made. Connoisseurs note that distinguishing qualities have been bestowed upon these grapes by California's fortunate soil and climate.

Thus the wines exhibit highly individual personalities and interesting new subtleties of taste—and provide the wine-lover with superb taste experiences.



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Perfect with delicately-flavored foods, shellfish

The WHITE PINOTS—both *Pinot Blanc* and *Pinot Chardonnay* of White Burgundy fame—are among California's most distinguished varietal wines. They grow here in limited acreage where soil is frugal, summers are long and nights are cool. As you would expect, their wines are pale gold treasures of great fragrance and charm...smooth, full, well-rounded in body...and remarkably delicate in flavor.

The winegrowers of California take pride and pleasure in offering such *white table wine varietals.* Exploring those mentioned here, you will find, is an enticing invitation to venture further into the discovery of the *red table wine varietals* and other of the many fine wines of California. Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, Calif.

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ment, then looked at the policeman. "What you got here, Tim?" he asked.

"D and D," the policeman replied, letting go of Rogers' arm.

"Lieutenant, the whole thing hinges on one—" Rogers began.

"Name?" the lieutenant asked, taking a pen from the inkwell in front of him.

Rogers hesitated, then said, "Henry Rogers. The point is that I haven't—"

"Address?" the lieutenant said, not looking up.

Rogers told him his address. "Look," he went on, "may I ask just one—"

"Come on, Mac," the policeman interrupted, nudging Rogers in the ribs. "Back this way. You'll have plenty of time to talk tomorrow." Rogers started to protest, and the policeman spun him around and shoved him toward the back room. Over his shoulder, Rogers saw that the lieutenant had opened a magazine, and was licking his fingers as he turned the pages.

There was a large table in the center of the squad room, and the policeman pulled a chair up to it and sat down. He unbuttoned his jacket and took a notebook from his pocket. "All right," he said to Rogers. "Put your stuff on the table, here. Let's see what you got."

Silently, Rogers emptied his pockets onto the table. He put his wallet, keys, money clip, loose change, cigarettes, lighter, and handkerchiefs in front of the policeman, and the policeman watched him without comment. Then Rogers felt the box that contained his wife's bracelet, and he hesitated before bringing it out.

"O.K. Let's have it," the policeman said, wiggling his fingers at Rogers. "Let's see it all." Rogers produced the box, and the policeman took it and examined it. "What's this?" he asked, reading the name of the store on the wrapping paper.

"It's just— It's a present I got for my wife," Rogers said. "It's her birthday tomorrow."

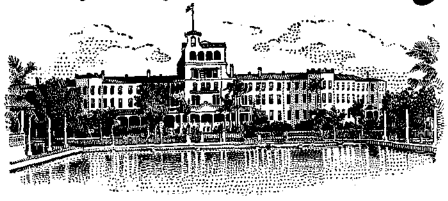
The policeman whistled softly through his teeth, and handed the box back to Rogers. "You certainly picked a good time to get jugged," he said. "You want her to know where you're spending the night?"

Rogers thought a moment. "I guess it might be better, at that," he said. "Is there a phone around here I could use?"

The policeman rose. "I'll make the call," he said. "What's your number?"

Rogers told him the number, and the policeman went to a telephone in the hall. Rogers heard him dial, and then

a perfect setting



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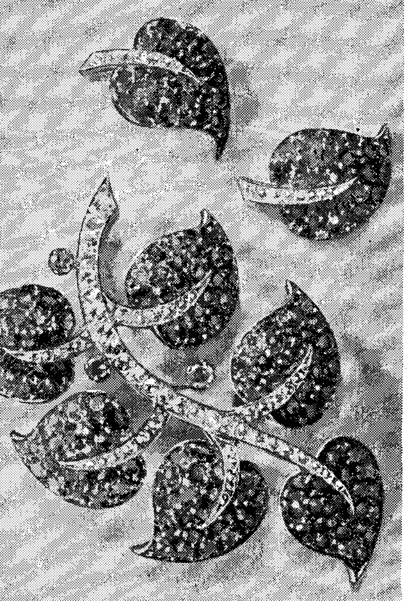
heard him say, "Is this Mrs. Henry Rogers? . . . This is Patrolman Mullins. We've got your husband here at the precinct station, under arrest. . . . Yes, that's right. . . . The charge is drunk and disorderly—" Rogers' throat tightened, and his face became steaming hot. "That's right. . . . No, you can't. . . . Tomorrow morning, in Magistrates' Court. . . . Nine o'clock. . . . That's right. Good night." The policeman came back into the room. "All right, Mac," he said. "It's time for bed. Pick up your stuff, and let's go."

The turnkey took Rogers' belt and necktie before clanging the cell door closed behind him, and Rogers stood still for a while, holding up his trousers with both hands, until his eyes became accustomed to the dim light inside the cell. Then, slowly and deliberately, he took off his clothes, and looked for a place to hang them but could find nothing, so he folded them neatly and put them on the floor. He lay down on the wooden bench, and clasped his hands behind his head. All right, he told himself; so we go to court with this. Actually, it's probably better that way—a magistrate will be more likely to listen to reason than that police lieutenant. The mere fact that they call it drunk and disorderly proves there's no real charge against me. There's no charge that would stand up in any court in the country. Drunk and disorderly, for God's sakes.

NEXT morning, Rogers was taken to Magistrates' Court in a police van. His belt and necktie had been returned to him, but there had been no chance for him to wash, and no mirror before which he could comb his hair. As he sat in the detention pen in Magistrates' Court, he looked at the other prisoners—all of them shabby, blurry men who seemed resigned to whatever was going to happen to them and who gave the impression that it had all happened to them many times before. One of them, a man of about sixty, wearing a shredded gray topcoat, eased over to where Rogers was sitting. "What are you in for?" the man asked.

Rogers forced a smile. "Drunk and disorderly," he replied.

"You're lucky," the man said, in a flat voice that, for some reason, had a hint of laughter in it. "Take me, now, I'm going to get thirty days. I know it. Panhandling." He stared at the barred door and added, "The goddam thing is I had three bucks in my shoe all the time, and had forgotten it. I wake up in this alley, thinking I'm broke, and start



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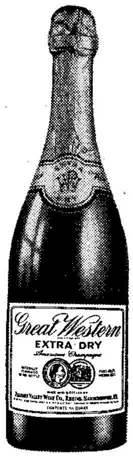

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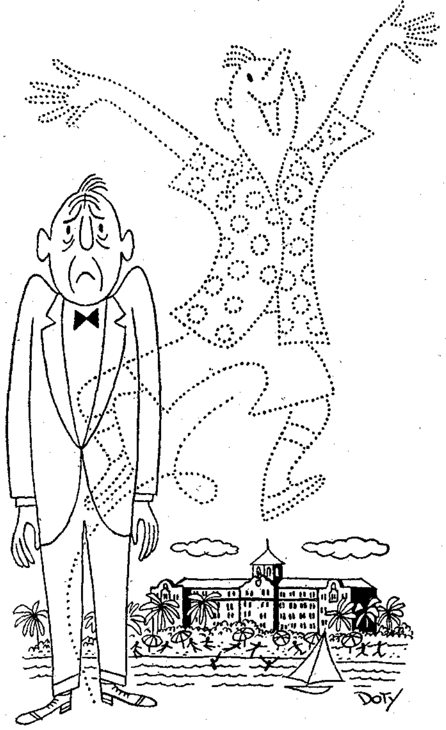

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panhandling for a meal." He shook his head slowly. "I'll never wake up again without frisking myself. Can you imagine? Three goddam bucks in my shoe, and I haven't got the brains to frisk myself." He laughed, showing a jagged line of brown teeth. "I wish I was only up on a D and D," he said.

"Well, I'm not guilty," Rogers said. "I'm going to plead not guilty."

The man looked at him in amazement. "What?" he said. "You crazy?"

"No," said Rogers. "I'm simply not guilty."

"Brother, if I had good clothes like you, I'd plead guilty to *any*thing," the man said. "All it'll cost you is two bucks, maybe three."

Rogers had started to explain his position when a policeman came to the door of the pen.

"Rogers," the policeman said, and Rogers rose. "Someone to see you."

The turnkey let him out, and he followed the policeman upstairs, brushing back his hair with his hands.

In the corridor upstairs was Arthur Gellhorn, Rogers' lawyer. He looked nervous and upset. "My God, Hank," he said. "What happened to you?"

"Actually, nothing happened," Rogers said. "I'm not guilty. It was all because of—"

"Wait a minute," Gellhorn said, holding up his hand. "I've seen the charge. You don't have to tell me."

"Well, that's not the way it was," Rogers protested. "Let me tell you. I was standing in front of this— as a matter of fact, I wasn't standing—I'd just been going past—"

"Hank, I've *seen* the charge," Gellhorn repeated. "For the last half hour I've been trying to get it reduced. You must have—"

"I tell you I'm not guilty," Rogers said. "Will you *listen* to me?" He told Gellhorn what had happened, but Gellhorn seemed not to be paying attention to him, and when Rogers finished, Gellhorn drew a deep breath.

"That may very well be," he said. "Now, when we get in there, I want you to let me do the talking. Unless a direct question is asked of you, I want you to keep quiet. Do you understand?"

"Well, what are you going to say?" Rogers demanded.

"I'm going to plead guilty," Gellhorn said. "It's the only thing I can do."

"But, God damn it, I'm *not* guilty!" Rogers shouted. "I don't know what the charges are, but I'm not guilty of any of them. *Any* of them!"

"Listen," Gellhorn said patiently. "If you plead not guilty, do you know

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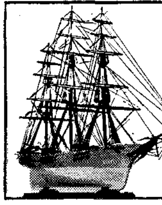

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what will happen?" Rogers was silent, and Gellhorn continued. "You'll be sent back to the pen, and be given about an hour to raise bail. Your bail will be at least five hundred dollars, and if you get it from a bondsman, you'll have to pay him fifty dollars. If it isn't here in an hour, you'll be taken down to the Tombs until it comes, and if you can't raise it at all, you'll stay in jail until your trial comes up, maybe next week sometime. And when your trial does come up, you'll be found guilty anyway. It's your word against the cop's, and in a case like that you're sunk. Now, if you—"

"Fred was with me," Rogers said. "He could testify."

"Had he been drinking, too?" Gellhorn asked.

"Well, yes," said Rogers, "but—"

"Then he's no good. Now, if you plead guilty, you may get five dollars, ten dollars, something like that. But no matter what you plead, you're going to be found guilty. Look—on just one count—if you don't move along when a cop tells you to, that's disorderly conduct. Automatically. Do you see what I mean?"

"But, God damn it—" Rogers began, and then stopped.

"Now, will you do as I tell you?" Gellhorn asked. "Will you let me do the talking?"

Rogers was quiet for a moment. "All right," he said, finally.

THE hearing took about three minutes. The clerk started to read the charge, but Gellhorn broke in and said, "Your Honor, we would like to waive a reading of the charge. The defendant pleads guilty."

Rogers clutched the railing in front of him as the clerk passed the papers up to the judge, who looked at them briefly and then started to fill them in.

"How did all this happen, anyway?" the judge asked, turning to the policeman who had arrested Rogers.

"Well, Your Honor," the policeman said, "the defendant, here, was blocking the doorway in front of this club, and when I told him to move on, he tried to give me some talk, and said he wouldn't go. There were people coming in and out—women and all—and he was getting in their way, and—well, kind of annoying them or molesting them, you might say. So I finally had to run him in."

The judge looked at Rogers. "What would your wife say if she heard you'd been molesting women?" he asked.

Something rose in Rogers' throat,

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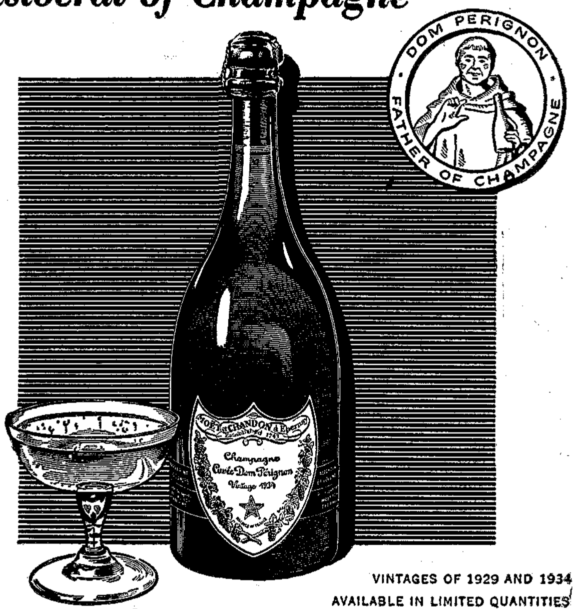

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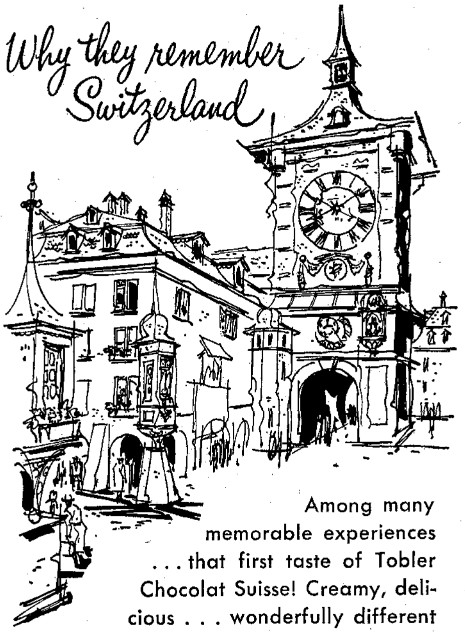

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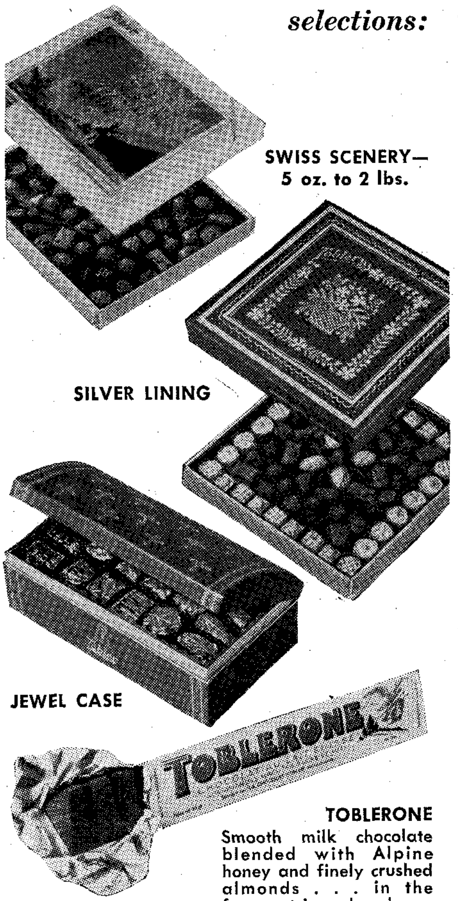

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and he tried to speak, but before he could say anything, Gellhorn clutched his arm and said, "Your Honor, the defendant's wife is here in court. I submit that the question does not require a direct answer."

"I guess you're right," the judge said, and smiled thinly. "Very well, then. Twenty-five dollars or five days." He turned back to the papers in front of him, and Gellhorn led Rogers away from the railing.

Rogers paid his fine to a clerk in a corner of the room, then followed Gellhorn into the corridor. His wife was waiting for him, and her expression didn't change as he saw her and walked toward her.

"Look," Rogers said. "I can explain this. It was all a horrible mistake." He told her what had happened, and she listened to him, her eyes staring straight into his.

"I see," she said, when he was through. She stared at him a moment longer. "Well, now you know, don't you?" she said.

They went down the stairs, with Gellhorn following a short distance behind, and when they reached the sidewalk, Rogers put his hand in his pocket for a cigarette, and discovered the box containing the bracelet. He thought for a second or two, then slowly drew it from his pocket.

"Oh," he said. "I almost forgot." He handed the box to her, and laughed briefly. "Happy birthday," he said.

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

Handsome, controlled, reticent, serene, James McCray's *Garden of Eden* is a scene of bland whimsy, a saraband of tuning forks in a broken arabesque of half-formed figures.—*San Francisco Art Association Bulletin.*

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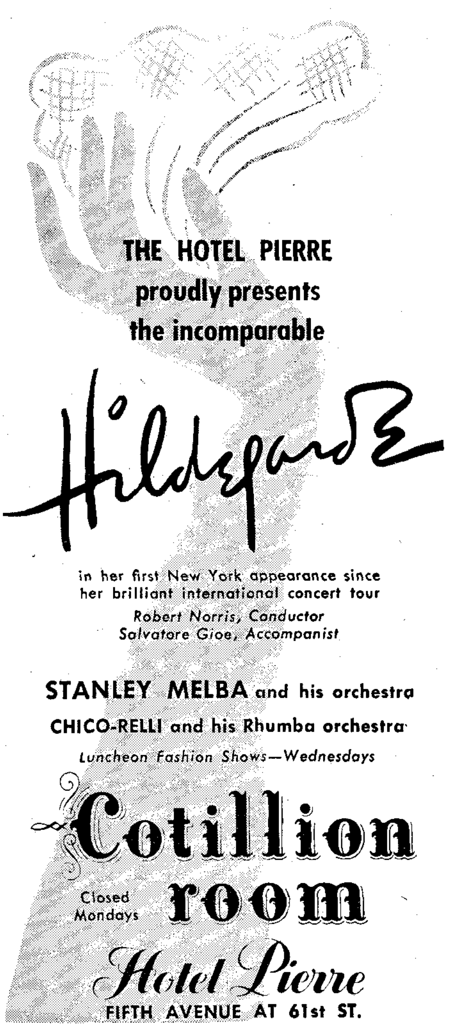

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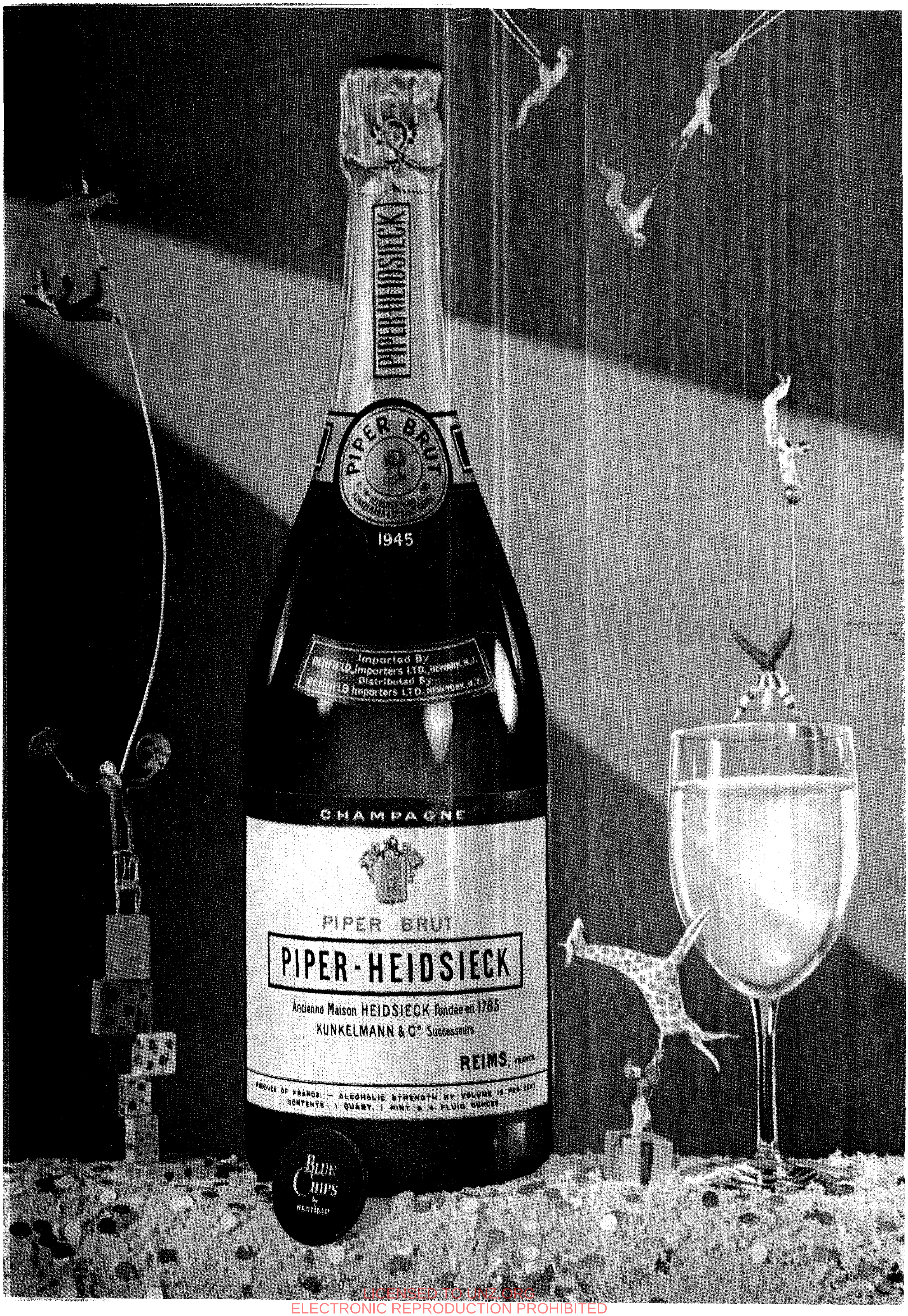
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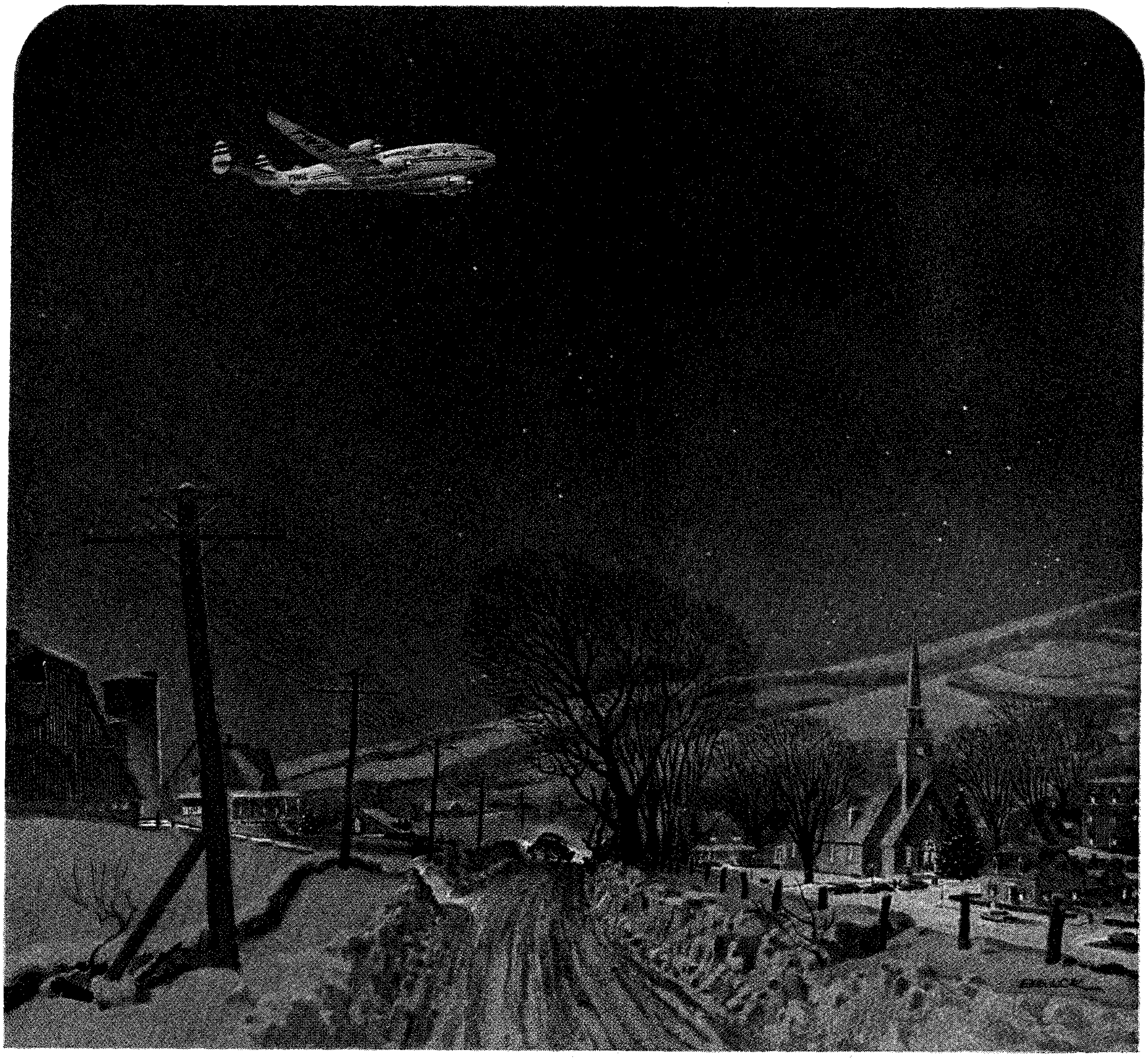

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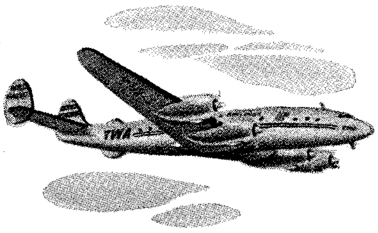

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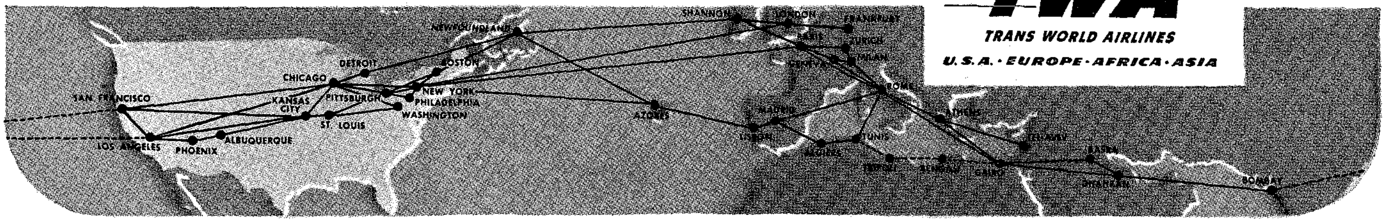

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THE ART GALLERIES

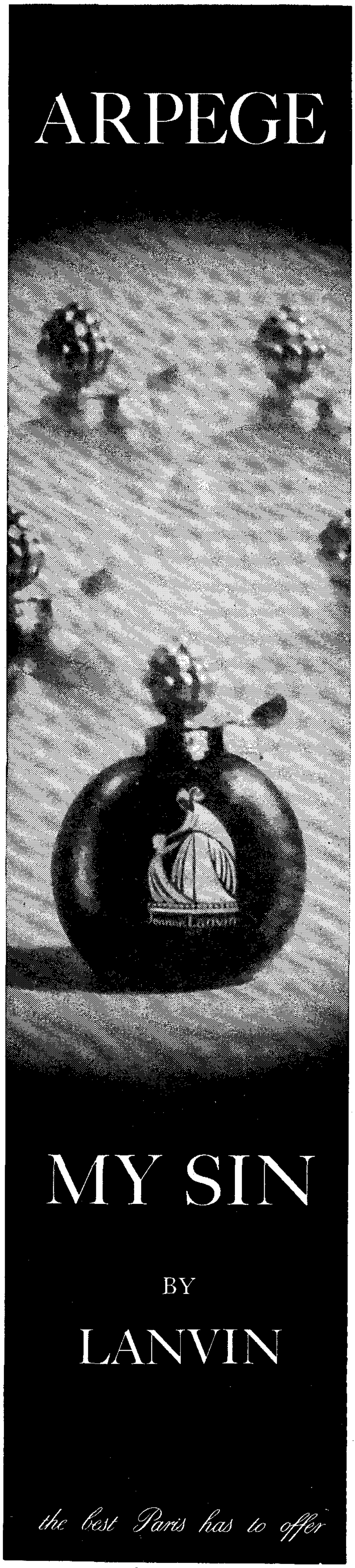
Sculptures, Current, and Paintings, Past

SCULPTURE, so long the poor relation of the arts, has been getting more encouragement in recent years. For some time, the Whitney Museum, instead of jumbling it in with painting in its Annuals, to the disadvantage of both, has been giving it a separate showing; and now the Metropolitan, which began moving in rather ponderously on the contemporary scene with its big painting exhibition last year, has also turned its attention to the sister art, in a collection called "American Sculpture, 1951." This is the second part of what's planned as a sort of trilogy—a survey of prints, water colors, and other graphics is to follow in 1952—and it is to be hoped that after the cycle is completed it will begin again, for even when examined in so leisurely a fashion, our contemporary work remains consistently interesting. It's astonishing, though, what different aspects it can reveal. The present affair, though not very large (there are just over a hundred items), is still fairly compendious, as well as national in scope, for the range is from California to New York and from Maine to Texas. Yet, as always in large-scale exhibitions, the selection is, unavoidably, the decisive factor, and it must be said that the picture presented here of contemporary American sculpture is of a body of effort more scattered and disorganized and far less vigorous or adventurous in impulse than it has seemed in similar showings.

This is not to say that there aren't many excellent pieces in the collection. Hugo Robus's sleek, caressingly modelled study of a woman and child called "Two in Pattern," Theodore J. Roszak's profoundly considered symbolic "Recollection of the Southwest," Marianna Pineda's touching "Sleepwalker," and Henry Rox's ironic figure of a bound man called "Arise!" would be standouts anywhere, as would Henry Varnum Poor's charmingly expressive "Mask of Mitchell Siporin" and the smoothly handled "Eve" by Joseph J. Greenberg, Jr. Though the show is about equally balanced between the modernist and the conventional styles, I felt that the latter offered the greater share of noteworthy items, among them Harry Rosin's buoyant, beautifully posed "Mother and Child," Zena Garrett's small, suave head called "Portrait of an Artist," and (despite its slight debt to Gaston Lachaise) Mitchell Field's buxom, cheerful "Bather." But there are good pieces in the other group, too, particularly Alexander Meller's lively "The Tango," David Smith's vivid "Flight," and the handsomely simplified "Torso" by Guitou Knoop. My own choices might have been different, but I can't really quarrel with the selection of Minna Harkavy's "Two Men" for the first prize, or of Rhys Caparn's "Animal Form I," Abbott Pattison's "Striding Man," Emil Lazarevich's "Woman with Lyre," and Greenberg's "Eve," already mentioned, for the others.

The fact is, though, that the show lacks coherence, and it fails to define or even to suggest the various trends and influences at work on our sculpture today. In part, this may be due to the arrangement, for in spite of all the space the Museum has at its disposal, the only areas given over to the exhibition are the main entrance hall and a corridor leading off it. Neither one is appropriate for an exhibition, since the one is too narrow for adequate viewing, while the other is so enormous as to reduce even the considerable number of items placed there to an uneasy huddle; and though an effort was made to adjust to these circumstances, by placing the small sculptures in the corridor and the larger ones in the hall, this led to arbitrary divisions and groupings that destroy any feeling of homogeneity in the show.

THE National Academy has an exhibition of paintings, mainly by past members, called "The American Tradition, 1800-1900," and since the version of that tradition is, of course, the Academy's own, one would expect it to be conservative in its derivation. It is, but though I think that in what I take to be their caution the organizers of the show missed a few bets, it is a quite interesting one. The missed bets, to my mind, came about largely through a failure to exploit the more ebullient side of the Hudson River School of landscapists, and a similar scamping of the mid-nineteenth-century genre painters. There are some examples of both groups, naturally. George Inness' little study of a solitary fisherman by a darkling pool, called "Landscape," has all the genial serenity



BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

he was able to put into his work; Thomas Cole's "The Mountain Ford" and Albert Bierstadt's "On the Sweetwater—Near the Devil's Gate, Nebraska" are as romantically craggy and fearsome as might be expected; while Thomas Doughty and Asher B. Durand are respectively represented by a pleasantly Italianate "Landscape" and a small, precise "Woodland Study." Among the genre paintings, there are a sharply observed study of an old woman with a carafe and glass, called "La Gigia," by the rather later Charles W. Hawthorne, and a pleasingly homespun "Reading the News," by Christian Mayr, in addition to such well-known examples as Eastman Johnson's "Old Kentucky Home, Life in the South," Richard Caton Woodville's "War News from Mexico," and George Caleb Bingham's lusty "Shooting for the Beef."

In a collection of some hundred and fifty items, however, the few dozen pieces in these groups don't bulk very large. As it is, the show seems to boil down pretty much to a series of portraits, mostly of members by members, and in a somewhat specialized way I found these engrossing, too. It was interesting, anyway, to see how Claude Monet (still young, and with a black beard) looked to Sargent; Ryder (ruddy and bluff) to Julian Alden Weir; George Bellows (pale, intense, and blue-eyed) to Robert Henri—and, for that matter, how Thomas Eakins (blunt-nosed, stubbly-mustached, and remarkably undistinguished) looked to Thomas Eakins.

Among the other pieces, there are a delicately handled "Winter Landscape" by Abbott Handerson Thayer; a nice Childe Hassam, "The Alders;" and an Impressionist "Snow" by John Henry Twachtman. Eakins, incidentally, is represented by quite a galaxy of paintings, including the large "The Wrestlers" and the extremely perceptive "Signora Gomez d'Arza." Ryder, too, is represented, by, for one, "Death on a Pale Horse," and there are also a good Blakelock, "At Nature's Mirror," and a fine, stormy "Northeaster" by Winslow Homer. These men, with the exception of Twachtman, "made" the Academy, all right, though most of them did so cruelly late in life, and their pictures are now among the major adornments of the show.

—Robert M. Coates

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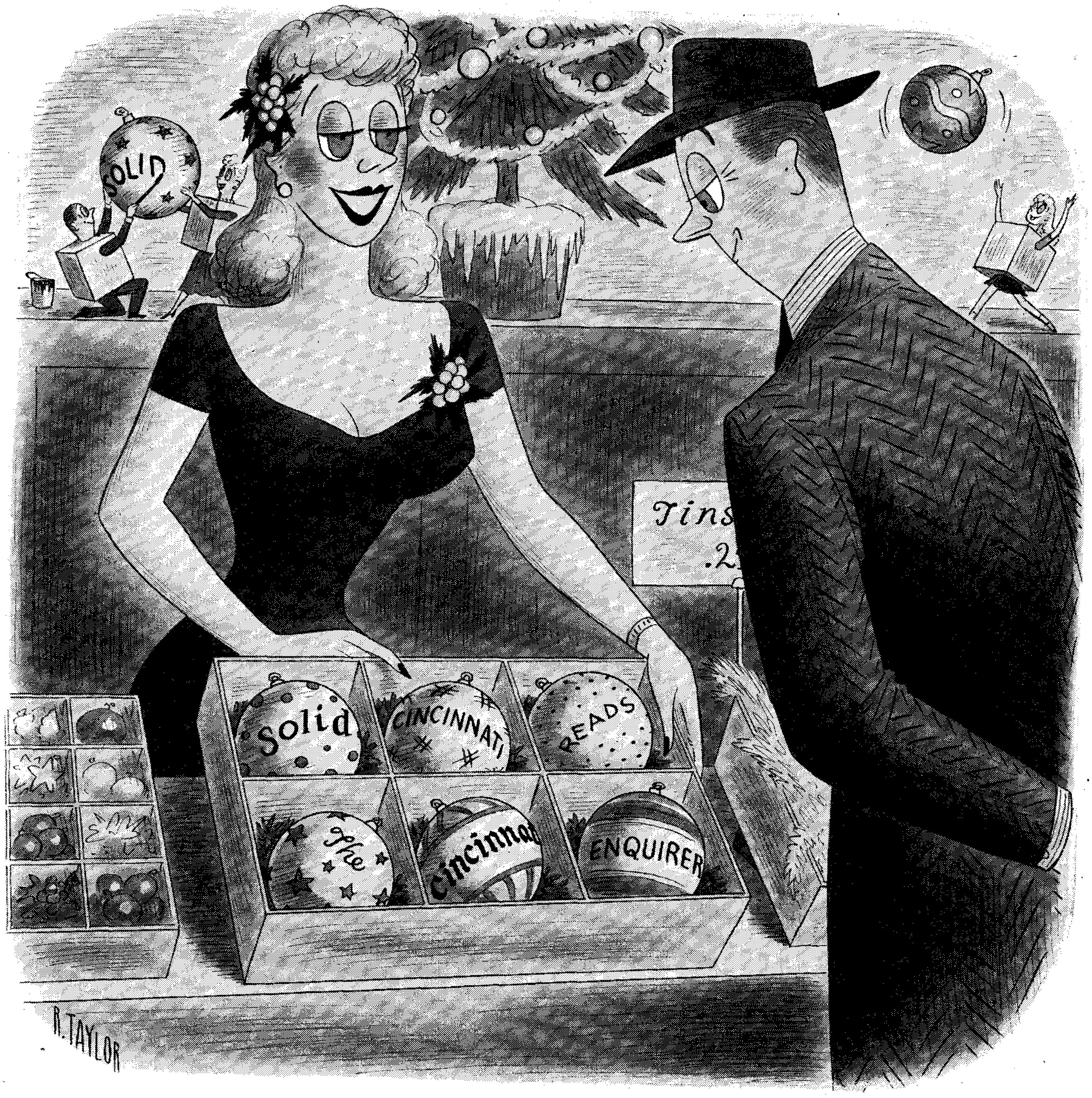
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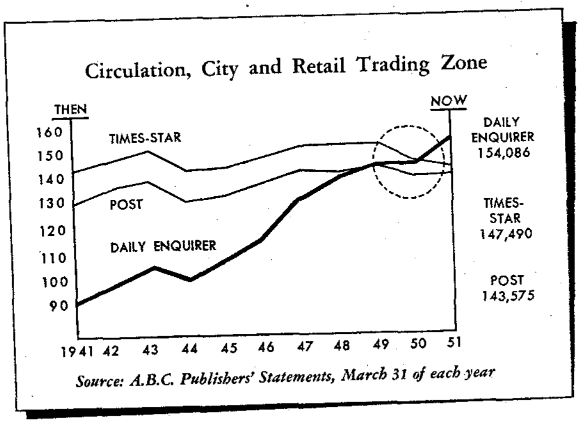

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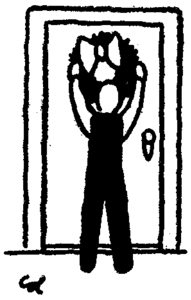


THIS week we dart for the last time into the jungle of holly and red ribbon that overruns the stores in December, and emerge with all our window-shopping done, our Christmas turkey bespoken, and nothing further to do before the big day except take stock of the champagne glasses. And you will be in the same cheerful vantage point if you've kept up with us on our rounds through the stores for the past five weeks, during which time we've ticked off:

November 10. . . . Custom-made gifts
November 17. . . . Wrappings and trimmings, and jewelry
November 24. . . . Gifts for the house
December 1. . . . Toys, and children's books
December 8. . . . Food and drink for the holidays, and gifts for women

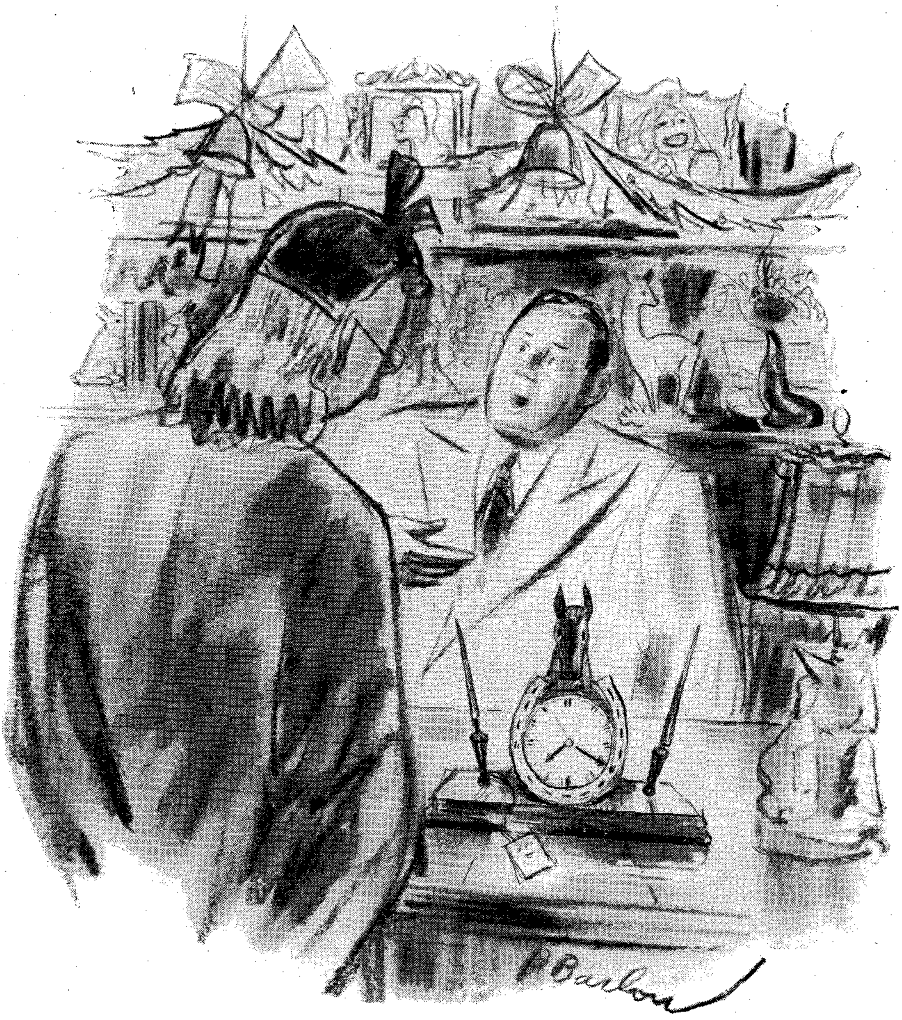
Now we'll wind up the season with a report on gifts for men, and essays on luggage and on the state of things in the heady world of perfumes. All prices we mention include luxury taxes.

Gifts for Men

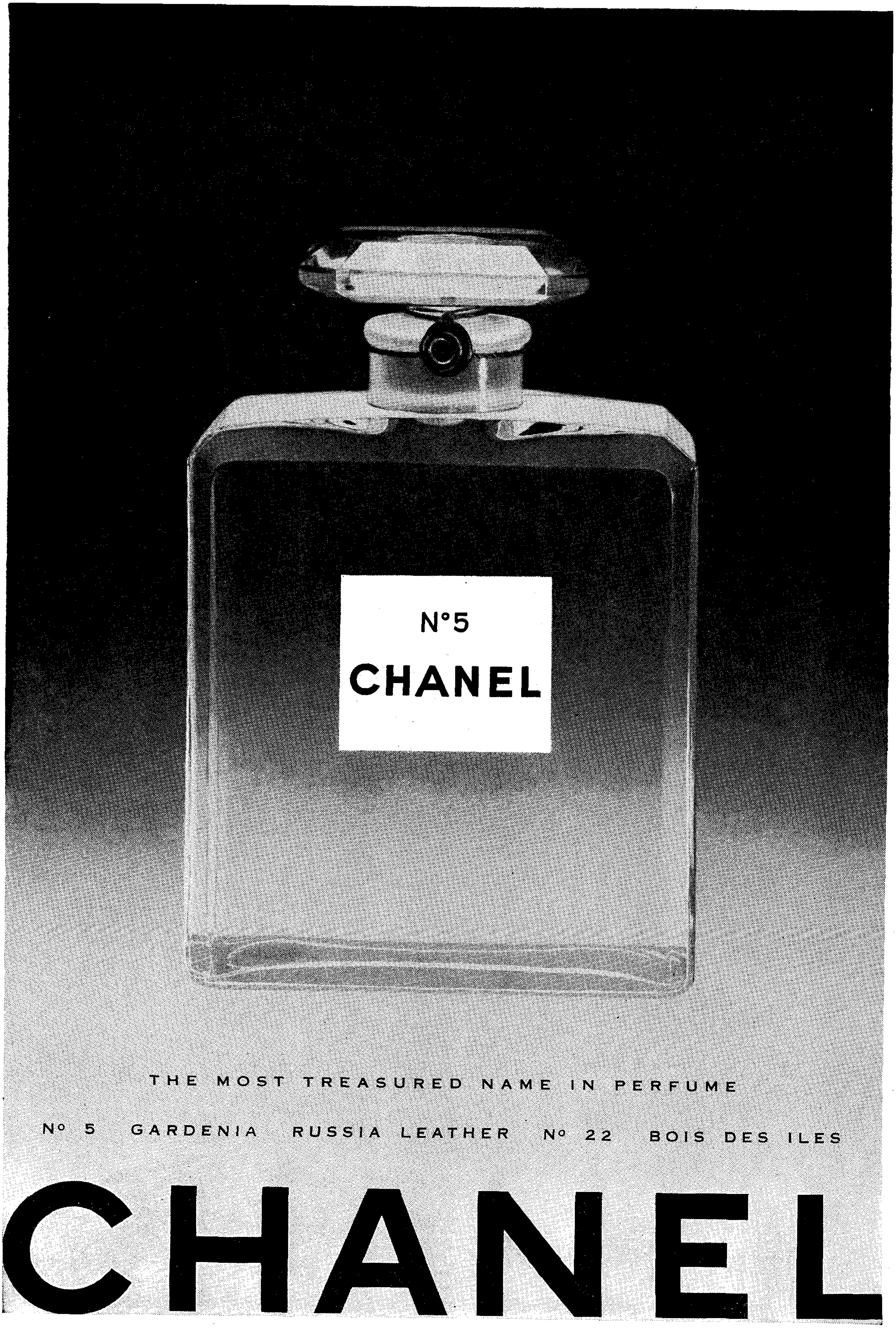
THOUGH we have searched for a good, round generalization to lead off this discussion, not a single one springs to mind. Possibly it is because the wares offered in the stores this year are so varied that there is no generalization to spring, and possibly it is because we—after thumbing fine linens and cashmeres, beating a path to the door of the man who makes a better postage-stamp magnifier, and boning up on the more occult blends of tobacco—have no mind left. Oh, we've spotted a couple of midget trends, all right, but they're really no more than footnotes to the folklore of Christmas giving. (Neckties, for instance: now they're being designed by milliners, couturiers, and perfumers—people like Lilly Daché, Schiaparelli, Mr. John, Hollywood's Adrian, Jack Chaqueneau, and Christian Dior.) Since none of them is worth delaying you in your surge toward the shops, let's be off:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: Recognizing the impracticability of setting up a sailboat—even a small one—under a Christmas tree, Abercrombie provides a miniature model to serve as a proxy for its craft called the Sailfish, which is nothing more than an overgrown surfboard with a mast, suitable for lake, river, or offshore sailing. A fourteen-foot Sailfish, with a nine-and-a-half-foot mast, a thirteen-foot-seven-inch gaff and boom, and Ratsey & Lapthorne mildewproof sail, costs $295, and the model is thrown in. A twelve-footer is $227.50, and a ten-footer is $179. For spear fishermen or underwater explorers, there is a frogman set consisting of a snorkel, a swimming mask, and a pair of flippers; $20.20. For less adventurous types, there is a Jaeger wool-and-camel's-hair dressing gown, a slightly souped-up version of the Sherlock Holmes model, and made, like its prototype, in England; $95. A Zenith Transoceanic radio receiver, an excellent gift for a boatman who has graduated from the Sailfish class, operates on batteries and on generated alternating or direct current. It has four international short-wave bands, two ship-to-shore bands, and weather and amateur bands; $130.50. For an all-weather golfer, A. & F. have a vividly colored umbrella so stout that it can be snapped back into shape if a high wind turns it inside out; $7.50. Commuters from the deep country would be glad to own a block-and-tackle winch with roller-bearing pulleys and a hundred feet of strong nylon cord; with the assistance of an obliging nearby tree, it is capable of hauling the heaviest car from mire. The whole thing weighs only a pound, and is compact enough to carry in a glove compartment without crowding out the Kleenex and the road maps; $12.50. A man who spends a lot of time on trains or planes might appreciate a combination chess, checkers, and backgammon set with magnetized pieces that won't slide around; $8.75, in a pocket-size leather case.

ALTMAN: Here, we feel we must report, you will find a golden rule, literally; it's a foot long, gauged in



"*Well, if he likes horses, how could you go wrong?*"



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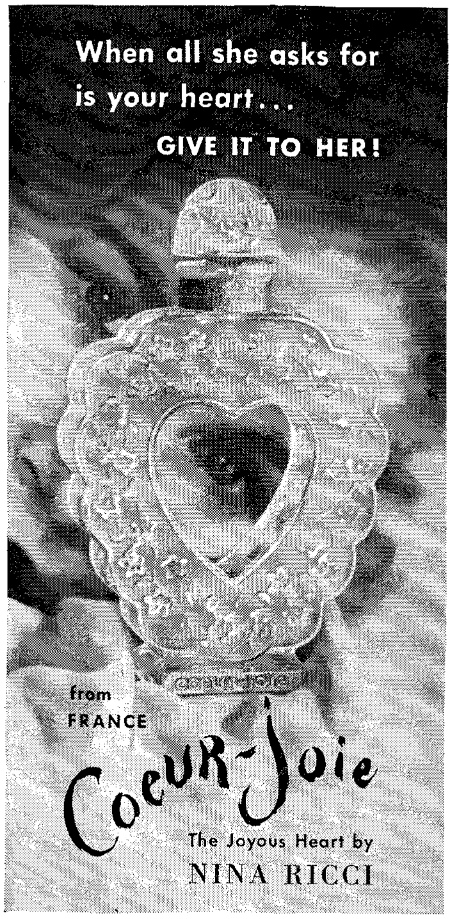

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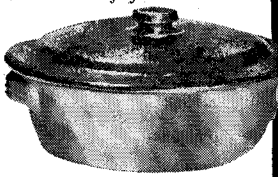
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inches and millimetres, and made of solid gold. The price of the old precept has been fixed (by Altman, not Matthew or Luke) at $19.50 an inch. French binoculars, 8 × 30, with fully achromatic lenses and a center focus, are $35.94. Elegant hand-knit, heavy wool dark-green, white, or brown sweaters from Denmark have raglan shoulders and are ornamented with traditional Danish patterns in a variety of contrasting colors; $39.50. Comfortable and eminently sensible sports shirts of washable corduroy, in half a dozen solid colors, among them scarlet, navy, and a medium gray, cost $10. A silver money clip with a small silver pencil attached is $24; in gold, it's $81.

André, 49 East 47th Street: All sorts of wool sweaters, for skiers or for men who simply like to keep warm. Heavy hand-knit dark-gray Swiss ones are done in classic cable stitch; $30. At the same price there are sleeveless sweaters of llama wool in natural, gray, tan, brown, or white, or in a tweedy mixture of black and white. A Norwegian shirt to wear under ski clothes is made of something that looks like fine fish net, which Scandinavian skiers claim is warmer than wool because the mesh somehow makes for more efficient insulation; $5. The newest ski parka on hand here is of nylon lined with Millium, which is made of aluminum filaments and keeps the parka's occupant very warm indeed; $35. In the department devoted to fishing gear, there are a great many spinning lures, imported from England, France, Sweden, Italy, Austria, and Switzerland, which, it is claimed, will beguile even the most chauvinistic American fish. Prices are from $1 to $2.50, and before ordering, you should find out in what waters your man fishes, at what season, and what sort of fish he is after.

Bergdorf Goodman: The men's shop that established a beachhead in this feminine sector last January has dug in solidly. Luxurious dressing gowns, at $50, are made of silk crêpe printed with Bergdorf's own designs. One looks like marble paper, and another is decorated with large black-and-white squares, a pattern that looks a good deal like a tile floor. Ties of hand-loomed Viennese silks in a basketweave (navy, brown, green, or dark red with white) would enhance any tie collection; $7.50. A heavy gold tie clip depicts, in bas-relief, Saint George and an enbrochette dragon; $76.80. Excellent French gloves of buffed calf whipped with black waxed thread are $25 lined with knitted cashmere, and $22.50 unlined.

Bronzini, 5 East 52nd Street: Ignoring the woolly bears' predictions of a mild winter, this shop has laid in a large supply of cashmere pullover sweaters hand-knit of an unusually heavy yarn. They are sleeveless, have V necks, and cost $45, in gray, navy, or natural. Hand-knit wool socks in gray, brown, or navy are set off by clocks of a contrasting color; $10. Parti-colored suède jerkins, a good deal like the ones that used to be de rigueur in Sherwood Forest, come in combinations of brown and tan, gray and navy blue, or hunter's green and deep yellow; $28.50.

Brooks Brothers: Well-cut waistcoats of striped rep or tie silks in Paisley designs look very lively but are still not what you would call loud; $25. At the same price are short-sleeved sports shirts in the same Paisley patterns. Flannel sports shirts—long-sleeved, of course—of a cotton-and-wool mixture that washes splendidly, cost $12.50, in plain, conservative colors, and $15, in an unobtrusive pin check. An old Brooks standby is a jacket of very fine pinwale corduroy, tailored, like their sports coats, with a back vent, three patch pockets, and bone buttons; $34.50, in taupe or tan. A man who hunts, fishes, goes iceboating, or otherwise stays out in the elements will be grateful for a pullover of supple chamois that has a detachable chamois dickey high over the chest, to ward off pneumonia; $45. Made by Peel and perennial with Brooks are some sand-colored felt scuffs with quarter-inch soles of bright-scarlet felt; $15. Curved eight-ounce flasks made of Brittania metal have leakproof tops and cost $7.

Budd, 712 Fifth Avenue (56th): First to seize our attention here were polo coats constructed of an opulent combination of Tibetan and Bokharan cashmere, woven in Scotland and known as saddle cloth. A single-breasted coat costs $250, a price that may seem high to you, but not to the forty curly-haired goats who contributed their soft underwool to it. Bow ties here come in collar sizes, which makes them a great comfort to men who are temperamentally unsuited to fiddling with the adjustment machinery put in the backs of most bow ties; in English silks, they are $3.50;

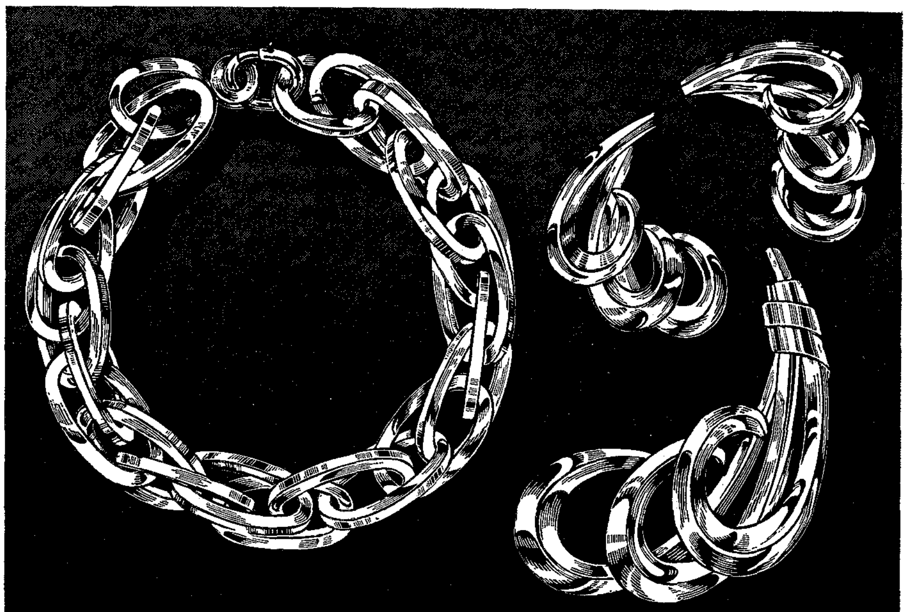
reversible striped ones of Swiss silk moiré are $4.50.

Chipp, 14 East 44th Street: Slacks of a very durable medium-weight English whipcord, the kind known to old India hands as Indian whipcord, are $27.50. To go with these or with Chipp's black or gray flannel slacks ($18.50), there are belts of gray flannel backed with cowhide; $3.50. English gloves of hogskin, in either button or gauntlet length, are hand-sewn and cost $12.50, unlined, or $15, lined with wool. Ties of Macclesfield striped silk rep are made wrong side out, to subdue the bright colors; $3.50.

Coronet Stamp Shop, 630 Fifth Avenue (50th): An impressive-looking two-volume stamp album provides space for a total of fifty-one thousand stamps. The first volume ($9) covers a hundred years, and the second ($11), though just as big, covers only nine, which will give you an idea of how stamps have caught on lately. Supplemental volumes will be issued every two years; the next one is due next year. A kit for a neophyte stamp collector includes a perforation gauge, tongs, mounting hinges, a watermark-detector, and a magnifying glass, all for $3.50.

Mark Cross, 707 Fifth Avenue (55th): A sturdy breast-pocket wallet, made of English pigskin, has two compartments for folding money (one can handle most foreign currency), a hidden pocket for stashing away either money or papers, and the customary letter compartments and identification window; $18. A pigskin wallet specially planned for racegoers fits into a breast pocket but is large enough to hold a racing program, a batch of mutuel tickets, a pencil, clippings from tipsheets, and, of course, money; $18. Cottage-woven Donegal tweeds, in the plain oatmeal and brown of the Brannigans, Duffys, and McGinnises, or the blues and grays of the Doyles, O'Maras, and Dooleys, cost $8.45 a yard (fifty-four inches wide) and would make a jacket suitable for a man of any name or provenance whatsoever.

De Pinna: Yielding to the growing demand for thinner evening clothes, De Pinna makes a very lightweight dinner coat and trousers of a midnight-blue mixture of silk and wool. The jacket is conservatively cut and has a narrow shawl collar; $120. An English broadcloth evening shirt with



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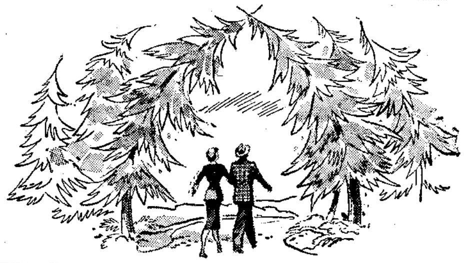

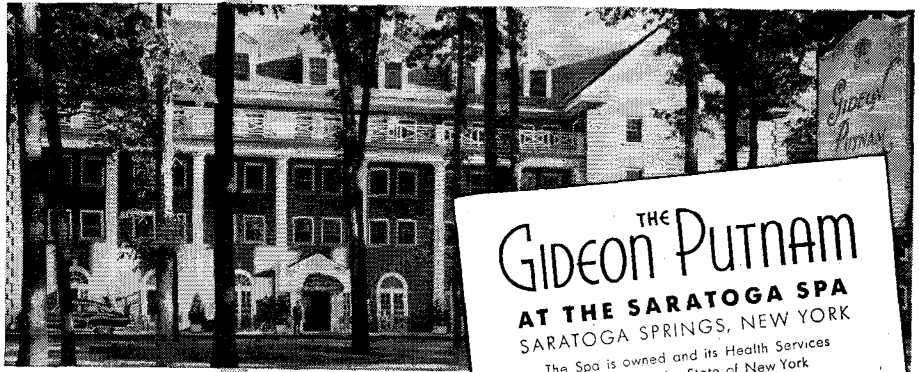

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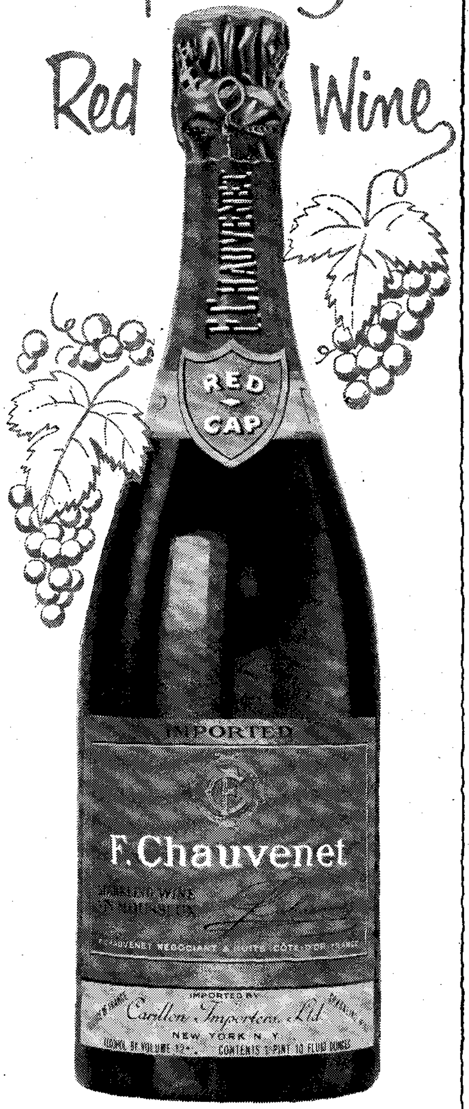

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two wide pleats in its soft bosom is $12.50. Argyle-patterned cashmere pullovers made in Austria are $35, in quiet color combinations, like black on gray, or brown on natural tan. Matching socks are $8.45. Handsome elkskin moccasins, meant for indoors but tough enough for outdoors, too, are lined with shearling lamb; $8.75.

DUNHILL: A glass table lighter looks like a miniature aquarium; it has tiny colored fish etched inside the glass, and holds enough fluid to operate for three months without refilling ($85). Dunhill's collapsible cigarette case, which slips over a full pack and gets flatter as the supply dwindles, appears this year in silver plate, at $6. A slim, very light cigarette case of beautifully burled thuja wood, which looks like brown lacquer, has silver ends and a silver thumb piece that opens it; $16.20. With gold trim, it is $48.80. An English tobacco-and-pipe pouch of tan goatskin lined with plastic is $3.50; in alligator, it's $18.50. Denicotea cigarette holders of briar with a black plastic bit are $2.50, and cigar holders for panatela or queen shapes are $3.50.

S. J. FERON, 55 East 44th Street: A pleasant small gift for a tennis player would be a racket cover ($3.75), of green, maroon, or blue sailcoth with a zipper opening. It has a diagonal white calfskin strip across it, on which the store, given a day's time, will stamp, free, a name or initials in gold leaf. Excellent canvas shoes, for badminton, squash, or indoor tennis, were specially designed for use on hardwood surfaces; $6.85. The ski department here offers deerskin mittens, which stay soft even after being saturated with wet snow, and, naturally, wash handsomely. A pair of short ones is $3.95 and a pair that comes well up over the cuffs is $5.25.

ALBERT LEONARD GEORGE, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): A sports shirt especially cherished by golfers is made of a first-rate lisle that looks remarkably like doeskin and washes as superbly as any doe that ever lived. It has long sleeves, and an inverted box pleat in back, to give the shoulders ample play. In sand, canary, navy blue, or white, it is $57.50. Knit cashmere waistcoats in a checkerboard pattern are so trimly fitting that they can be worn with a suit, although the backs extend below the waist and are meant to be tucked inside the trousers; $57.50, in gray or

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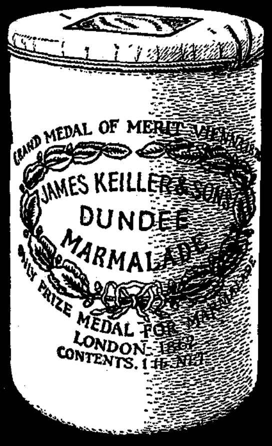
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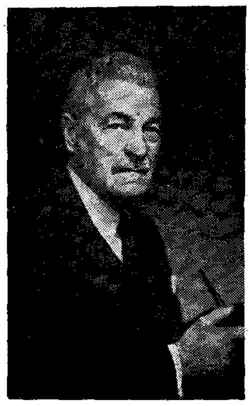

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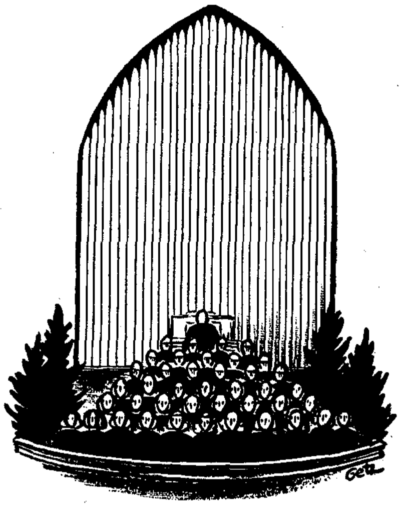
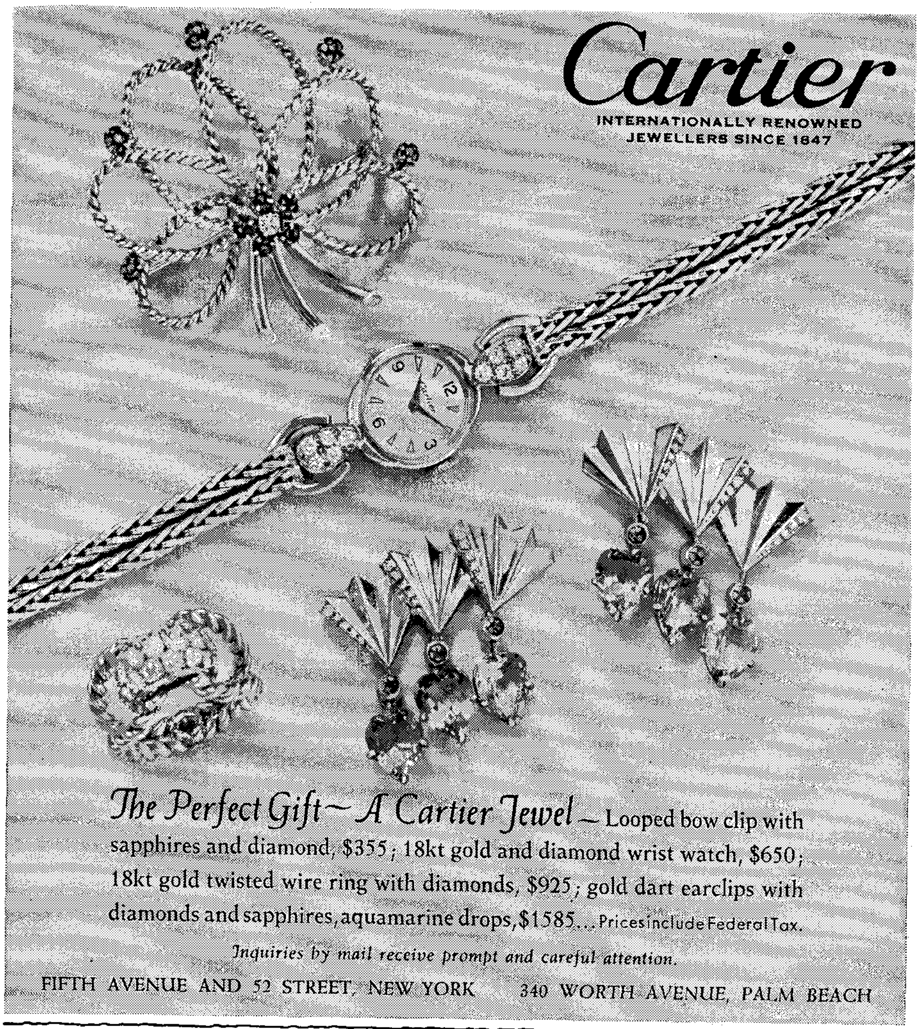
natural tan. Durable hand-sewn driving gloves of French chamois with ventilated palms of corded hogskin are $15.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER: A seven-inch illuminated shaving mirror, designed for use with an electric razor (it has a place to plug one in), comes with an extension cord eight feet long and can be set up anywhere within that distance from an outlet, a feature of considerable interest to a traveller. It costs $9.95. A portable floodlight, which works on a battery that can be recharged at any outlet, will illuminate a good-size area—say, a fishing camp—and costs $27.50; the charging apparatus comes extra, at $4.95. A well-organized metal tool kit, twenty-six inches long, sixteen wide, and four and a half deep, stuffed with twenty-eight tools, including a hand drill with eight bits, a hammer, a saw, a wrench, and some awls, pliers, and screwdrivers, costs $47 and would dazzle almost any kitchen mechanic. A ginger or red cowhide map case, which is the size of a book and opens like one, has a plastic window, four inches by eight, on the cover, to slip a road map under, and a strap inside to hold A.A.A. strip maps. It has pockets for a registration card and a driver's license, and comes with an attached flashlight pencil and a memorandum pad; the whole works for $7.50.

HAMMOND MAPS, 1 East 43rd Street: A wall map of the United States, made of vinyl plastic molded in low relief, shows (in eleven colors) the states, two hundred mountain ranges, six hundred rivers (practically all there are), and other topographical phenomena, and is, the Hammond people insist, non-inflammable—apparently a big advantage in regions plagued by map fires. It measures





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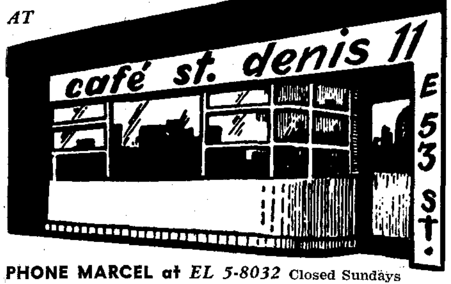
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forty inches by sixty-four, has eyelets across its top for hanging, and costs $37.50. Hunters, fishermen, and other venturers into the wilds are candidates for a pocket compass, scaled down from the kind surveyors use. It has a two-inch luminous dial and concerns itself impartially with all three hundred and sixty degrees, which are marked off in three-degree segments; $6.

Hoffritz, 331 Madison Avenue (43rd) and 551 Fifth Avenue (45th): These cutlers are in a position to supply old-fashioned straight razors for any man on your list who clings to them. A seven-day set of German hollow-ground razors—a favorite coming-of-age gift from Victorian fathers to their sons—is $50, in a zippered leather case. A Swiss sharpener that greatly increases the life expectancy of a safety-razor blade is $6. An English clothesbrush with a long handle is $5.50. A combination wrench-and-knife, four inches long, incorporates a screwdriver, a file, a wire cutter, and a small drill; it comes in a nickel-plated box and costs $9.95.

Keep, 5 East 44th Street: Some notable tab-collar shirts, made of an admirable English broadcloth in a good range of stripings—tan, gray, or blue on white—cost $9.50. Hand-blocked ties of English challis are a staple here, at $2.75; bows are $2. Strong, all-elastic dark-blue, gray, or maroon braces from England, with a plain white pin-dot design, are $2.75. Belts of the same sturdy elastic cost $2. Good-looking heavy-weight topcoats of gray or tan tweed, which hang straight and have patch pockets, come to $78.

Knight's Castle, 997 First Avenue (55th): Hand-painted figures of generals of the Second World War are among the armies of lead soldiers on hand here. Eisenhower in an Eisenhower jacket, Montgomery in his beret, and MacArthur in his No. 1 cap are $4 each, as are Bradley, Patton, Alexander, de Gaulle, and Rommel, to name a few more. There are seventeen generals in all. Among the antique regiments represented are Napoleon's redoubtable 17th Dragoons (forty-three officers and cavalrymen, for $250), and among the moderns are a set of seven members of the Afrika Korps, for $3.50.

Knize, 24 East 56th Street: A prodigious collection of ties for the tie-giver to browse in—English regimental stripes of superior silk rep ($8); artfully knit silk ties from Italy, in a dozen plain colors ($6); and so on and on. Country walking sticks, from England, of cherry or ash with the bark left on are $12. Pigskin-sheathed riding crops with ivory butts and silver mountings are $21. Plain crops sheathed in kangaroo hide are $9.50. Not what you'd go to Knize looking for but worth the trip anyway is a superlative carver's steel, made by a British armorer; it's built like a short sword, has a handsome brass-and-copper hilt, and costs $12.

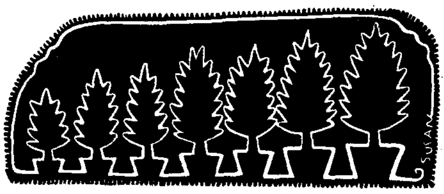
C. P. Leathercrafts, 650 Madison Avenue (60th): A sixty-page leather scrapbook big enough to paste a whole standard-size newspaper page in might be a good bet for a man whose clippings are extensive. The book is available in brown, two shades of green, or maroon, and has ten page-size acetate pockets, for showing both sides of pages. With elaborate tooling, it's $75; with no tooling at all, $60. Leather loose-leaf photograph albums with thirty seven-by-nine pages are $7.95, in any of half a dozen colors. Extra pages are twenty for seventy-five cents. Tooled-leather letter trays with weighted covers are $14.95, for papers of ordinary letterhead size (ten by twelve), and $16.95, for legal-size papers.

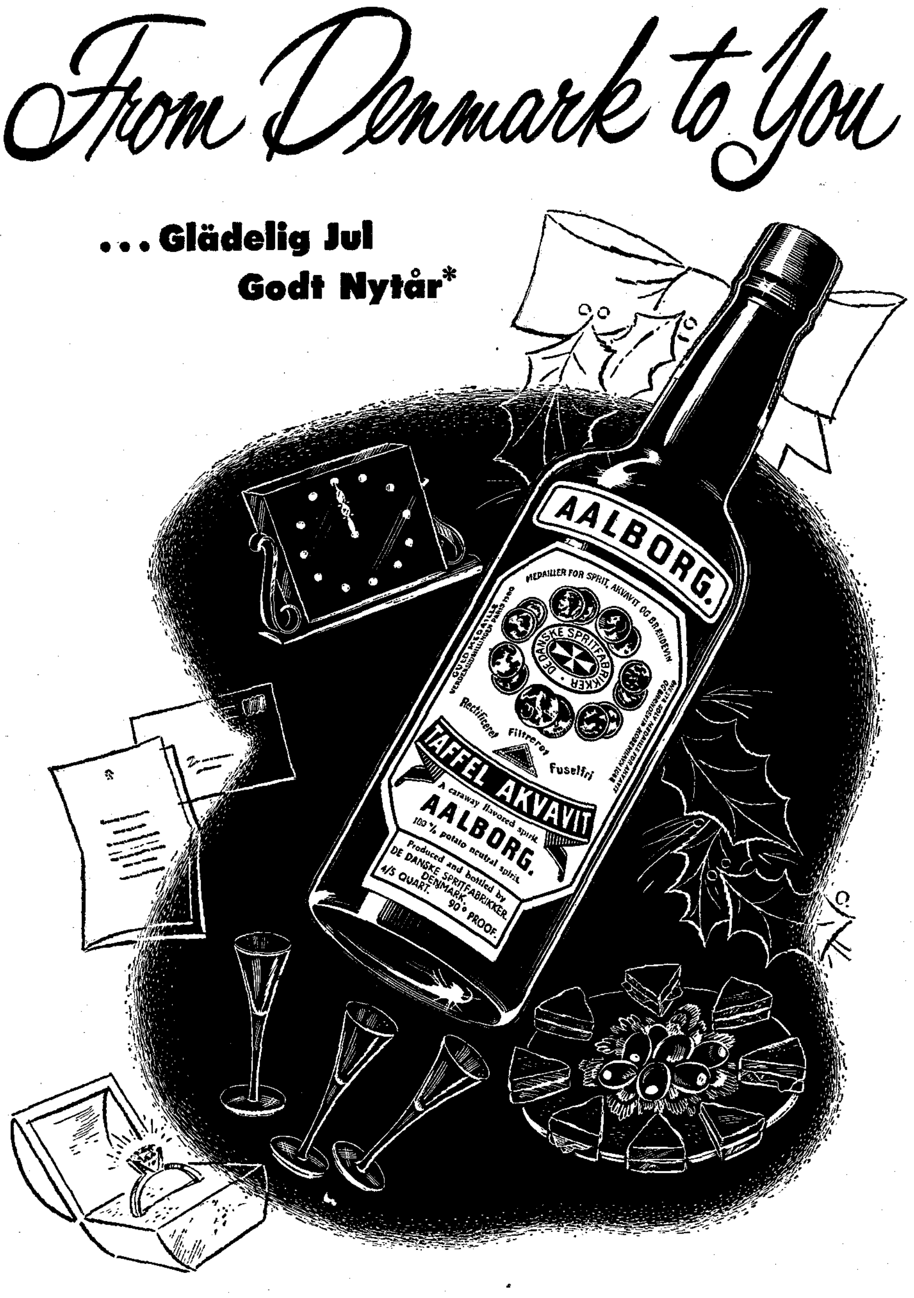
Lewis & Conger: Specialized lighting equipment might take care of a good many men on your list, and there's a fine collection of it here. A fluorescent lantern, a foot high, which will light up a man's camp as brilliantly as his office, operates on its own two batteries for sixty hours; $15.95. A plug-in searchlight with a pistol grip and a lens five and a half inches in diameter throws an astonishing hundred-thousand-candlepower beam a thousand yards; $12.95. A screwdriver with a headlight in the handle casts a beam on the work at hand; with two interchangeable bits, one large and one small, and a leather case, it's $3.95. Fishermen who find it harder to clean fish than catch them will welcome a device with a handle and a small roller—the thing looks sort of like a lawnmower—that will strip the skin off a fish of any size; all the operator has to do is turn a crank. It costs $5.95.

Lord & Taylor: An imported Harris tweed storm coat in heathery brown or gray, which will keep its occupant warm and dry be he in a blizzard in Palmer Stadium or trying to find a taxi on Madison Avenue, is cut something like a British short warm. It is double-breasted and lined, sleeves and all, with alpaca pile; $110. (In camel's hair, with the same lining, it's $120.) English dressing gowns, somewhat longer than you generally find over here, are made of a sober checked worsted (blue or maroon with white); $39.50. Considerably sprightlier dressing gowns, copied from Oriental finery of an earlier day, include a Siamese number cut like a Prince Albert and made of navy-blue silk faille lined with quilted red silk ($135), and a modern version of a nineteenth-century Chinese student's robe, in solid-color silk shantung ($45).

Macy: A twenty-six-ounce aluminum cocktail shaker put out by the Thermos people has two tops, one for Martinis and one for drinks you shake. (The Martini top has an opening for a spoon.) Being vacuum-lined, it also makes a fine storing place for ice cubes or, for that matter, either hot or cold drinks; $15. A small sprayer for repainting golf balls works like an aerosol bomb; $2.24. In the Macy humidor are English briar pipes with a russet finish, hard-rubber bits, and metal filters; the bowls are carbonized, which makes them easier to break in. In any of eighteen shapes, they are $4.69. Among the more stirring pipe tobaccos here are several blends concocted by Rattray of Perth, Scotland—Old Gowrie, for instance, at $1.49 a four-ounce packet, and Red Reparee, at $1.79. Beautiful wool socks hand-knit by members of the British Women's Home Industries are $7.47.

Meyrowitz, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd): English magnifiers with plastic lenses mounted in plastic frames on plastic handles, and marvellously light and efficient, might take care of certain small Christmas problems. A reading glass (or should we now say a reading plastic?) four inches long and an inch and a quarter wide is $7.50. The same sum gets you a rectangular magnifier, on a stand, that is just the width of a newspaper column. A stronger standing lens, of the same plastic, is six inches in diameter and is de-

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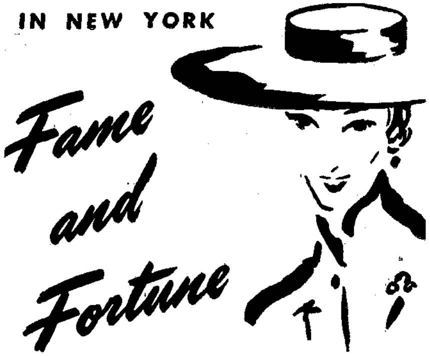

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signed for the inspection of textiles, etchings, paintings, and other objects requiring high magnification; this one is $48.50. A fisherman's barometer that looks something like a large pocket watch is marked with indexes that are supposed to tell him when the fish are biting; $9.25.

J. Press, 341 Madison Avenue (44th): If you count among your Christmas worries the placation of a man who complains that he is cold and that what he wants is an overcoat a little looser, a little squarer, and a shade less formal than a chesterfield, this house stands ready with a Burberry that meets those specifications. It is single-breasted, has set-in sleeves, and is made of a stunning thirty-two-ounce Shetland in wintry gray-brown, or a black-and-white herringbone weave, and it costs $133.50. English melton waistcoats in buff, scarlet, or canary yellow are $15. A navy wool gabardine Burberry for general use, even for wear over a dinner jacket, is $95 and weatherproof; it's single-breasted and has raglan sleeves.

Rogers Peet: The predilection for tartans is unabated here; it shows up, in a mild form, in wool shirts with two pockets and modestly pointed collars (regular weight, $15.95; tropical weight, $17.95), and, of course, in dressing gowns ($50 in flannel, $65 in tropical-weight wool). Scotch Mist overcoats, an exclusive here, are waterproofed and cost from $115 to $135.

Saks Fifth Avenue: Riding breeches and jodhpurs, made of medium-weight cavalry twill by Harry Hall of London, cost $47.50. English waistcoats, with suède fronts and Tattersall backs, or vice versa, and with either pearl or brass buttons, are $29.50. Here also are boxes of twenty-five Upmann cigars in three corona shapes (minor, major, and royal), each cigar encased in a cedar-lined aluminum tube; $11. In the Saks gift shop (entrance on 50th Street) is a set of silver-plated tools dedicated entirely, we are told, to the manufacture of Manhattans; it comprises a pint-and-a-half pitcher, a small ice bucket, ice tongs, a spoon, a knife, a strainer, six picks, and a dish for cherries, all arrayed on an alcohol-proof walnut base, eight by nine inches, and all yours, to give away, for $98.50.

A. G. Spalding, 518 Fifth Avenue (43rd): This year's version of the nylon golf bag is reinforced with

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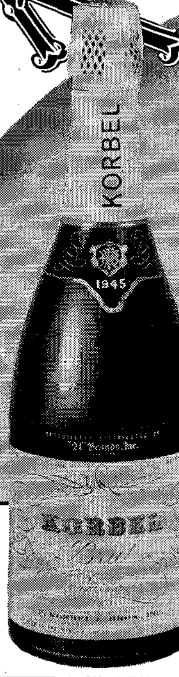

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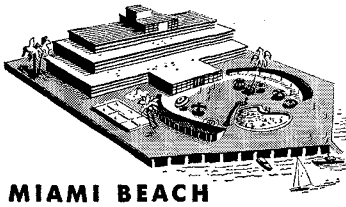

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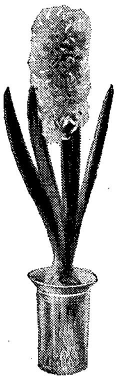

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tough cream-colored cowhide. It will hold a full set of clubs, has a roomy boot pocket and a pocket for a couple of dozen balls, and, thus laden, is lighter to carry than you, if not your caddie, would expect; $37.50. A strong utility bag for extra shirts, trousers, and shoes comes in rubber-backed nylon and has a zippered pocket underneath for muddy shoes and damp stuff; $8.95. An excellent nylon windbreaker that is reversible and, contrary to the law that apparently governs these things, subdued in color on *both* sides (gray or tan on one, blue on the other) is $22.50.

SULKA: English silk umbrellas, mounted on stainless-steel frames, have handsome Malacca handles and cost $19.50. (Sulka will put gold block initials on the handles for $1.80 a letter.) Hand-braided elastic belts from France, in solid colors or with a stripe of a contrasting color in the middle, are $6. Warm but smart gloves of a mixture of cashmere and wool are $5, in natural, gray, or navy. Sleeveless pullovers of soft lamb's wool, knit in Scotland in sort of hound's-tooth patterns (brown with tan, two shades of gray, or navy with a crosshatching of wine or a lighter blue), cost $15. A set of four shirt studs and a pair of cuff links are made of square, cabochon-cut hematite set in gold; $88.

ALEX TAYLOR, 22 East 42nd Street: You can play Santa Claus to a sportsman who owns a convertible and six pairs of skis (even now the poor fellow is probably thinking that one or the other has to go) by giving him a newly designed rack that fits on the top of a convertible and holds six pairs of skis. It's $14. A ski-boot tree that clamps to the sole of a boot and keeps it from curling up as it dries is $3.95. Plastic ski goggles from France, with three interchangeable sets of lenses, one of which is almost bound to be right for any given glare, are $2.50. Or how about a rucksack? There's one here of heavy-gauge waterproof duck, with deep side pockets and wide shoulder straps, that either a skier or summer hiker could wear with comfort; $10.74. Taylor has a putter that makes precise alignment with the ball a cinch; embedded in its cast-aluminum head is a metal mirror, so a man can line up the pin and the ball perfectly before topping his shot; $15. A pocket radio that is only five and three-quarters inches long, two

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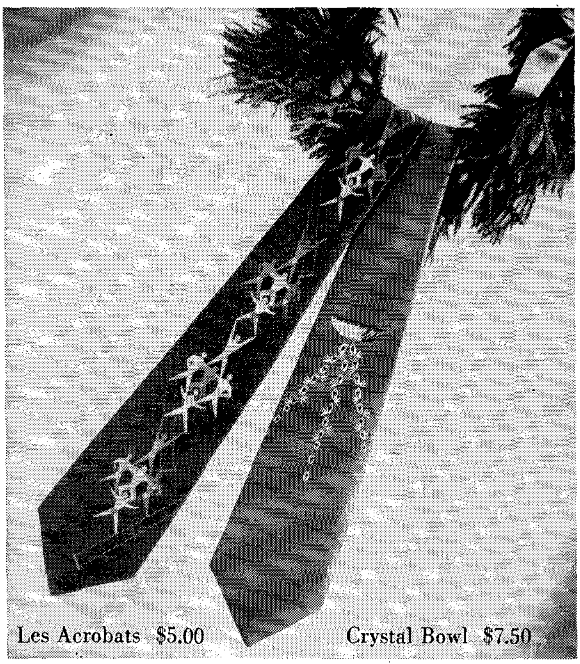

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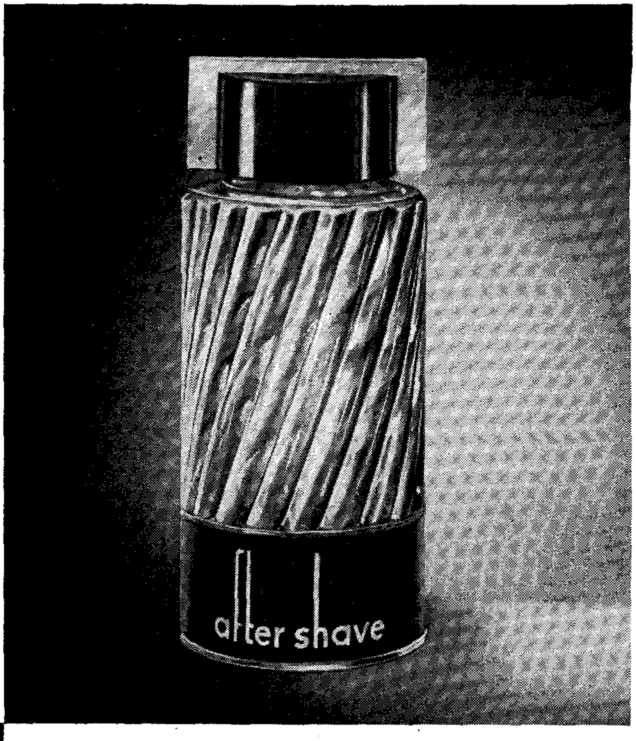

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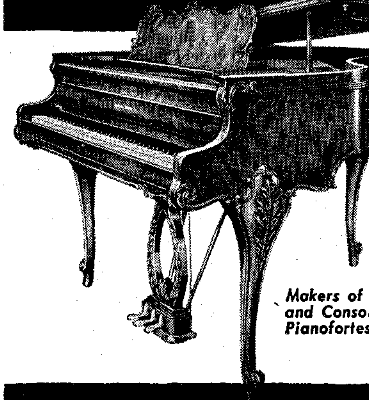

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TRIPLER: In addition to first-rate haberdashery, like Swedish gloves of hand-sewn reindeer ($12.50), knitted silk ties in plain colors ($3.50), and wool jersey shirts from Switzerland ($22.50), this shop is now selling hardware of a high-toned nature. A chromium-plated instrument, built like pincers, will perform such assorted tasks as scaling fish, cracking nuts, driving screws, and uprooting recalcitrant champagne corks; $4.95. A bottle-opener-and-corkscrew combination in a pigskin case small enough and slim enough to carry in a change pocket is $6. A passport case with the usual fittings ($7.50), a key case with an eight-key capacity and an identification compartment ($4.80), and a flat, zippered, envelope-shape, oilskin-lined wet-pack case from England ($18) are all of pigskin. Shoehorns carved in Nigeria out of ebony are $4.50, and out of African buffalo horns, $3.50.

JOHN WANAMAKER'S LONDON SHOP, 59 Liberty Street: Fugi silks from Japan, which are sturdy enough to survive a good many trips to the laundry, go into shirts with French cuffs ($10), and simply cut pajamas with collars that may be buttoned to the throat or worn open ($15). Pajamas made in England of striped cotton poplin are $8.95. Knit string gloves from Scotland, for riding or walking, come with wool linings ($4.50) or unlined ($2.45), in either tan, maize, or white. Admirable English buckskin gloves are hand-sewn and washable; $9.75, in natural chamois color. And a country coat of the windbreaker variety, made of navy waterproof rayon gabardine and equipped with a plaid wool lining that can be taken out and worn by itself, is $24.95.

WHITEHOUSE & HARDY, 695 Fifth Avenue (54th): A tidy-looking jacket, cut something like Eisenhower's, is turned out here in a Shetland wool, in gray or brown hound's-tooth checks. It is half-lined in chamois; $65. Rugged twill trench coats made by Aquascutum can be bought with or without a removable wool warmer; $75 with, $53.50 without. From Vienna and for $29.50 comes a cashmere shirt—white, natural, or navy—for the active or passive sports-

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Can lie, sit, stand... or just flop... all to the *accompaniment of a merry tune from a Swiss music mechanism.* Small, 10" long, **$6.50**; large, 15" long, **$8.95.**	The *aristocratic* member in Schirmer's famous *musical menagerie. Of soft* curly plush, and conceals Swiss music mechanism. 2 sizes: 9" high **$7.25**; 17" high **$13.95.**

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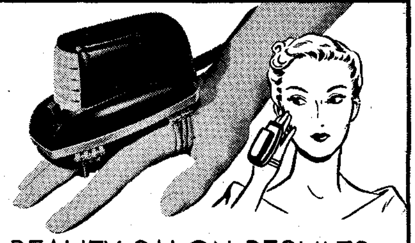

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man. Hand-sewn moccasins of the loafer variety are on hand in black as well as tan cowhide; $13.95.

WILKE PIPE SHOP, 400 Madison Avenue (48th): A man who has a number of pipes needs a rack to keep them in, such as this shop's mahogany one, which holds six pipes and has a porcelain-lined drawer, with a clay humidifier, for tobacco; $13.50. A tobacco jar of English pottery, the shape of a bean pot, in warm brown with a green or cream band around the middle, holds half a pound of tobacco, and has an airtight, clamp-down cover; $5. A dollar will buy you a pipe-smoker's knife, complete with a reamer, a tamp, and a regular blade. A walnut humidor that holds a box of twenty-five cigars has a porcelain lining, a clay moistener, and a tight-fitting cover, and costs $12.

MISCELLANY: Dobbs, 303 Park Avenue (49th), has English-tweed hats in a neat hound's-tooth check that isn't too sporty for the city; $10. . . . America House, 32 East 52nd Street, has good-looking pewter beer mugs that hold a pint. They're handmade copies of Early American ones; $13.50 each. . . . Cottons from Bihar, in plaids, irregular stripes, or tweedy mixtures, are made up into sports shirts—the kind that can be worn with or without a tie and inside or outside trousers—at India Arts & Crafts, 14 East 56th Street; $17.50. The stuff washes well. Long mufflers of raw silk in an endless number of color combinations, as well as mufflers of a tweedlike raw silk from Kumari, are $11.50. . . . Shields, 15 East 60th Street, makes fancy tie-silk evening wallets striped with assorted dark colors; $28.50 if they have gold corners and $16.50 if they don't. . . . J. Aug, 13-15 West 100th Street, has a good supply of English bicycles. Outstanding among them is the Raleigh, which has a three-speed gear, two hand brakes, and a

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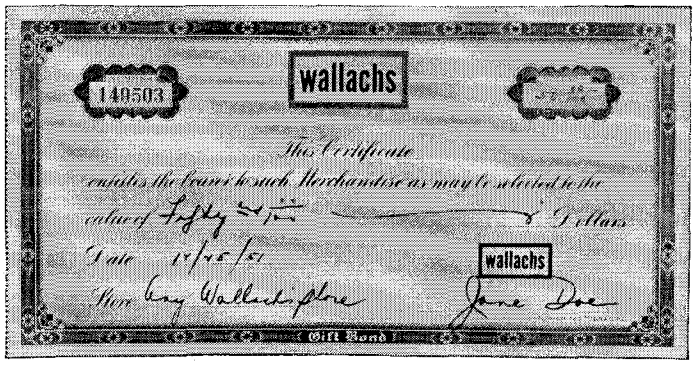

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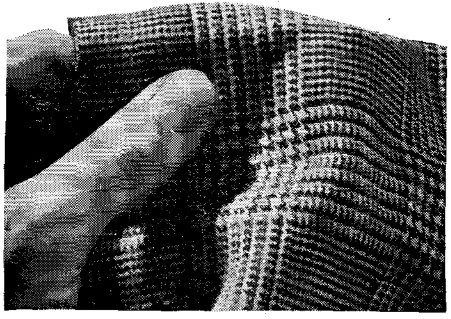

dynamo built into the front wheel to furnish power for its front and rear lights. The chain is enclosed in a guard, and the bike comes equipped with a tire pump and a bag of tools; $64.35. . . . No bicycles, you say? Well, silk hats are $45 at Knox, 452 Fifth Avenue (40th), and opera hats with French pop-up machinery are $35. . . . An indoor driving range for golfers, called the Folda-Fairway, has turned up this year at the Penthouse Golf Club, 162 East 52nd Street. The ball is attached to a nylon cord, and when it is smacked off the tee, an indicator tells how far it has been driven and whether hooked or sliced. Actually, it travels only a couple of feet; $29.95. . . . Danish silver cuff links, at Georg Jensen (where else?), have round button ends on which a Viking ship ($13) or a stylized conch shell and a couple of conventional waves ($16) establish a nautical atmosphere and gratify people looking for cuff links to give nautical men. . . . More cuff links? Well, at Baring, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), there's a pair of gold-plated ones with barrel-shaped ends that clip together instead of linking ($9), and a more orthodox pair made of polished bamboo set in gold plate ($11.40). . . . Classic plaid steamer rugs from England, thirty-four by fifty inches, are $29.95, at John Northman, 11 East 57th Street. . . . At Boucher, 36 East 12th Street, the blueprints and the materials for making a wooden model of Henry Hudson's Half Moon are $17.50. The schooner-yacht America, in whose honor the America Cup is named, is available, in the same deshabille, for $22.50. . . . Grande Maison de Blanc, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), has exquisite hand-woven Irish linen handkerchiefs, twenty-two inches square, with beautifully hand-rolled edges and cord borders, for $48 a dozen. . . . And Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (21st), has a noble assortment of corkscrews from France and Italy. For $2.95, there's one with a handle something like that on a faucet; twist the handle and out comes the cork.

Luggage

AFTER fluttering about every which way during recent years, because of the unaccustomed wealth of raw materials they could play with, luggage makers now seem to be devoting themselves to fewer, and better (and more expensive), models. Of course, a season can't go by without the introduction of a new line of airplane luggage, and this year's entry bears the name of Jacqueline Cochran. It shows

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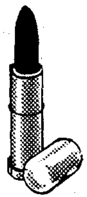

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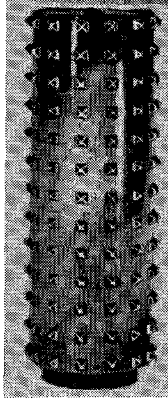

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up in fourteen so-called "series"—eleven bags per series in most instances—and in materials ranging from canvas to caribou. One series, called Night Pilot, has a phosphorescent binding—why, we have no idea, except possibly as a comfort to night fliers who like to know that their bags are glowing away valiantly in the darkness of the luggage compartment. The whole Cochran line can be found at Macy, which glows only from 9:45 to 9. The round hatbox is back again, and in numbers; Arthur Gilmore, to cite one practitioner, has a new and enchanting little one in the red cowhide he is so fond of. As for luggage on the masculine side, the kit bag, in half a dozen sizes and nearly always in estimable leathers, is steadily coming to the front; it and the plain, uncluttered suitcase seem to be the two pieces a man who gets around a lot is almost sure to want. Let's continue this discussion in the luggage stores themselves:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: Here's a modern edition of the kit bag, made of an excellent and very soft tanned cowhide, the kind used in shoes. The bag is two feet long and lined with waterproof suède cloth, has a zipper closing, and, like the old ones, can be folded flat and stored in a suitcase when not en route. It costs $52.80. A small suitcase of the attaché type, also in tanned cowhide, has a compartment for papers, room for a change of clothes, and an outside compartment fitted with a couple of flasks and a pair of drinking cups; $79.80. The Oshkosh people are represented here with a large group of stalwart wardrobe cases, notably a taxi-size wardrobe trunk. One version is given over entirely to room for dresses or men's suits (it will hold ten of one or the other), and another is half taken up by drawers. Both are covered with waterproof striped canvas, and cost $198. A cowhide leather case for either a Hermes or a Corona portable typewriter has compartments in the top for paper, envelopes, and kindred impedimenta. It's $38.

ALTMAN: A wardrobe case two feet long, twenty inches wide, and eight inches deep holds five men's suits practically wrinkle-free; the suits can be packed in it without the special folding usually necessary. Built on a plywood foundation, it comes in a brown tweedlike canvas, bound in leather, at $64.40, or in gray canvas, also leather-bound, at $60. A twenty-two-inch cowhide bag has provisions

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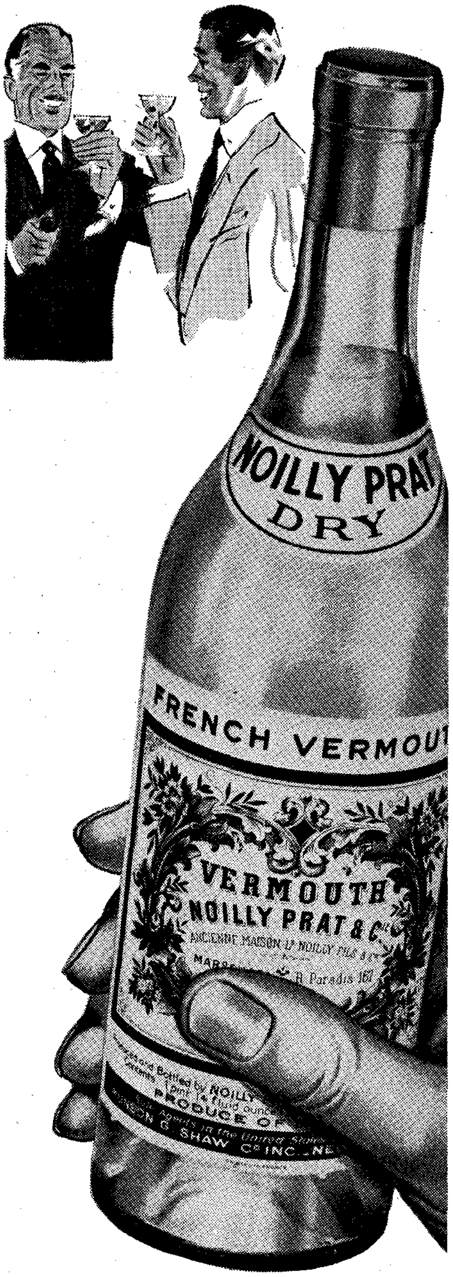

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for toilet gear, several changes of linen, and business papers, and a zippered outer compartment that takes up one whole side and contains a hanger for one suit; $81. A doctor's tan cowhide bag, fifteen inches long, with a washable lining and plastic fittings to help him organize the stuff he carries, is $28.50, and, what's more, tax-free.

T. Anthony, 751 Madison Avenue (65th): A dress carrier that a woman can manage easily if the redcaps are hiding provides hanging space for a dozen or more dresses—even evening dresses with trains. It comes in blue gabardine or wheat-colored canvas, and can be hung in a closet fully packed; $54. A light suitcase (it holds one suit or dress and a reasonable amount of linen) has a zippered briefcase built into one side; $54, in Scottish pigskin, or, for women, in red or blue morocco. The same idea is carried even further in an eighteen-inch bag that has a *detachable* briefcase on the hip; $78 in Scottish pigskin, and $66 in cowhide. A travelling case for books will hold about a dozen and has a front that drops down to make a writing shelf; $49.50, in cowhide.

Mark Cross: An indestructible case, twenty-nine inches long, nine inches deep, and ten pounds heavy, made of belting leather on a steel frame, is lined with natural-color Irish linen crash and is roomy enough for a skillful packer to stow a two-week supply of clothes in; $114. Another twenty-nine-inch case, of the same leather but built on a wooden frame, is nine inches deep and has almost the capacity of a trunk; $138. A two-suiter made of harness leather, which is very tough and perhaps sleeker-looking than belting leather, weighs fifteen pounds in its stocking feet and costs $144. Big zippered hatboxes in red, blue, or white plastic, or in plaid canvas, come in four sizes (from twelve to twenty inches in diameter) and cost from $13.20 to $20.70 in the plastic, and from $18 to $23.40 in the plaid.

Crouch & Fitzgerald, 460 Madison Avenue (48th): First off, a new attaché case. Built in at one end is a wet-pack box with a plastic lining something like porcelain, but lighter. At the bottom is a place for packing a couple of shirts without bending them. The rest is standard attaché case. In cowhide, it is $42. A woman's eighteen-inch suitcase of belting leather—handsome, classic, and heavy—is $82.20. A hatbox of

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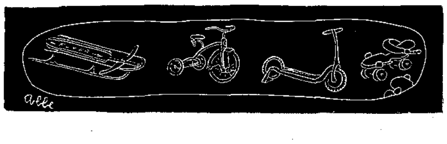
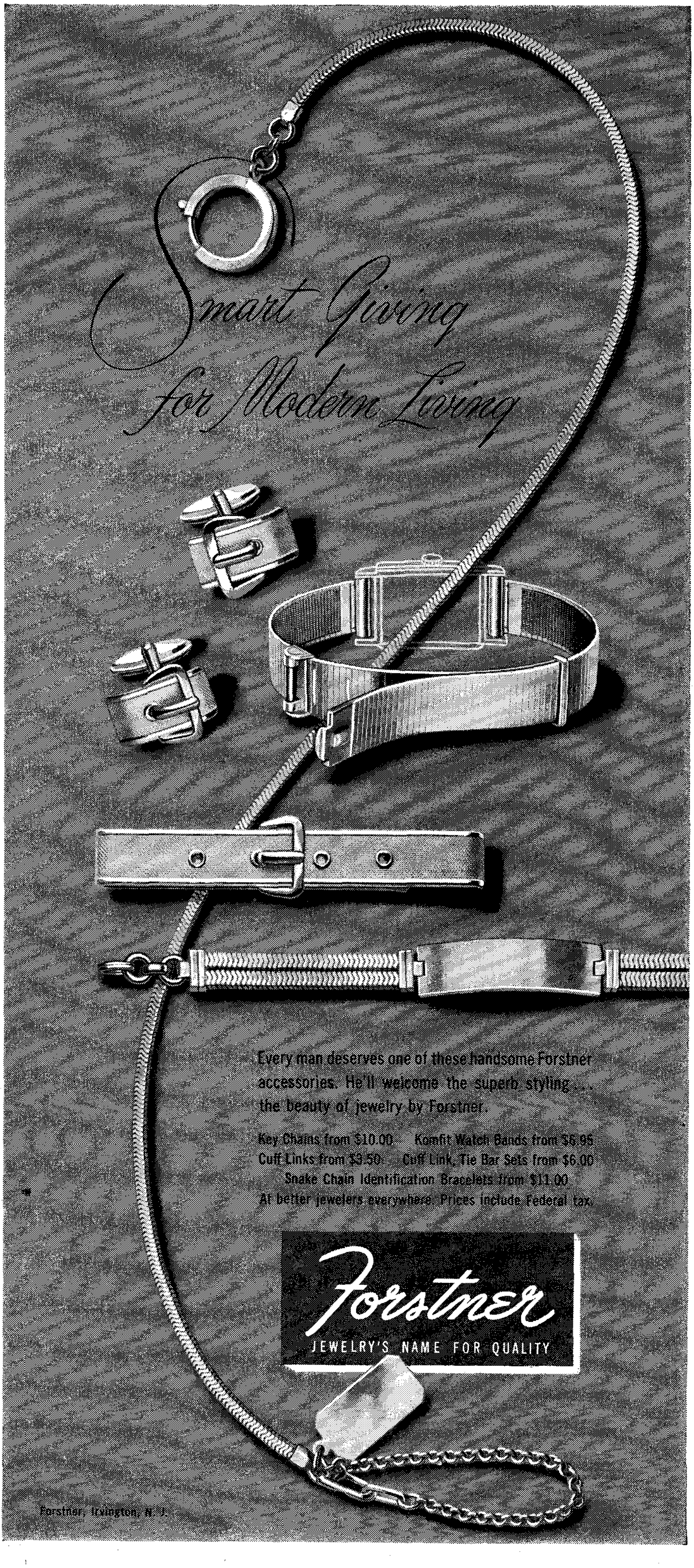
wheat-colored canvas is $18.80, and a big calf pouch to carry by hand or over the shoulder has two zippered pockets for passports and papers and enough room inside for basic overnight gear; $30, in half a dozen colors, including a brilliant red.

DALE, 719 Fifth Avenue (56th): Practically everything here is inclined to nest. Suitcases made of a dark, tweedy-looking green or cinnamon canvas come in five sizes, the lesser four of which are meant to be stored in the largest one, a thirty-two-inch hand trunk. All are reinforced with belting leather at the corners and other strategic spots, and all have Sesamee combination locks. Prices start at $58, for a twenty-inch case, and end at $99.60, for the biggest one. In gray, tan, or natural rawhide, the smallest is $69.60 and the largest $148.80. A cowhide box not much larger than a vanity case ($35) holds an electric iron that will work on any kind of current it runs into, here or abroad; also in the box is a sewing kit with a good pair of scissors.

ARTHUR GILMORE, 16 East 52nd Street: One of this commendable firm's best achievements is that hatbox we mentioned at the beginning of this treatise, made of magnificent claret-red cowhide. (It also comes in tan.) Ten inches in diameter and ten inches deep, it is fastened across the top by a strap that is just loose enough to let one get an arm through; $43.20. Personable suitcases for both men and women are handmade of tan pigskin in five sizes, from a sixteen-inch overnight case ($75.60) to a twenty-nine-inch tray case ($138). A nine-by-seven-inch shoulder bag, moiré-lined and large enough for a passport, a checkbook, and cosmetics, as well as glasses, soft slippers, and other equipment for a long plane or train trip, is $44.40, in red, brown, black, or navy morocco, or in tan pigskin. In canvas, $36.

LORD & TAYLOR: A pair of hand trunks here are nicely calculated to sustain an air-minded couple on a fairly long visit abroad. The two pieces, fully packed with clothes, weigh less than the hundred and thirty-two pounds the airlines allow two overseas travellers. One, forty inches high and about two feet square, is full of

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hangers and has room at the bottom for shoes; $157.80. The other, somewhat smaller, has a lot of pockets, and costs $101.20. Both are made of molded five-ply veneer covered with a tough, waterproof tweedlike material. A seventeen-inch barrel-shaped roll bag, from Italy, is made of very heavy cream-colored cowhide, has a zipper closing, and is lightly tapered at each end; $41.40. A shiny black plastic hatbox, twenty inches in diameter, a light but robust version of the black patent-leather hatbox that accompanied practically every female traveller of the twenties, is $21. An attaché case here has a file that can be removed, converting the case into an overnight bag; $40.20.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: Now, *this* attaché case is of cranberry-red cowhide, and is intended for a businesswoman, or attachée. It is $58.80, with a pocket for papers in the top. Zippered roll bags, eighteen inches long and capable of encompassing slacks and an extra jacket and shirt, and hardy enough to stand stuffing and restuffing over and over again, are on hand in a variety of materials—to name just a few, tan cowhide, $38.40; brown duck with cowhide binding, $17.94; and Italian green suède with tan cowhide, $41.40. Saks' own wardrobe trunk rests on a built-in turntable, so the traveller won't have to call the porter back to manhandle it into an accessible position. It's a gigantic thing, covered with rawhide, and it costs $642, but think what it'll save on tips.

Perfume

THIS year, the perfumers seem to be working with what they have instead of launching new models. As a substitute for ineffable new fragrances and desperate new names, they're concentrating on new packaging, some of which is fairly desperate itself. We don't know what conclusions are to be drawn from it, but the fact is that most of the big perfumers are giving more and more attention to small, decorative flacons for the purse, which make it possible for people to give perfume without dipping into capital. More and more famous perfume is turning up in toilet waters, colognes, and sachets, too. For the most part, the fragrances we're about to discuss can be bought in practically any of the big stores, such as Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord & Taylor, and Altman. Don't forget—the prices noted include the luxury tax.

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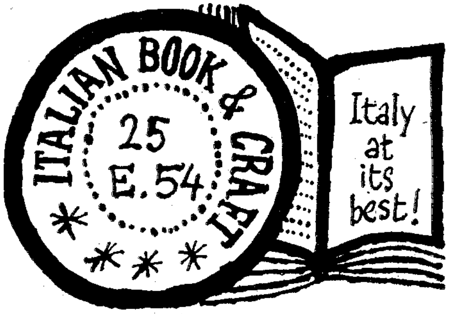

There are a few new perfumes—Monteil's ineptly named Gigolo, for instance, which turns out to be an innocent and appealing rose scent spiked with fern and jasmine; $36 for three-quarters of an ounce and $60 for an ounce and a half. Raphael's Réplique, which until recently reached these shores only in the baggage of homecoming tourists, is now for sale at Jay Thorpe; it's a rich, worldly scent of the type that is often described as "good with furs." It's $21.60 an ounce. In toilet water or cologne, it's $7.20 for four ounces. Lelong has come up with Passionnément, a brisk floral blend; $10.80 for two ounces.

Carven's Ma Griffe, a lush Continental favorite, is now imported in cologne form, and $12.60 will get you eight ounces at Saks or Jay Thorpe. Among the better-known giants of the perfume field, Patou's Joy, the champion of rose scents, now comes in a charming green-leather-covered tube for the purse; $12. A third of an ounce of his triumphant Moment Suprême or of his sprightly Amour Amour is $7.80. The same quantity of Cocktail Dry is $8.40. Rochas's Femme, that sensational brew that introduces a hint of tropical fruit into a floral blend, appears this year in the small economy size—$4.20 for a disc-shaped white porcelain flask, covered with black net, that holds an eighth of an ounce. A half-ounce bottle, in the famous black-lace-covered box, is $27.50. If, however, you are after seven and a half ounces of the stuff in a Lalique bottle luxuriating in a black velvet case, that will be $300, please. Schiaparelli's sweet but shocking Shocking turns up as cologne, of which you can get sixteen ounces, in the familiar dress-form bottle, for $19.20. For $19.80, you can get an ounce of Shocking perfume, in a new gold-metal filigree flask studded with rubylike stones. Guerlain's great favorites—L'Heure Bleue, Shalimar, Mitsouko, and the rest—have also translated nicely into colognes. Six ounces of any of these, in bottles shaped like big round "O"s, complete with the hole in the middle, is $9. Lanvin's Arpège, one of the finest floral blends of all time (it has a hint of *every* flower a woman likes), is available for $6.60 in a pretty new set—two ounces of toilet water in a gold-metal flask, plus a black plastic purse-size container of perfume.

M. Dior presents toilet-water versions of his opulent Diorama and his more débutante Miss Dior in black-and-white checked boxes; two ounces are $4.20; four are $7.80. . . . Evyan's

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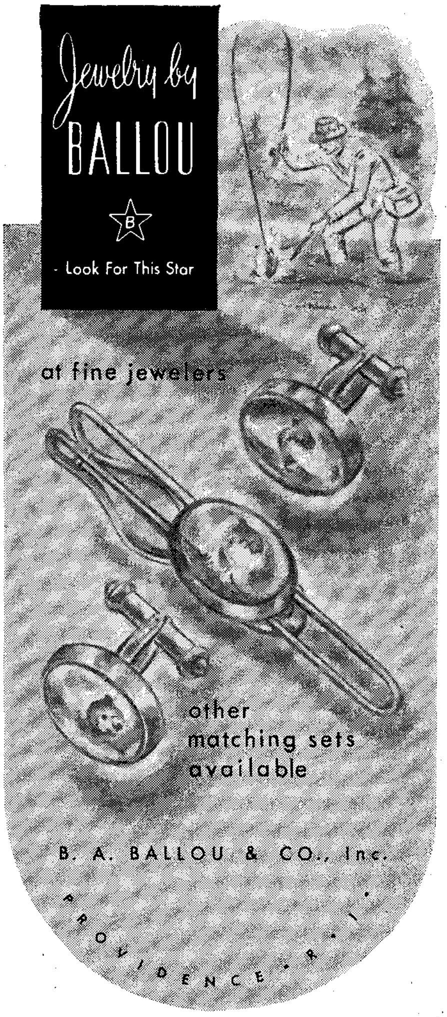
Menace is now called Enchanting Menace (do we detect a nomenclatural boomerang here?), but, whatever its name, it still has an insouciant and merry air about it. This and Evyan's old standby, White Shoulders, are to be had in cologne; two ounces for $3.30. . . . Nina Ricci's Fille d'Eve, with its tropical-fruit-and-flower languor, is still offered in a crystal Lalique bottle that somewhat suggests an apple; $17.40 pays for a good half-ounce jolt of perfume and $5.40 for a smidgen. . . . Ann Haviland, a specialist in single-flower scents, puts up her warm and haunting Jasmin of the Night in tiny gold-washed flasks that can be monogrammed; $4.20. And she has taken a long, critical sniff of her rose perfume Perhaps, and made it even rosier and at the same time more distinguished. . . . Dana's predatory Tabu appears this year in a gold-washed purse flacon shaped like a violin; $9, including a suède case and a small dropper.

Marie Earle's Ballerina comes in bath oil, six tiny bottles of it strung together like Alpinists and stuffed inside a wand covered with frosty silver paper and a spiral of gold paper; $3. A four-ounce bottle of Rallet #1 toilet water is wrapped in crinkly gold cloth to bear out its name of Gold Brick; $3. . . . A golden plastic reindeer carries a pack-load of Bergdorf's Fireworks, No. 9, and No. 44, and the contents all together weigh one dram; $4.74. . . . Elizabeth Arden attaches four bottles of her perfumes (White Orchid, My Love, On Dit, and Blue Grass) to a miniature plastic cane with a hooked handle of silver metal and lots of magenta ribbon wrapped around it; $18. . . . Charles of the Ritz's Directoire, a delicate but pervasive business, is done up in a number of curious ways. For instance, a one-dram flacon, with a Directoire wreath of gold metal on the screw cap, comes inside a sheaf of tinsel arrows; $4.20.

Fabergé's Aphrodisia, Tigress, Woodhue, and Act IV now come in bath-essence form; $4.50 an ounce, in oval glass bottles with gold-washed cruet tops. . . . Toilet water and bath powder in de Markoff's rich Tribute arrive together in a wedge-shaped transparent plastic case; $6.60. . . . Six small vials (two drams each) of Matchabelli's favorite scents, with gold-metal crown tops, cost $4.20 and constitute a safe choice for practically anyone. . . . Monteil's floral scent Laughter has been doctored to make it brisker, and rechristened Rigolade. In cologne, four ounces accompanied by a



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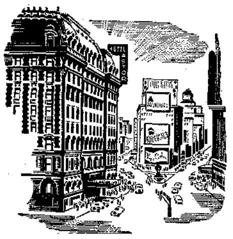

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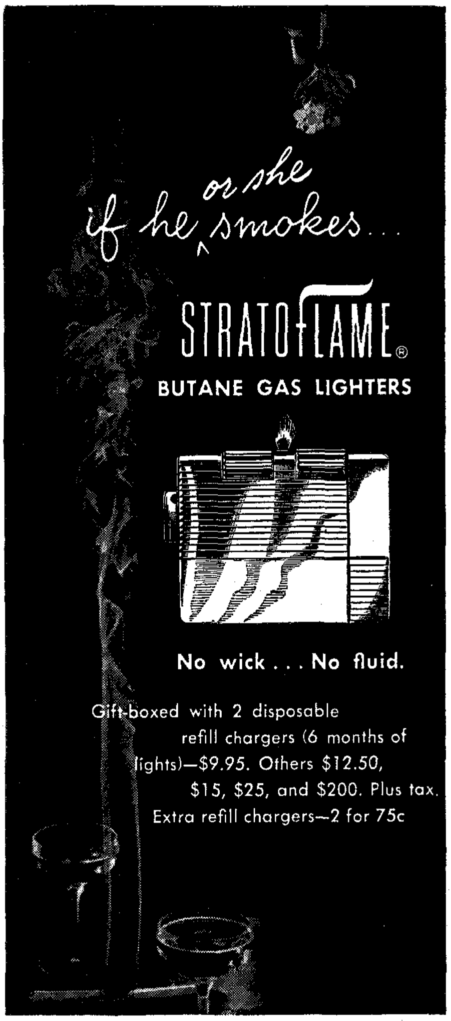

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Gift-boxed with 2 disposable refill chargers (6 months of lights)—$9.95. Others $12.50, $15, $25, and $200. Plus tax. Extra refill chargers—2 for 75c

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OLDE ENGLAND BEEF AND KIDNEY PIE
11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Cocktails

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box of dusting powder are $4.80. . . . Millot's Crêpe de Chine, a great favorite of old, is now prepared for travel (a one-ounce bottle in a leakproof leather case, at $26.40), and also appears in a cologne, at $7.20 for a four-and-a-half-ounce bottle. . . . Caron's noble Bain de Champagne, another bath-water enrichment, is around again, at $7.20 for a split and $26.20 for a quart. . . . Charles of the Ritz makes a soap ball scented with Directoire and covered with a bright plastic casing, so that it can hang on the tree; $1.25. A pound and a half of Directoire bath salts is $4.20. . . . For children, Mem makes soap in the forms of animals and fish; $1.50 for a set of three. Lord & Taylor have a particularly good supply of these.

Now for some sachets. Schiaparelli takes a whopping-big Shocking-pink satin heart, scented with guess what, and slips it into the diagonal pocket of a square handkerchief case covered with French lace; $10.50. . . . The newest of Mary Chess's sachets are covered with flowered rayon taffeta. One, a foot and a half long, is supposed to dangle from a hanger to scent the entire bodice of a dress; $6. . . . Luban's sachets, at Saks Fifth Avenue only, exhale the delicate Douce France, the more worldly Nuit de Longchamps, or the rugged Bouquet Cuir; three fat bags in a small hatbox are $6; a big oblong of flannel scented with any of these fragrances is $9.

In the cosmetic line, Charles of the Ritz has put his Revenescence (powder base), in either liquid or cream forms, into a box with a Christmas tree on it; $7.20. . . . John Robert Powers' comparatively new line of cosmetics and makeup—which, except for lipstick and face powder, are all liquids, even to the eyeshadow—comes, naturally, in a model's hatbox; $9.60. . . . Four ounces of Tussy's nice body or hand lotion repose inside a snowman package; $1.20. . . . Jacqueline Cochran's makeup, in plastic bottles, plus cleansing tissues, is in a plaid rayon taffeta case, six inches by seven, that opens up to hang flat on a door; $9.

A new columnar atomizer from France, made by Shields, is three and a

GOOD GROOMING GIFTS

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TODDY STICK
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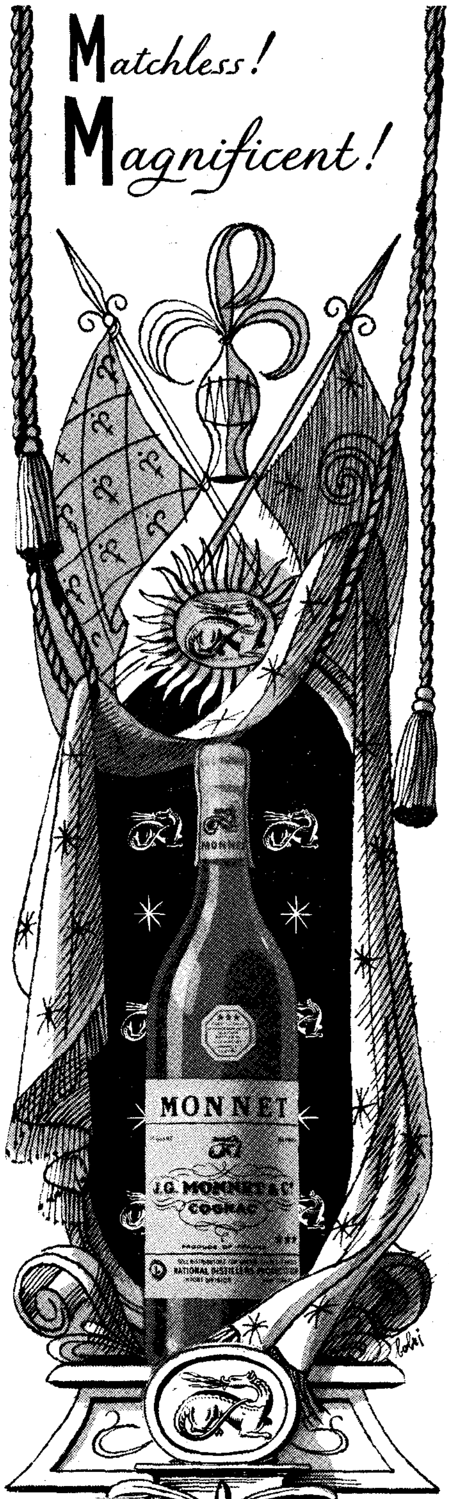

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half inches tall, has a black plastic base and a gold-colored top, and fits inside a black satin drawstring case. The mechanism is simple and efficient, and the whole thing handsome; $7.50, at Jay Thorpe and Altman.

Coty presents a compact, a lipstick, and a dram vial of Emeraude perfume in the upper tray of a Lucite box handbag, seven and a half inches long, three and a half wide, and five deep; $24, with a silk chiffon handkerchief thrown in. A useful morocco or pigskin wallet, containing a gold-metal compact, a vial of perfume, and a lipstick, is $14.40, and there's a change purse attached to the wallet. . . . Harriet Hubbard Ayer puts forth a calf or pigskin wallet, vaguely like a clover leaf in shape, containing a lipstick and two small, round boxes of cake powder and rouge; $6. . . . Hudnut offers a jewel box, of blue or red leatherette with a red or blue rayon moiré lining, that has a tray of makeup at the top, a mirror in the lid, and a hiding place for jewels down below ($12), and an impressive cowhide train box, big and deep, with plastic bottles and jars of cosmetics and makeup in a separate case that fits in neatly across the back; $99. . . . Milkmaid has tiny compacts, not much more than an inch square, with Limoges figures on the tops that look as if they were painted on enamel; $3.95, and particularly good for young girls. . . . The Mary Dunhill compacts, which have a sort of windshield-wiper arrangement inside that cleans the mirror as the lid is raised, now come with a loop at one end, in which a lipstick is inserted. Covered with calf or snake in any of several colors, they are $8.95. . . . Lelong, you should perhaps know, has lipsticks swathed in mink, broadtail, ermine, and the like; $9 to $18. . . . This seems to us to be just about the end, and the right place to stop until next year. Merry Christmas to all.

•

TAGGED

Everyone should get a "dog tag"—preferably one with a high melting point—the Federal Defense Administration advised.
—*Los Angeles Times.*

I'm doubtless an unsocial sort
And selfish to the core.
I do not take the long, broad view;
My outlook I deplore.

But I confess that no relief,
No surge of joy, is felt
In knowing that, whatever comes,
My dog tag will not melt.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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WHISTLING BULLFINCH

JUST after the close of the First World War, I got a job as secretary to the widow of a titled whiskey magnate. I had never met her. She was sunning herself in the South of France when she engaged me, by telegram, to open her London house, oversee her servants until her arrival, some weeks later, and make reservations for her for "all the events of the season." Further instructions were to follow.

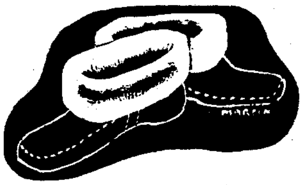
A second telegram came promptly. "GET WHISTLING BULLFINCH," it said.

I looked through the theatre notices, expecting to find a play or ballet of that name, but there was none. I called Selfridges' information service. "Sounds like the name of a pub," the man I spoke to said helpfully. Hatchards bookshop knew of no novel called "The Whistling Bullfinch"—not even a thriller. When the book lists failed me, it occurred to me that perhaps the telegram should be taken literally. I called Harrods' pet shop. "I know what you mean, of course," the voice of the man in charge of birds replied, "but I haven't a notion where to tell you to look for one. They haven't been coming in since the war."

"Aren't they a native bird?" I asked, surprised. I was sure that finches had been pointed out to me in hedges, and that I had read about them in the first-birds-sighted-this-spring news in the *Times*. "The ordinary bullfinch is here, of course," the man said. "But the kind you want is trained in Germany."

"Trained?"

"To whistle," he said patiently. "That's what you want, isn't it, a whistling bullfinch? The Huns haven't been training them the last few years. Had other things on their minds, I daresay. I don't know where you'd find a whistling bullfinch in England nowadays. There's no demand for them."



"Do you know where in Germany I might write for information?" I asked.

"Couldn't say, I'm sure," he answered reproachfully, and hung up. I judged he felt that continuing to show interest in a whistling bullfinch after I had learned of its Teutonic training was unpatriotic—tantamount to approving of a dachshund, which was still "not done" in England.

I was anxious not to fail in my first assignment. I telephoned other pet shops listed in the directory, until I found a man who remembered the name of a bird fancier who had handled bullfinches before the war. He gave me the fancier's address, and I wrote it down. "Is there a telephone number?" I asked.

"Dear me, no," he said briskly. "No fancier—*real* fancier, that is—would have a telephone. It's resented by the birds, you know. Puts them off their feed."

I thanked him, and when I had hung up I looked at the name and address I had written down: "Starkey, 90 Wantage Street, Ealing." Ealing, a good suburb of London, was as far away and alien to me as the Congo, but I set out for it. With the help of a policeman, I got the right tube, and when I arrived I discovered that Wantage Street was not far from the station. I found the house and rang the bell. A scowling woman opened the door. "I'm looking for a Mr. Starkey," I said.

"Not here," she told me.

"He sold birds," I said.

"Oh, *him*," the woman said. "Down the street." She turned away, still scowling, and called, "Bert, this lady wants the bird man!"

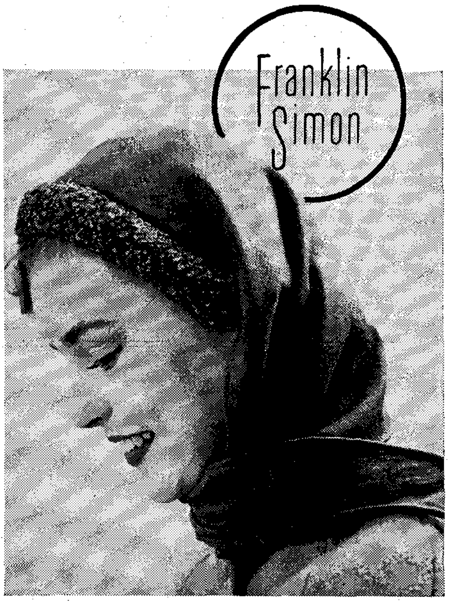
Presently a man emerged, struggling to get his arms into his coat sleeves. "Right you are," he said. "Two doors beyond the pub, Miss, in the basement."

"Does he still have birds?" I asked.

"Not the kind *I* fancy—if you know what I mean." Bert winked and tapped his forehead, then pointed down the street. "You'll find him in," he said. "Fact is, he hardly goes out. You'll have to shout a bit loud and use the knocker."

I WAS glad to have Bert's warning; otherwise I might have given up trying to rouse Mr. Starkey long before my thundering on his knocker finally brought him to the door. He was a thin, shrivelled man, wearing a long alpaca coat, like the dusters in the photographs of early motorists. He was bald except for a fringe of wispy hair, but he made up for it in the luxuriance of his mustache, which drooped in a festoon on either side of his mouth and rose again, waxed, at the ends. I stared at it in fascination while I mumbled that I heard he kept

FOR CHRISTMAS



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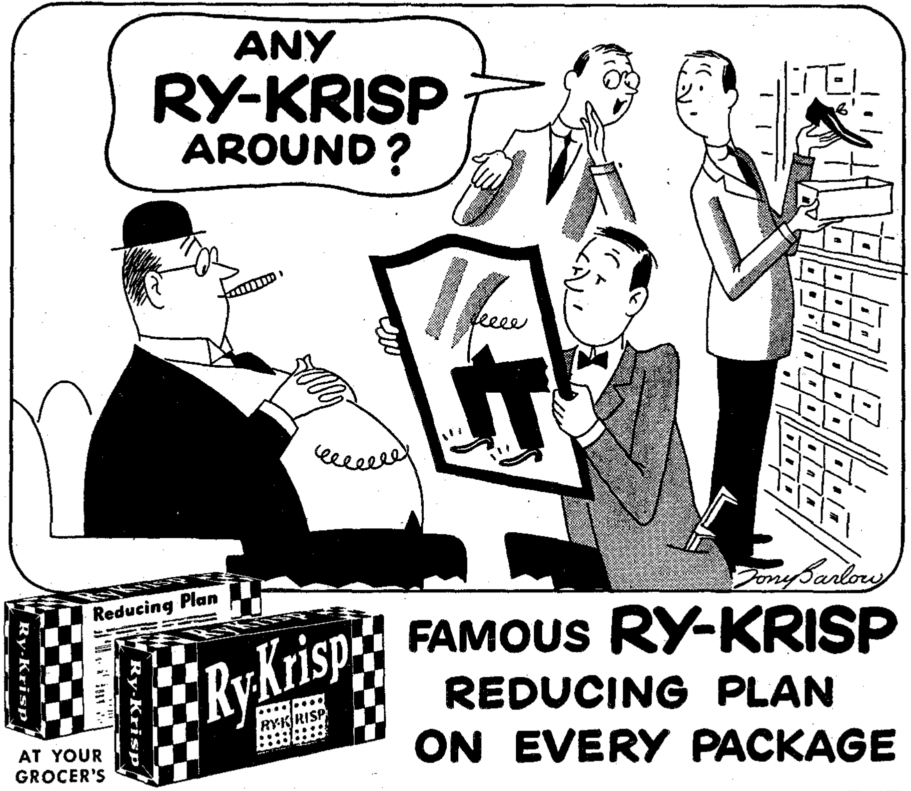

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birds. "I'm looking for a whistling bullfinch," I told him.

"You are, are you?" he said. "Well." There was no encouragement in his tone.

"I want to buy one," I said.

"So did a lot of other folks, once upon a time," he said.

"May I come in and look at your birds?" I asked.

He stepped aside with a queer little skipping movement and I followed him into his basement. It was dark, and at first I thought what a dreadful place it was for birds to be kept. Then I saw that the darkness was partly accounted for by the birds' cages hanging against the window, which was high up in the wall and almost level with the pavement outside. The birds had a good view of all passing feet, and they got all the sun and air that reached the pavement—enough, probably. The sun was shining now, striping the wall opposite the windows with the shadows of the cages.

I could see that some of the cages were filled with black-and-red birds and some with birds that were all yellow, and that there were smaller cages holding single birds. There was a constant dry, rustling sound of hopping claws and swinging perches. I looked around for a chair. There was only one—one chair, one table, one cup hanging from a hook, one saucer propped on the ledge beneath it, one pan full of water on the gas ring, one towel beside it, one door, and one window. Except for the cages and the birds, there was one of everything. A camp bed stood in the corner, and a picture of Queen Victoria talking to her gillie hung above it.

"I understand you're one of the few people in this country with whistling bullfinches for sale," I plunged in hopefully.

"Whoever told you that told you wrong," Mr. Starkey said. "I don't say but what it was right once," he amended. "I used to import and sell—all over London, I sold. But I don't import no more. I train. I'm the only *trainer* in England, you might say, but I don't sell much to speak of nowadays. It's become more my hobby."

"But now you'll sell one to me," I said.

"Depends," he said as I sat down on the chair. He swung himself onto the table, dangling his spindly legs.

"Depends?" I repeated.

"On a number of things," he said. "Whether I have the right sort of bird for sale, for one. Whether you have the money to buy, for another. You may not be aware of it, Miss, but since the war prime whistlers come high—as high as fifteen pounds."

I whistled then myself, and Mr. Starkey looked gratified.

"But mostly it's a question whether the bird takes a proper fancy to the person buying him," he said. "He won't perform unless he does. In the bird-fancier business, Miss, the birds do the fancying." He laughed at his joke. "Very particular, they are."

I thought of the long trip back in the tube and of the letters I was supposed to write for Lady Whiskey Magnate that day, and wondered how to hasten the transaction. Mr. Starkey didn't seem a man to be pushed. "Which bird would you advise me to take?" I asked.

He smiled pityingly. "It isn't like it used to be," he said. "There's not the choice. Matter of fact, I've only one that's trained thorough. The others don't carry all their tune."

"Show me the one you mean," I said.

Mr. Starkey slid from the table and went to the window. He lifted down one of the small cages. "There," he said, setting it on the table.

A thin, draggly-looking black-and-red bullfinch hopped back in the cage, getting as far away from me as he could. I hoped his voice was better than his looks.

"He won't go through his repertoire now," Mr. Starkey said, as though he guessed my thoughts.

"What is his repertoire?" I asked, making a stab at Mr. Starkey's pronunciation—"ree-pee-tory." "Does he sing more than one tune?"

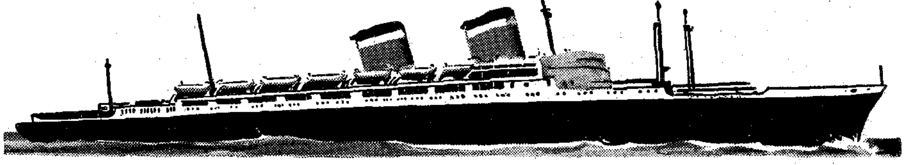
"Whistle, Miss, not sing," said Mr. Starkey.

"What does he whistle, then," I said, "when he's disposed to perform?"

"'*Hup* with the Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee,'" Mr. Starkey said.

"Oh," I said. "Scottish, is he? That will please— I mean, that's fine." I decided it was better not to let Mr. Starkey know I was buying the bullfinch for Lady Whiskey Magnate, lest her title augment the price. "I'll take him," I said. "I'll have to hear him whistle first, of course. And isn't he rather thin? Some of those others over there look healthier."

"That's because you're a stranger to him, Miss, and you're standing near him," said Mr. Starkey. "When a bullfinch knows and likes you, he puffs himself out. When he doesn't know you, he goes medium thin. When he doesn't know you and doesn't like you, he goes thinner. When he knows you and dislikes you—takes a real dislike—he shrinks to a shadder. After that, he



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dies. Now, Bully, here, has only gone medium thin. That's why I say there's hope for you to buy him."

"Nonsense!" I said.

"I'll show you." Mr. Starkey pushed me toward the door and opened it. "Stand behind the door, where you can peek at him quiet," he said.

He went to the table and chirruped at Bully, who chirruped back. He poked his fingers between the bars of the cage. Bully puffed himself into a round ball of satisfaction; I had no idea anything so small could look so big. Mr. Starkey beckoned me from behind his back. I stepped into sight, and Bully's fluff disappeared. He went medium thin again and looked at me, head on one side, then on the other.

"See?" said Mr. Starkey.

"I see," I said. "I didn't know they did that."

"All of them do," he said. "But never mind, Miss. Bully didn't shrink to a shadder for you, only medium thin. You'll have to come every day, regular, to get him used to you. Then, as soon as he makes himself fat for you, you can take him home."

"Every day? Regular?" I said. "Impossible! I must take him now. He'll just have to get used to me in new surroundings."

Mr. Starkey shook his head. "Couldn't let you have him that way," he said. "Wouldn't do. He'd never whistle for you. Pine and die on you is what he might do. Wasteful."

"How long does it take a bird to get used to a person?" I asked despairingly.

"Depends." Mr. Starkey was enjoying himself hugely. "But wait, Miss. You want to hear him whistle. Go behind the door again, and be careful about peeking. He'll stop if he guesses what's up."

I was beginning to be tired of the whole affair, and was already composing the letter I should write to the South of France: "I have to report, regretfully, that after combing the whole of London I have failed to locate a whistling . . ."

"Go on, Miss, hide," Mr. Starkey said.

I hid behind the door again. Mr. Starkey whistled one low note, over and over. Bully listened awhile, then he whistled a note back. He hopped around the cage, fat enough to burst, and after an interval he took a sudden deep breath, puffed out his chest a fraction more, and sailed into his version of "Bonnie Dundee." The timing was off, there was a catch in the middle when he took another breath, but the tune

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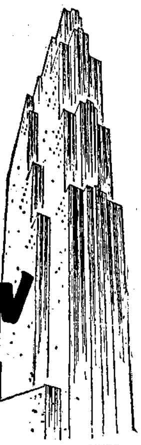
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was recognizable and the whole performance oddly touching. I fell in love with Bully and his ree-pee-tory, as Mr. Starkey expected I would.

FOR the next ten days, I went "regular" to Wantage Street, after my work, to pay court to Bully. It was inconvenient. It interfered with my social life. After I had refused two invitations to dinner on the ground that I was busy with a bullfinch, my friends began to look at me rather fixedly. And at first Bully refused to be wooed.

"Is there any particular color bullfinches are fond of?" I asked Mr. Starkey one day. "Would it do any good if I wore a new hat?"

"Try him with an oyster shell to scrape his beak on," said Mr. Starkey.

So I brought Bully an oyster shell, and later, again at Mr. Starkey's suggestion, a banana, and on the ninth day he puffed himself out for me. On the tenth day, he whistled while I was in the room. Mr. Starkey accepted fifteen pounds and allowed me to take the bird away.

When we arrived at Lady Whiskey Magnate's house, I put Bully in the morning room, where I worked, and he settled down to his new life. He puffed himself up a good deal, for apparently he liked his surroundings, his new and larger cage, his sunnier window, and the sound of my typewriter—though not the bell at the end of a line, which often caused him to shrink momentarily to medium thin. He whistled for me frequently, and I was gratified. I had dreams of glory in which I said gently to Lady Whiskey Magnate, "Step behind the door and keep well hidden; then you'll hear him in his ree-pee-tory." I wrote to her that she had a whistling bullfinch, and that he was settling in nicely, as I was, and that we both looked forward to her coming.

The telegram announcing her arrival reached me on a Thursday. "ARRIVING FRIDAY NIGHT," it said. "WILL SEE YOU MONDAY." I alerted the servants, ordered flowers, piled all the correspondence I had dealt with for her neatly on her desk, with comments and carbons attached, and tied a bow on Bully's cage.

I wondered if I should leave a note of warning or encouragement. Memorandum: "Bullfinches are shy. They do not whistle readily." No, I thought, it would be better to telephone. I might start with a polite inquiry about her journey, and then say casually, "By the way, don't worry if the bullfinch doesn't seem to whistle. He's just shy. You

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might try offering him an oyster shell."

It sounded absurd and officious. Probably she knew all about the habits of bullfinches. It was her idea to have one. I read the telegram again. "WILL SEE YOU MONDAY." It sounded definite. I had better not intrude before then. I chirruped at Bully, sighed, and left for a weekend of some anxiety.

MONDAY morning, I set out earlier than usual. When I reached the morning room, it was empty except for Bully, who was hopping listlessly about his cage. He was medium thin. He stayed so even when I put my fingers in the cage, poked his oyster shell, and whistled to him softly. This was grave but, I told myself, natural. It was unfortunate that THE RETURN OF THE OWNER—which I thought of in capitals, like the title of a thriller—should have happened on a weekend, when I could not be there to soften the impact. Bully would get over it, I told him, chirruping earnestly. But Bully stayed medium thin until we heard footsteps in the corridor. Then he shrank to a shadder as Lady Whiskey Magnate swept into the room. My heart shrank with him. She was large, commanding, cold; she was all that I had prayed she might not be. "Good morning," she said briskly, in an arrogant, well-fed voice. Then, seeing my eyes go to the cage, she said, "That bird you bought's no good. He doesn't whistle. Not a peep from him. You let yourself be taken in, I'm afraid. Couldn't you see he was sickly?"

She sat down and began giving me dictation. She dictated commas, full stops, and paragraphs, and showed very clearly that she doubted I could spell. Halfway through the morning's work, she looked toward the cage again and said, "You really should have taken care to get a healthy bird, considering the amount of money you spent."

Later, a friend called her on the telephone, and I heard for the first time what in the next few weeks was to become a wearisome iteration: "Yes, my dear, isn't it strange?" she said. "One *always* has to do simply *everything* oneself."

Bully and I lasted out the month. He died, and I got another job.

—EVELYN EATON

•

As it emerges from its swaddling clothes, CD can point to 442 public shelters it has inspected and approved of, with six square feet of space for each 243,915 persons.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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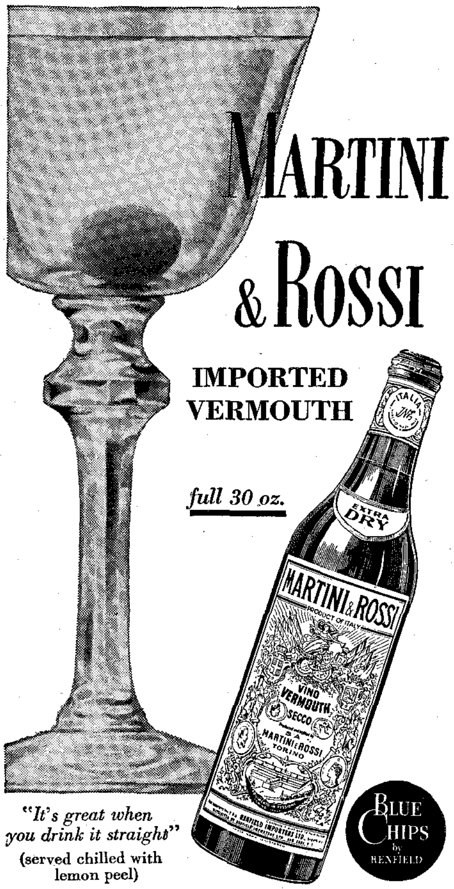

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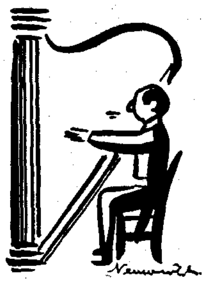
Impromptu



I HADN'T realized until the other night that Aaron Copland's Concerto for Clarinet and String Orchestra, composed a few years ago on commission from Benny Goodman and introduced by him shortly thereafter, contained anything like such exhilarating properties as Jerome Robbins has found in it and expressed in terms of a ballet entitled "The Pied Piper." This brilliant and contagious dance work was presented for the first time last week at the City Center by the New York City Ballet, with Robbins himself in one of the main parts. The scene is the entire stage, unadorned except for a pair of enormous steel fire doors set in the back wall, ladders of varying sizes standing near them, and a few props lying around.

Things start quietly enough. A clarinet soloist, Edmund Wall, dressed in a plain business suit, strolls across the dim stage with his instrument. He pauses in the center to give the mouthpiece a twist, then continues to the far end of the proscenium arch, where there is a stool, a music rack, and a work light. Making himself comfortable on the stool, he puts the clarinet to his mouth and the concerto begins, with the soloist's idle, seemingly spontaneous musical figures supported by an unobtrusive background of strings. As if drawn by the clarinettist's improvisations, two dancers—a boy and a girl, wearing practice clothes—push open one of the fire doors and wander on, the door closing softly behind them and eclipsing the yellowish light from backstage. They walk uncertainly downstage and look around for the source of the music, then spy the clarinettist and stop to listen. As the music gets to them, they move their limbs tentatively. A light from in front throws bulky shadows of their bodies on the rear wall, and the dancers, turning toward these apparitions, play with them briefly. Other pairs of inquiring dancers stroll on from various places, look at the soloist, who is absorbed in his music-making and oblivious of them, and are set in motion. Then two more dancers (Robbins and Tanaquil LeClercq) slip out from the wings beside the clarinettist, stand still for a moment, gazing foolishly at him, and begin to engage, more animatedly than the rest, in an erratic and funny pas de deux. The tempo of the music has quickened and its uncertain quality is changing, for the soloist has warmed up. He is still improvising, but with direction now, and joyously. The stage, which has become brightly lighted, is filled with dancers. They catch the spirit and line of the music and react to it. Apparently of its own free will, one girl's arm lifts from her side, fingers wriggling, and she watches it, dumfounded, as it rises above her head to the extent of her reach. Another dancer's leg begins to jerk spasmodically. Everybody is affected. A tiny dancer (Janet Reed) makes a visible effort to exert her will and repress the sensations filling her body, with the result that she goes skittering in alarm across the stage, coming to a halt on one leg. Soon the music has them all dancing as a group. They bounce around delightedly and uncontrollably. All together, they fall to the floor on their backs, legs twitching. Then they jump up and run around in formation. Music and dancers have reached a high degree of excitement when, suddenly, the clarinet seems to get out of hand, and the dancers, one body now, are drawn downstage toward the soloist. He regains control of the thing and blows a last, triumphant phrase, and the dancers are all swept diagonally up and across the stage and into the wings out of sight. The whole production made it seem as if Walt Disney had finally succeeded in creating people.

JANET COLLINS, a trim and sleek-looking young lady who is one of the Metropolitan Opera's principal new dancers, gave a recital last week to a full house in the Kaufmann Auditorium, repeating a program she had put on there last April. She is an unusually talented performer and has an engaging sense of comedy, which she employs in appropriate places. The numbers she did were her own compositions, and she also designed the lovely costumes she wore. In such pieces as the dance of the little blackamoor, disarmingly mimicking French court life during the reign of Louis XIV, and the "Three Psalms of David," in which she executed effective dance figures while an offstage voice sang the words, in attractive musical settings by Noel Sokoloff, as well as in the folk dances that followed, Miss Collins showed a wide range of interest and a startling

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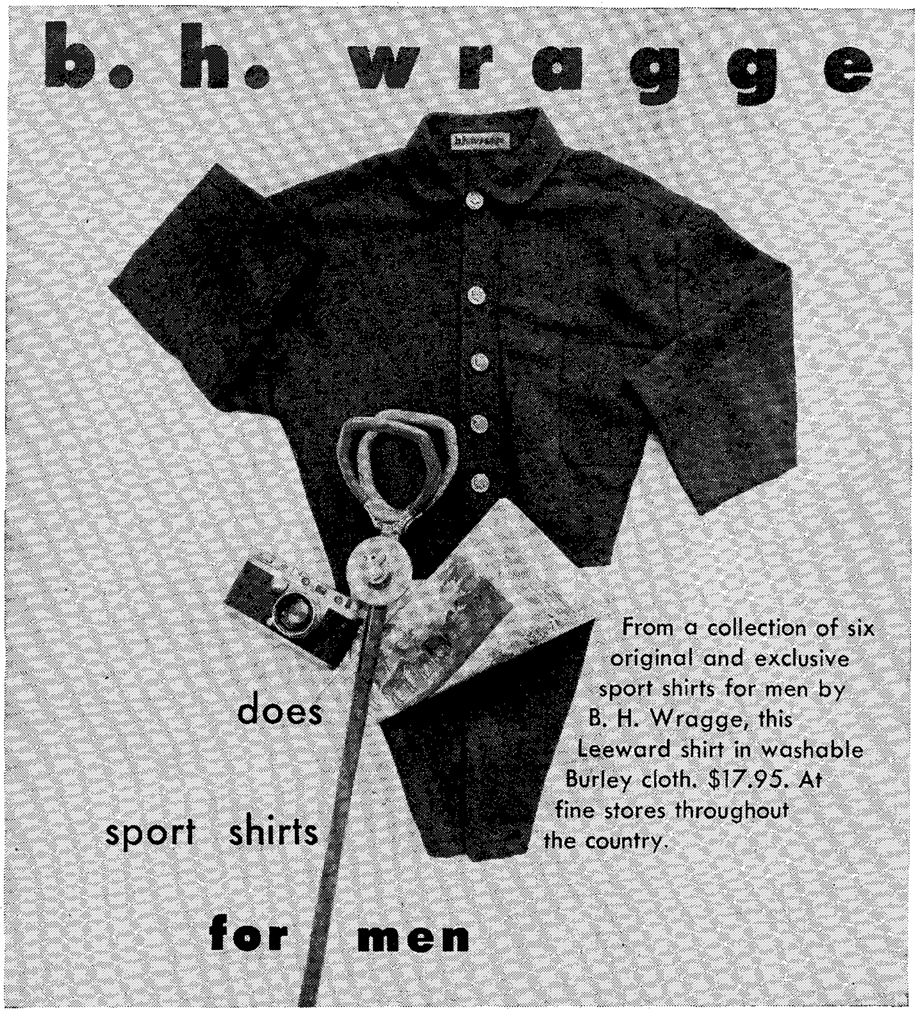

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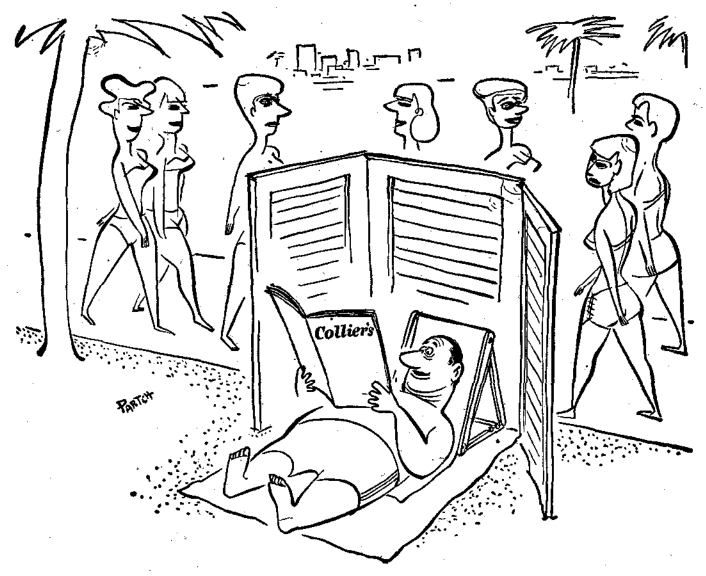

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degree of technical proficiency. She was assisted by Calvin Dash, baritone; Theodore Benedict, a bongo drummer; and Raymond Sachse, pianist.

Benedict, after performing with Miss Collins in a piece entitled "Apre le Mardi Gras," took the stage alone for a prodigious demonstration of bongo drumming, which is done with the fingers and hands. It drew prolonged applause, and he sang an entertaining calypso number for an encore. Dash had a spot on the program, too, singing a few French songs (Poulenc, Ravel, and Massenet) without distinction. One thing I couldn't understand about the concert was why there were such interminable waits between numbers. Granted, Miss Collins had to make frequent costume changes, but unless she also had to make her way up three flights of stairs to a dressing room, and back down again, holding conversations en route, there was no easy explanation for the extended periods when nothing at all was taking place onstage.

THE first concert of the Bach Aria Group's 1951-52 subscription series was given last week at Town Hall, and because I found it somewhat tiring, and the list of participants is long, I'd like to let it go with a few simple observations. Everyone concerned applied himself to the task of presenting whole cantatas, and arias from cantatas, with becoming awareness for and appreciation of the musical values involved. Of the three vocal soloists, Erna Berger, heard in a rather trivial secular cantata—"Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten," for soprano solo—did the most delightful singing of the evening. Marian Anderson, another of the soloists—less flexible of voice than Miss Berger but still, of course, the owner of a beautiful contralto—was disappointing, on the whole, although extremely expressive in one or two things. The chorus sounded first-rate.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

Other classes are from 8:30 to 12 and 1 to 2:30 P.M. with still others attending from 9 to 12 A.M. and 1 to 3 P.M. Some of the Rochdale students have to go to Cherry Valley School for afternoon sessions. Many parents dislike their children.
—*Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.*

And vice versa.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK
[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

He hoisted the bar to his chin, then stepped over it and lifted it four times from behind.

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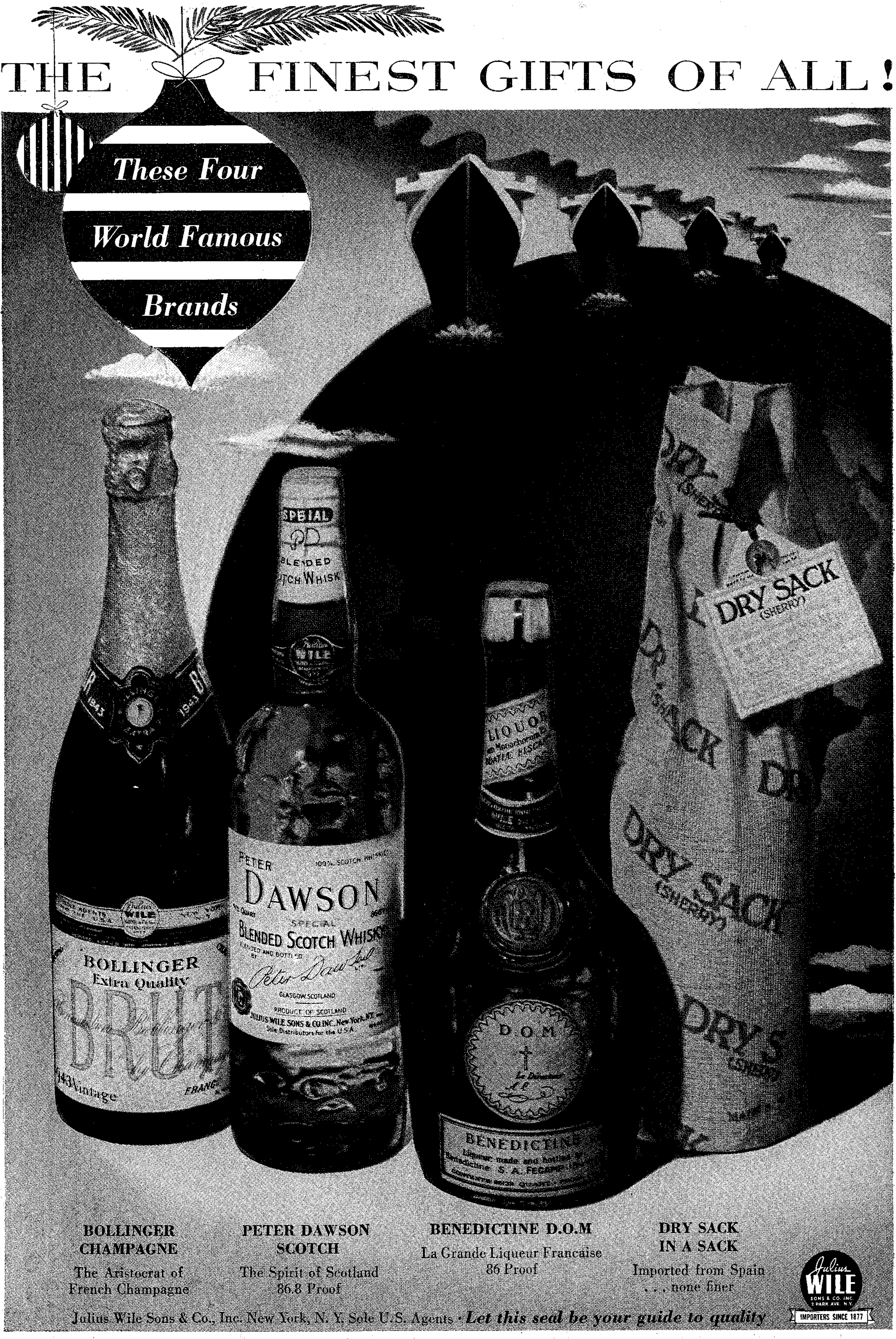
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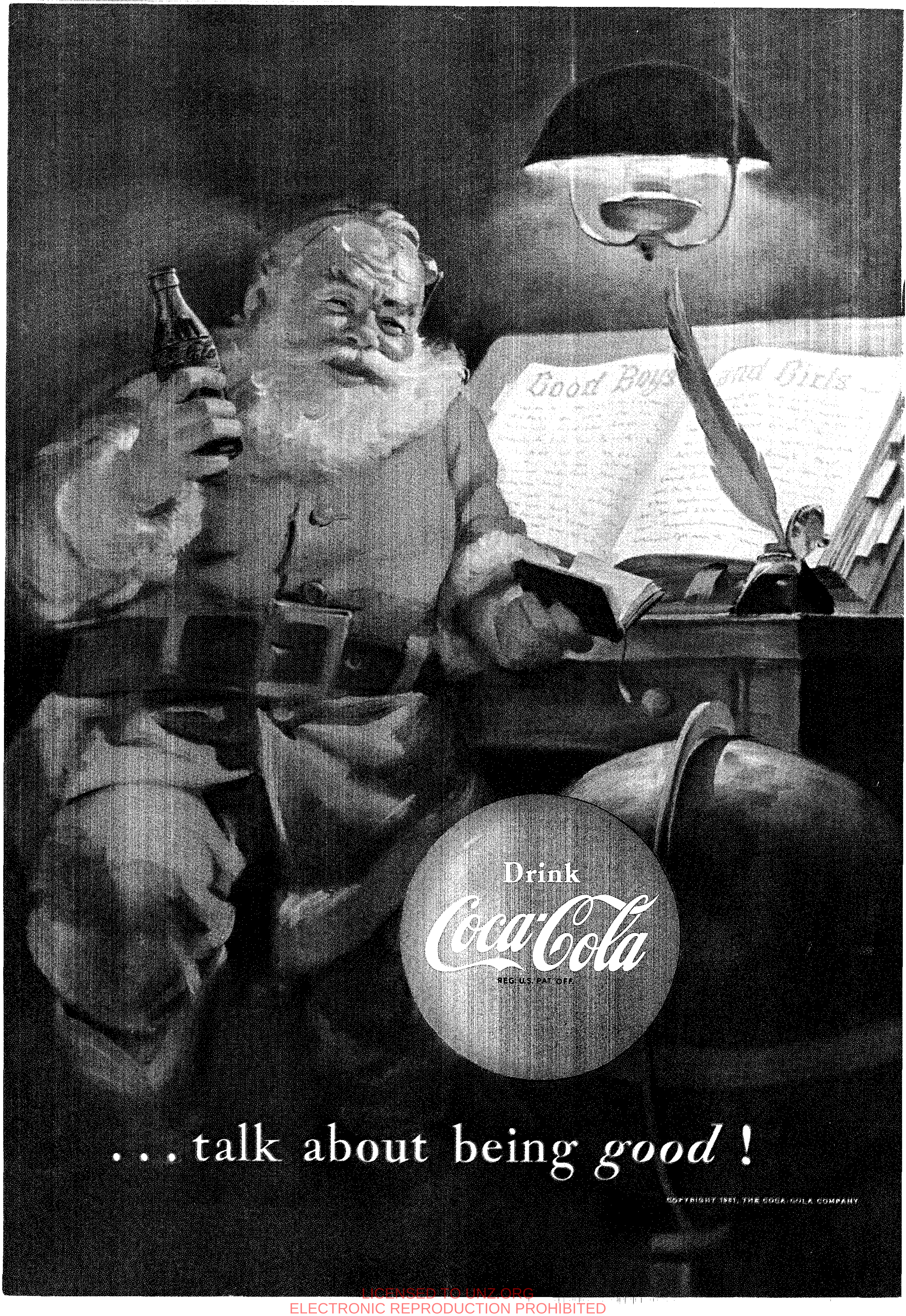
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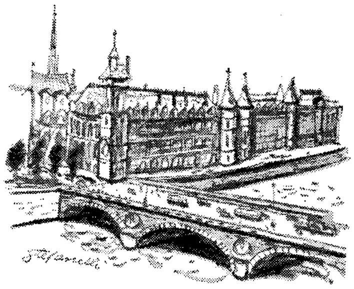
LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 5

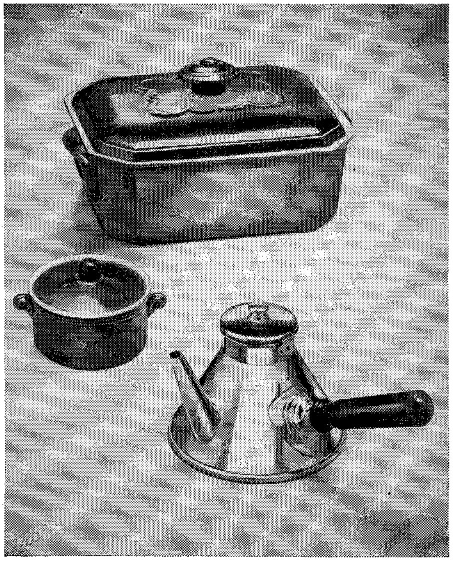


THREE lucky French writers have already been given their Christmas presents, and one has tried to give his right back. The trio of annual literary prizes that fall due in early December have just been awarded, with the usual fanfare but with more than the usual dissatisfaction. The Prix Fémina went to a blond Bretonne with the aristocratic name of Anne de Tourville, for her mystical novel "Jabadao"—the name of a folk dance in her region. Breton literature, coming from the North, has somewhat the place in France that our literature from the South has in America, except that it is infinitely less good, featuring mysticism instead of violence, druid spells instead of neighborhood fates, and, as its background, suppressed autonomy instead of secession. The French journalists' Prix Théophraste Renaudot went to a Limoges writer, Robert Margerit, for "Le Dieu Nu" (Cupid, that is), a novel of disillusionment in the provincial deer-hunting, horse-loving set. The greatest laurel of the three, the Prix Goncourt, went to—or, anyhow, was supposed to go to—a forty-one-year-old Paris *lycée* professor, Louis Poirier, who writes under the name of Julien Gracq, for "Le Rivage des Syrtes." This is an extraordinary novel about an imaginary three-hundred-year war between a couple of imaginary countries situated on a quicksand belt beside the imaginary Syrtes River, with one of the countries not even knowing it is at war until a kindly enemy sneaks in to give the news. Published by a small house in a small edition, it is out of print and cannot be bought anywhere; it has now been nicknamed "Le Fantôme Goncourt." At first, nobody was even sure it had won the Prix Goncourt. In a recent pamphlet called "La Littérature à l'Estomac," Gracq angrily inveighed against writers who accept literary awards. At the Goncourt jury's traditional luncheon at the Restaurant Drouant, over their oysters and *blanc de blancs* champagne, they voted him their prize just the same. When he said no, he would not take it, they officially said—inspired by their president, that quick-tongued genius Mme. Colette—"The Goncourt Academy has paid no attention to what was said or written before the awarding of the prize; it will pay no attention to what is said afterward." So there Gracq was, and is, stuck with the greatest literary laurel in France. All the poor man could do was refuse the prize money, which is a pittance, and the Prix Goncourt wraparound band always affixed by publishers to the laureate volume as a triumphant selling lure—in case there should ever again be any copies of "Le Rivage des Syrtes" on sale. This was the forty-ninth awarding of the Goncourt brothers' prize. Nobody had ever sniffed at it, or them, before.

Over the years, the five thousand francs in prize money, once the equivalent of a thousand dollars, or a nice year's income, has shrunk, until it now amounts to fourteen dollars and a few cents. Today, the monetary value of the Prix Goncourt is its assurance to the author of sales of at least a hundred thousand copies, at about five hundred francs apiece, on which he usually gets fifteen per cent, or about seven and a half million francs (twenty-one thousand dollars), in royalties. Because the French are, fortunately, backward about developing modern mechanical gadgets, the book-publishing trade here is considered to be better off than that in the United States. French radio, which is owned by the government—like other means of public communication, such as post offices and telephones, neither of them supposed to have much entertainment value—has never become a giddy advertising medium, blaring soap opera and *tendre amour* to *Maman* over her housework. If *Maman* is romantic-minded, she buys novels. French television is too nearly nonexistent to have hit either the home or literate society. There are almost no French magazines, except such serious ones that you might as well read a book. And read books is what the French still do. There are at least a hundred thousand of them longing right now to read "Le Fantôme Goncourt," if only they were able to lay their hands on it.

AN astonishing concert of ultramodern music was recently given in the gloomy little Salle d'Orgue of the austere Conservatoire. There were songs set to "Mélodies en Langue Imaginaire," by Mlle. M. Scriabin, a relative of old A. Scriabin, whom she has left far behind. The chief interest, how-

FOR THE GOURMET



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ever, was in two examples of quarter-tone music—"Fragment Symphonique" and "Fugue No. 1," composed by Ivan Vyschnegradsky. They were played on four pianos, two tuned at concert pitch and the other two a quarter tone higher. At first, the music sounded like dialogue delicately off key. Then—to this listener, at least—the auditory experience became a surprising and liberated pleasure, comparable to the experience of hearing Debussy's whole-tone-scale music for the first time. It was nothing like hearing the stiffer diatonic music or the work of any of the twelve-tone composers. Vyschnegradsky's quarter-tone music is iridescent, savory, and richly tactile—a sort of supersensory production, which, though received through the ears, involves the other senses. Being a music of fractions, it is refined, calculated, curiously unequivocal, and balanced. It seems there was a Paris concert of it in 1937, when one of the critics referred to the composer's "attractive dissonant relationships between a tonic and its half-sharped fourths." Quite so. Rachmaninoff, Honegger, and Messiaen were early admirers of Vyschnegradsky. His "Ainsi Parlait Zarathoustra," performed by the Brussels Philharmonic Society after the Second World War, is considered his major work. Now living in Paris, he composes on a specially constructed, two-tiered, quarter-tone piano. He was born in St. Petersburg, studied harmony with a pupil of Rimski-Korsakov, and is the son of a director of the Imperial Russian Orchestra. Today, Vyschnegradsky is an invalid, as a result of his confinement in the Nazi prison camp at Compiègne. It is said that Stokowski will present his "Fugue No. 1" in America this coming year.

Vincent d'Indy also used to be regarded as ultramodern here. At the recent Opéra celebration of his centenary, his two-act opera "L'Etranger," which apparently ranked as a shocker around the turn of the century, sounded very old hat. The big event of the soirée was the remarkable solo performance by Mlle. Micheline Bardin, star of the Opéra Ballet, in his ballet "Istar." She was dancing "Istar" for the first time. It is seldom given any more, mostly because it has no corps de ballet and also because few dancers have the endurance and the technique to dance it. The "Istar" solo takes twenty minutes to perform, is reportedly the longest and perhaps the most difficult in modern repertory, and constitutes an incredible encyclopedia of steps and positions, illustrating the complete *école classique de la*

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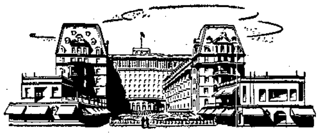

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danse. As a choreographic tour de force, it demands and gives everything—a regular fresco of *déboulés*, *manège*, *sautés* of all sorts, plus elevation, miming, pace, and what the French ballet experts call "the artistry of neatness." Micheline Bardin's performance, which attracted the balletomanes of Paris and even the other Opéra dancers, was a triumph. To the fluid technique that makes her style she has now added a brilliant warmth and glow, all too rare lately in some segments of the Opéra ballet circle.

THE tension, confusion, and discouragement attendant on the various United Nations General Assembly meetings this past month, and on the conflicting statements and arguments and figures at Western European conferences held here and elsewhere, appear to have abated somewhat. Nobody is optimistic or relaxed, but nobody seems as pessimistic and jumpy as people were a fortnight ago. Certainly there is less worrying among the official small fry—those sensitive, humble thermometers that are to be seen, if never heard, in the United Nations delegations and that modestly take up wall space at international powwows. Several of these small fry, being of the new diplomatic generation, have learned to speak Russian. According to one of them who functions at the United Nations, Vishinsky's speeches, when heard in Russian straight from the horse's mouth, now show far less intellectual assurance than they did a while back, and a less inspired command of ideas, of pungency, and of Slavic vernacular. It is as if he were now on the defensive, and weaker in his mental processes than when he was rambunctiously on the offensive. Though the over-all official news from the Rome North Atlantic Treaty Organization conference was considered *morbido*, or soft, as far as American success here was concerned, the small fry have since said that the results actually were pretty good. If the N.A.T.O. meeting made it clear that Western Europe wouldn't arm as heavily or as speedily as the Pentagon had hoped, the Europeans themselves felt cheered by this slowdown, and consequently felt less anti-American. One of their fears about us has been that we would develop a defensive army so big that it would go off half cocked and start a war, which in their experience has been what big armies always do.

A fortnight ago, it was felt that a European Army could not be more than a dream unless all Europe was ready for

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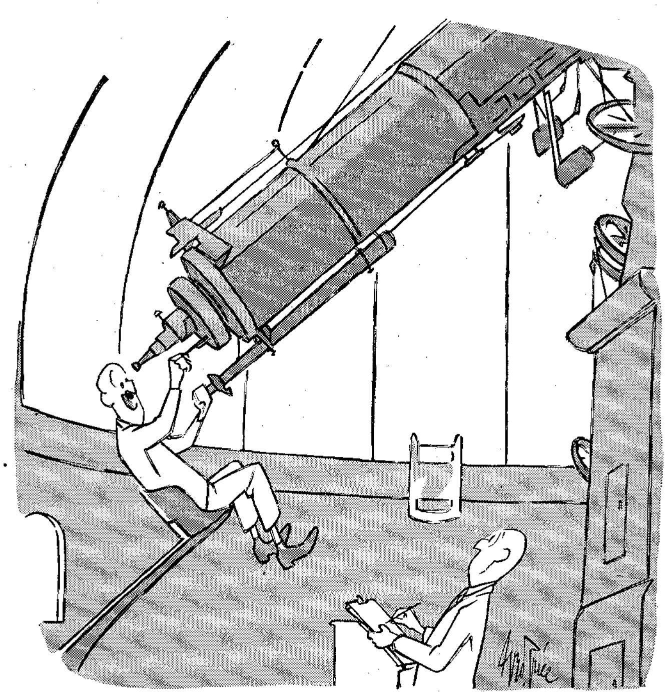

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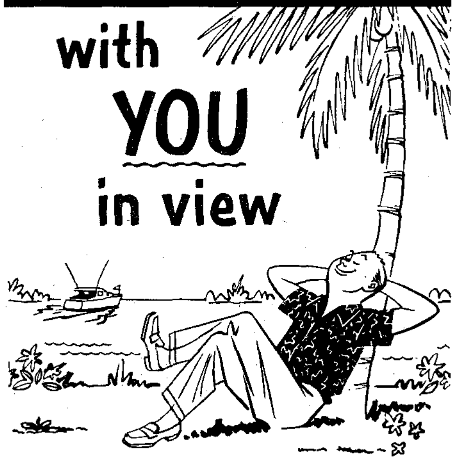

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federation, but the European Army idea is now going strong again as a practical means of setting the mold for that federation, which the various states could afterward join, breathe the breath of life into, and make work. Regarded at first as, above all, a military impossibility, the European Army is now suddenly being regarded as a major political possibility. Even the neutralist *Monde* has commented that though the French Foreign Affairs Commission's recent ratification of the Schuman coal-and-steel pool "does not necessarily imply that the European arms plan has also been ratified, a close connection nevertheless exists between the two. It would seem inconsequential to work to construct Europe in one domain and to oppose constructing it in the other." After making the startling statement that a common army would be just "a simple question of organization," which any good experts could cook up, *Le Monde* went on to suggest that the European Army could easily be integrated into the Atlantic Pact Army, since, the paper added bitterly, "European authority would have only a limited role" in any case. That is just what General de Gaulle thinks, too—that European authority has too limited a role in everything, everywhere he looks. His R.P.F. Party has the most seats in the Assembly, but it can no more make a majority without help than can Premier Pleven at present. What, at the General's bidding, the R.P.F. deputies will do to the French government's various foreign-affairs ideas and the European Army idea, let alone the Atlantic Pact Army idea, when they come up soon for discussion in the Chamber, remains to be seen and heard. —GENÊT

•

Mauro A. Portosa, of 9 Caprera road, a taxi driver, today received last week's Courtesy Driver of the week award.

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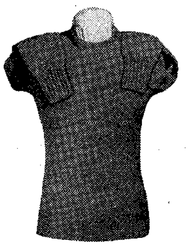

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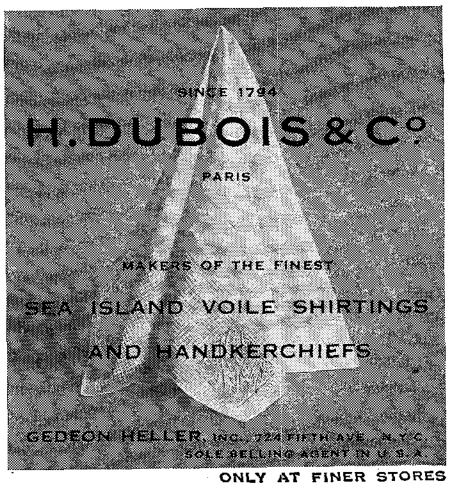

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MY recollection of Leslie Howard in the movie version of "Berkeley Square" has blurred with the passage of years (eighteen of them, to be precise), but I do recall that Mr. Howard was most pleasantly whimsical as the time-defying mortal with the impressive gift of being able to retreat from the twentieth century into the Georgian era. Now another movie interpretation of "Berkeley Square" is available, but if you have cheerful memories of the original one, you would be well advised to sit home and mull them over when the current effort is playing in your neighborhood. Under the title "I'll Never Forget You," this exhibit gets under way with some scientific fiddle-faddle designed to indicate that the hero, a scientist, is absolutely right on top of the mushroom in the advanced-physics set in London. This nonsense over with, the picture starts making use of some of the ideas in "Berkeley Square." Under the impetus provided by a bolt of lightning, the hero is transported to the eighteenth century, and is soon rubbing shoulders with the likes of Johnson, Boswell, and Reynolds. In the guise of a long-dead relative, he proposes marriage to a cousin, and then discovers that he really loves her sister. He has amassed quite a reputation as a soothsayer before the authorities move in to toss him into Bedlam, on the ground that anybody who knows as much about the future as he does must be in cahoots with the Devil.

Some of this, as Mr. Howard demonstrated, can be palatable stuff, but in the present case Tyrone Power plays the fantasy as if it were only once removed from "Crime and Punishment," and delivers a mot with all the sulky reluctance of a man who expects to be grilled about it by a grand jury. Despite his baleful attitude, however, he purportedly succeeds in throwing Ann Blyth, the charmer of the piece, into such raptures that she promises to chase him down the corridors of time for an eternity, if necessary. Miss Blyth is

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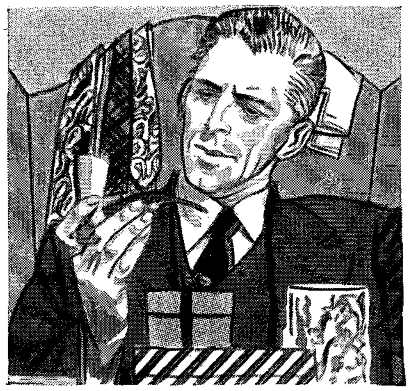

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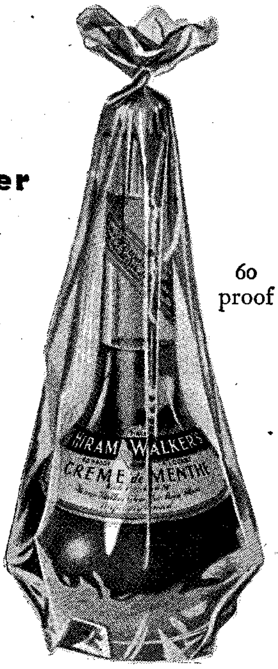

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something of a relief from Mr. Power, and so are a couple of others, such as Dennis Price, Irene Browne, and Raymond Huntley. I'm sorry that their levity is so often interrupted by the beetling glances of the hero.

"CALLAWAY WENT THATAWAY" in its first few reels projects an amiable, if elementary, satire on television cowboys. Then it plunges headlong into the very sort of sudsy pool that breeds television dramas, and sputters to a dreary end. It is the notion of this film that the showing of some old-time movies on television reëstablishes as a star a cowboy actor who hasn't been around since the days of Tom Mix. When the sponsor of the television show demands to see this performer, the publicity agents responsible for his comeback send a beater out to find him. Meanwhile, they persuade a real cowhand, the spitting image of the original, to fill in for him. Eventually, of course, the old actor shows up—too drunk to be exhibited, as it happens—and all kinds of confusion result. Fred MacMurray and Dorothy McGuire play the publicity agents, and Howard Keel is both the cinema cowboy and the genuine lover of little dogies.

"PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN" involves James Mason and Ava Gardner in a lunatic adaptation of the legend about the murderous salt who couldn't lie peacefully in his grave until he found a woman willing to give her life for him. By the time Miss Gardner, who is presented as being about as hard to cultivate as ragweed, is persuaded to kiss the boys goodbye for the sake of teaming up with Mr. Mason, "Pandora, etc." has made a bold bid for the Incoherence Award of 1951.

ANOTHER picture that isn't long on clarity is "The Strange Door," in which Charles Laughton, as a mad seventeenth-century French nobleman, busies himself torturing his brother and frustrating his niece to achieve some sort of revenge. Mr. Laughton's abode is a castle full of secret panels, hidden cells, and assorted peepholes, and roaming around in it is Boris Karloff, playing a sinister servant who is not well in the head. All the acting is deplorable, but none more awkward than that of Sally Forrest and Richard Stapley, the young romantic leads. Their manner of reading lines almost justifies Mr. Laughton's atrocious giggling and snorting.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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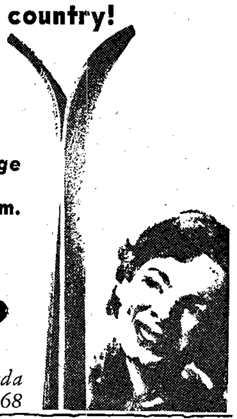

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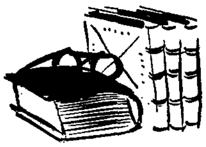
Nihilists' Holiday



"THE CONFORMIST" (Farrar, Straus & Young), is a novel of life in Italy during Mussolini's regime. It has the beauty that belongs to almost all of Alberto Moravia's still, calm writing. His clear eye always picks on a vivid and effective visual image that lights up the action or the chain of thought he is trying to describe, and his sense of the exact meaning of words brings his images to the mind with a luminous, early-morning clarity. However, as one is sweetly borne along on the serene, even flow of the writing in "The Conformist," one is subjected to some uncertain thinking and doubtful argument about morals and politics. Moravia's "Two Adolescents" and "Conjugal Love" worked down from a surface of tension and disorder to discover an underlying harmony and order in the lives of the people concerned, but this time the reader is left battling with the original confusions.

Marcello, the hero of "The Conformist," begins as a small boy with a disturbing idea that the pleasure he gets out of killing lizards and cats is an abnormal one, and ends as a member of the Fascist political police, with a share of the responsibility for a highly discreditable assassination on his hands. This is attractive in a superficial way, an example of the simplified cause-and-effect mechanism with which cozy moral lessons are driven home—nasty little boys should grow up to have political opinions that one dislikes. But a good deal of hunting up hill and down dale goes on between the points of departure and arrival. Marcello, it turns out, has an insane father, whose delusions seem to spring from the sort of mental trouble that is sometimes transmitted from one generation to the next. But if Marcello's actions are due to heredity and a decay of mind, they are not relevant to any question of morality, and his history becomes merely an account of some poor fellow's bad luck. The proposition that all Fascist officials were lunatics, however attractive in the light of emotional reactions to Fascism, is nonsense, unfortunately, so the introduction of the lunacy idea into this book stirs up doubt on the political level as well as on the moral one. It is hard to believe that so subtle a writer as Moravia would risk so much damage to his theme for the sake of making the reader see that his hero's compelling motive for being a conformist is some such argument as "My father was mad, I have this odd taste for killing animals, therefore I must be very careful to be like everybody else."

It is, as a matter of fact, one compelling motive too many. Marcello was an effeminate child, much teased as "Marcellina" at school, eager to seem virile and to be liked. He noticed that interesting and unusual possessions contributed to the popularity of the popular boys, and when a homosexual chauffeur who was making a pass at him promised to give him a real revolver if he would come to his apartment, he wasn't able to resist the bait. But when he had the pistol, with which he wanted to make a display of virility, and realized that its price was a decisive commitment to unvirility, he shot the chauffeur. Moravia's description of Marcello's escape from the homosexual situation, only to blunder into believing himself a murderer, is a magnificent piece of narrative writing. After that, one is fully prepared to watch the scared child desperately attempting the climb back into the safety of the normal world and the reassuring average path, and to see the man he becomes living a deliberately conventional but haunted life. The possibility that it may be the first stage in the development of his hereditary insanity is the one thing that could take all point from the situation.

One of the steps he mystifyingly takes to escape his abnormality is to become a police spy, and the crisis of the book shows him using his honeymoon as a cover for a visit to Paris to put the finger on a Professor Quadri, an old acquaintance who has become an important organizer in the anti-Fascist movement. Quadri is suspicious, so to gain access to him Marcello uses his young wife as a lure for his victim's Lesbian wife, a woman who has the strongest attraction for Marcello, and with whom he falls in love. The complex and bizarre web of emotional relations between the four people allows full play for Moravia's very great gifts, but, engrossing in a flesh-crawling way though it all is, it is hard to relate any part of the proceedings to a craving for normality. And when, after Marcello has just had an amorous passage with the Lesbian (who is making up to him in order to keep him near her, so she will have a chance to seduce his wife), a British homosexual who does not appear again in the book

Dana Fradon

makes a bold attempt to carry him off in a Rolls-Royce, a feeling that one is being offered too many peculiarly flavored dishes overcomes one.

The main situation of which the Paris episode is the heart is a nicely ironic tragic one: the man trying to escape his abnormal, wicked desire to kill things and to be a good member of society is asked by it to be a murderer as proof of his good will. His role is tragic because his escape brings him the knowledge that his society is as abnormal and as wicked as he is. All this is sound enough. But when it comes to the hero's personal situation and the behavior of those of his Parisian acquaintances who are free people outside the abnormal society and who wish, in fact, to reform it, Moravia appears to be saying that there is no such thing as normality, and that the behavior of everyone is discreditable in the end. The Fascist who is to give Marcello his final instructions for the murder of the Professor arranges to meet him in a brothel; the anti-Fascist wife of the anti-Fascist Professor takes Marcello one evening to a Lesbian dive. White is black, and black white. Under pressure of this idea, the tragedy buckles and becomes nihilist farce. This is made inane farce when, as the Fascist society collapses at the end of the book, the homosexual chauffeur, whose death was indicated to the reader and Marcello alike by the local newspaper, shows up alive and well. With this, the whole chain of events becomes a meaningless flight from a meaningless shadow, and its meaninglessness seems to be the point.

It is odd to find an artist of Moravia's stature playing blankly with a dim, adolescent thought of this kind—that life is futile and largely a matter of illusions. The extraordinary beauty of some of the writing does much to make one forget the weakness of the whole, but it is, all the same, a disappointing book. It should perhaps be added that this disappointment from a major artist is still an outstanding novel.

If the appearance of nihilism is a surprise in Moravia's work, it is familiar enough in Vasco Pratolini's. The title of his new novel, "A Hero of Our Time" (Prentice-Hall), is taken from Lermontov, and is introduced by a belligerent quotation from that writer: "Some readers will perhaps wish to know my opinion of Pichorin's character. . . . My answer is the title of this book." Although the term "hero" has its accepted depreciated sense—the man who gets the girl in a film or the central

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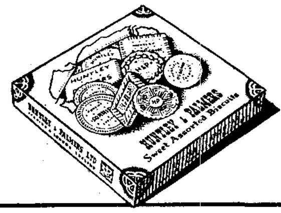
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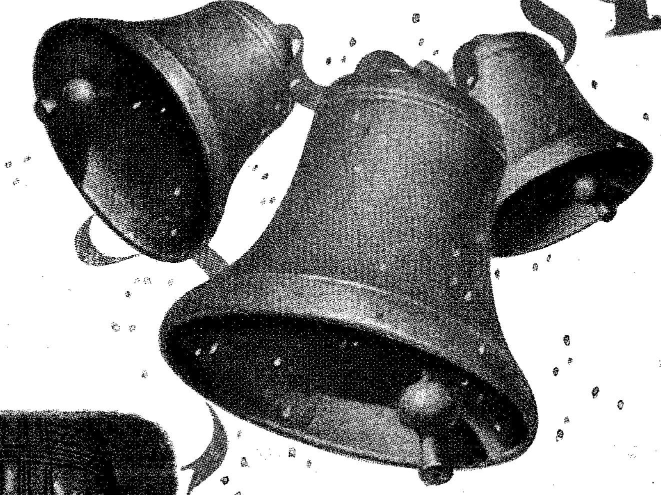

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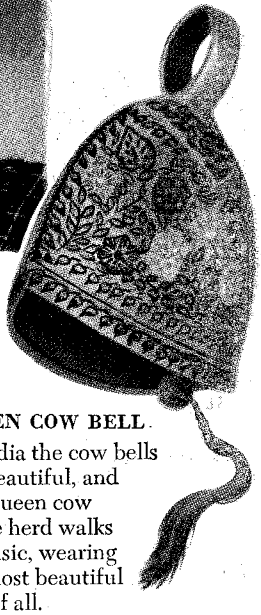

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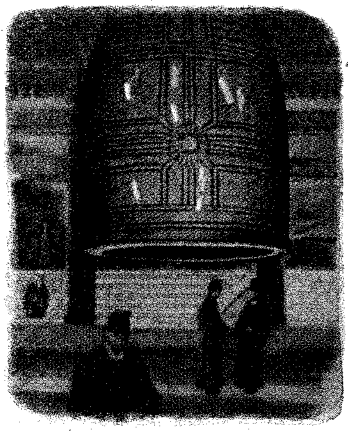

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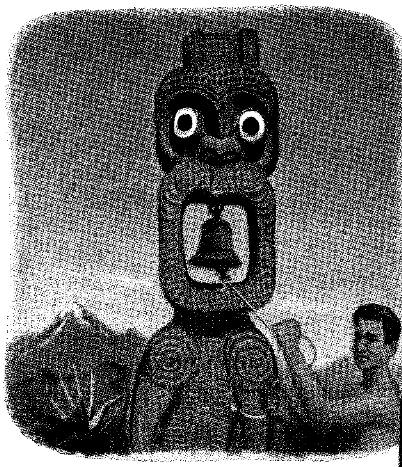

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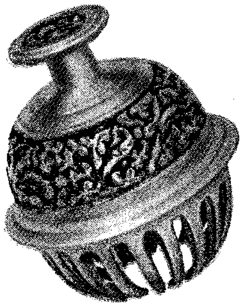

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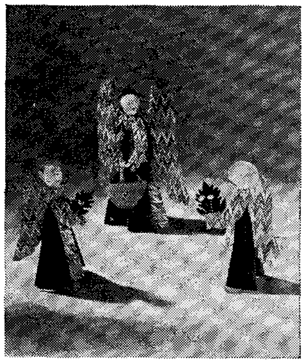

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figure of a novel—it still has the main sense of a man remembered and honored for the special qualities (the most noticeable of them moral and physical courage) that the Romans packed inside the word "virtue," the noble essence that makes a man valuable as a man. Pratolini's hero is a young lout of sixteen who seduces a woman of thirty-three in the lodging house in Florence where they live. He is kept by her for a time, gets her with child, steals her savings, and goes off on a spree in Milan, where all but a few thousand lire of the money is taken from him by three con men. After an enjoyable night with a whore, which mops up the lire he has left, he returns to Florence and the lodging house. His mistress, fearing that her friends will force her to bring charges of theft against him, has vanished. He embarks on a new affair with a girl his own age. The pregnant mistress reappears, and the young man murders her by impaling her head on an iron spear that is part of a piece of ornamental fencing. He then trots back to his new love. The boy is, in short, a psychopath, one of those unpleasant human beings who are indifferent to the consequences of their actions. There have been some fascinating murder trials in the British courts in recent years—notably that of Neville Heath—in which lawyers and psychiatrists have debated the question of what responsibility the psychopath can bear for what he does, the psychiatrists insisting that he is so strongly gripped by his desires that he is incapable of distinguishing right from wrong. But the lawyers have always succeeded in pushing the psychiatrists at last into a corner, where they admit that the accused has followed the line of reasoning "I want to do this so badly that it must be right," or has felt that line at some level lower than reasoning, though still consciously. Yet whether the argument is advanced by the mind or the instincts, it is the self-justification of a criminal, and however you argue the case, Pratolini's man seems to be a squalid criminal, nastily deliberate in what he does. He gets his mistress's savings by forging her signature, and he kills her when she shows an inconvenient determination to hang on to him. Pratolini says that he does these things because he was enrolled in the Fascist junior militia and felt betrayed when Fascism collapsed, and that he is a natural hero, bold, courageous, and true, who was tricked by fate into an ignoble role. It seems, rather, that confused times provided him with an excuse for doing shabby things toward

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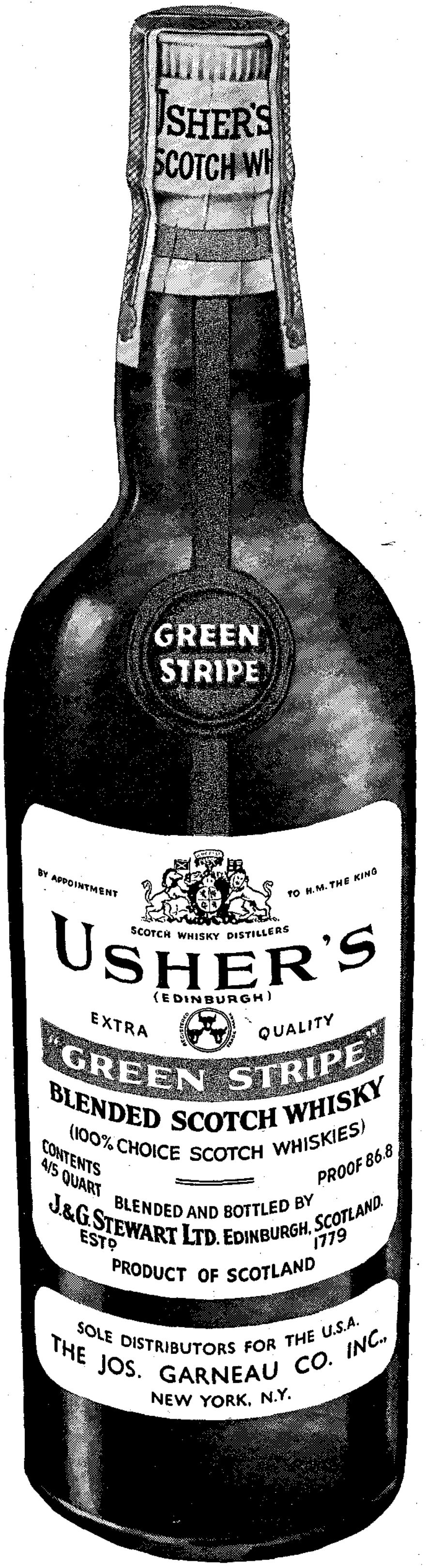

PIONEER IN THE ART OF
BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY

which he had an inclination. One might be sympathetic if Pratolini were content to say the man was a bad one, and this is what a petty criminal's life is like in a time of confusion and disorder. But the statement that he is a hero of his time involves an intolerable perversion of values. Perverted values make for bad art, and for such anti-civilized beliefs as that living in heat from sensation to sensation, like an animal, is preferable to living by the light of reason, like a man. The heroes of our time are not like Pratolini's thug, who has washed along in the stream of disorder and barbarism, but the men who have held to creative ideas about order and decency under pressure. Pratolini's writing is incisive and readable, and if storytelling were all, this would be a good book, but the ideas that are its backbone are sentimental and destructive, the debris of the disintegration of Fascism.

“The Betrothed” (Dutton) is a new translation of Alessandro Manzoni's novel “I Promessi Sposi.” Manzoni's reputation rests equally on it, on a volume of sacred verse (his “Inni Sacri,” which enthusiasts have classed with the psalms of David, the “Stabat Mater,” and the “Dies Irae”), and a lament for Napoleon. This last, which has been translated from Italian into twenty-two languages by such persons as Goethe, William Ewart Gladstone, and the Earl of Derby, says that a hand reached down from Heaven to receive the great man at the moment of his passing and asserts that no loftier pride had been humbled by death since the Crucifixion. Goethe remarked puzzlingly of “The Betrothed” that it “satisfies us like a perfectly ripe fruit.” The immediate pleasures of sweet juices filling the mouth, of momentarily firm flesh resisting the teeth and melting on the tongue, and of scents that loose themselves in tastes seem far away from the business of chewing through a six-hundred-page novel, but that is what Goethe said. He went on to remark that of course “the German translator must get rid of a great part of the war and the famine, and two-thirds of the plague.” As it is a historical novel, about Milan under Spanish occupation in the seventeenth century, and the war, famine, and plague are the big set pieces that give the book its color and movement, Goethe's praise has its barbs, as one author's praise for another often has. It is a languorous work, in the manner of Walter Scott, with occasional interludes of crisp brilliance, which describes the difficulties of an

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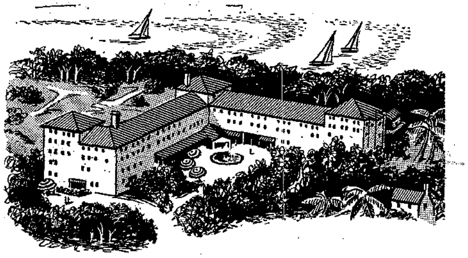

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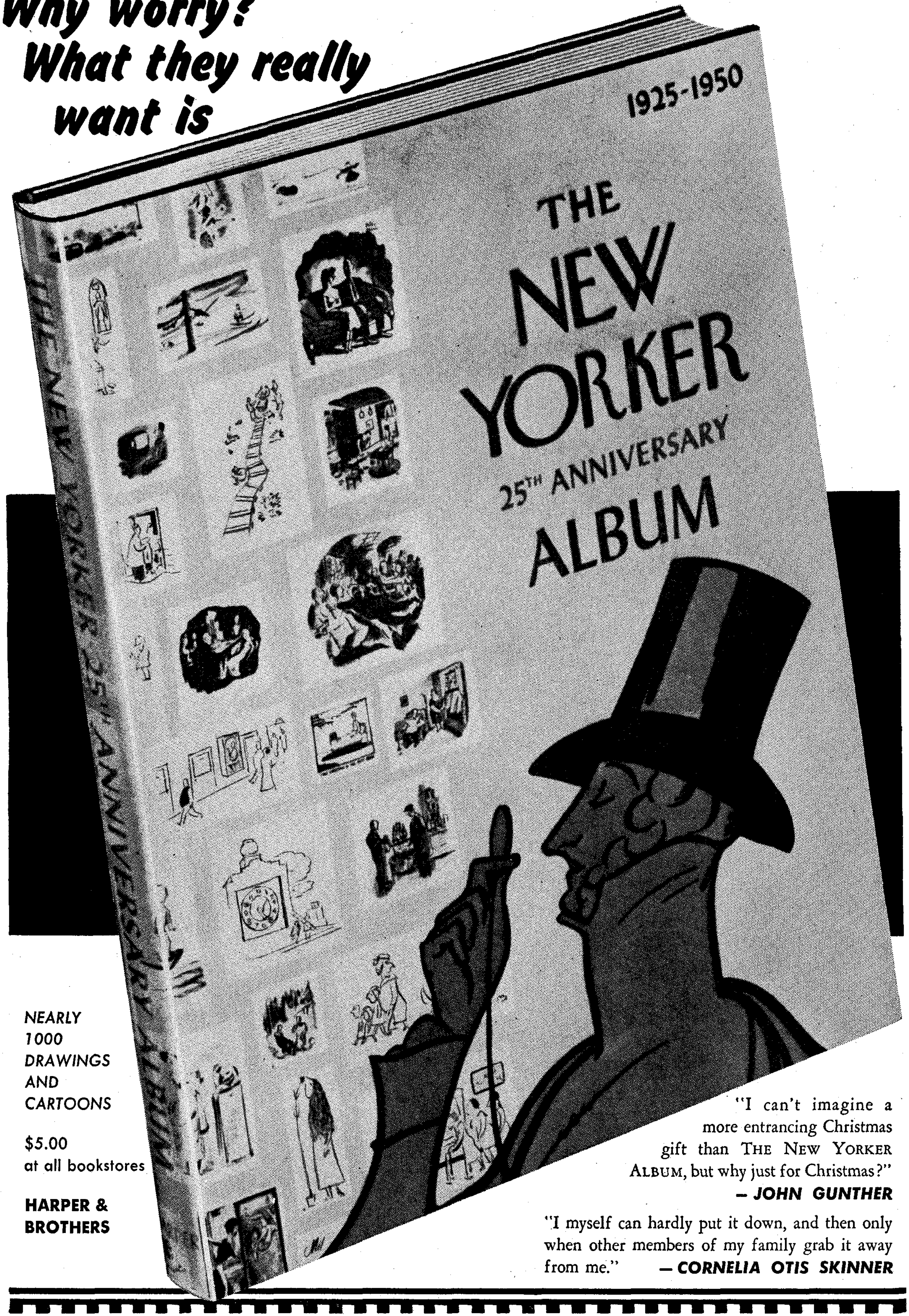
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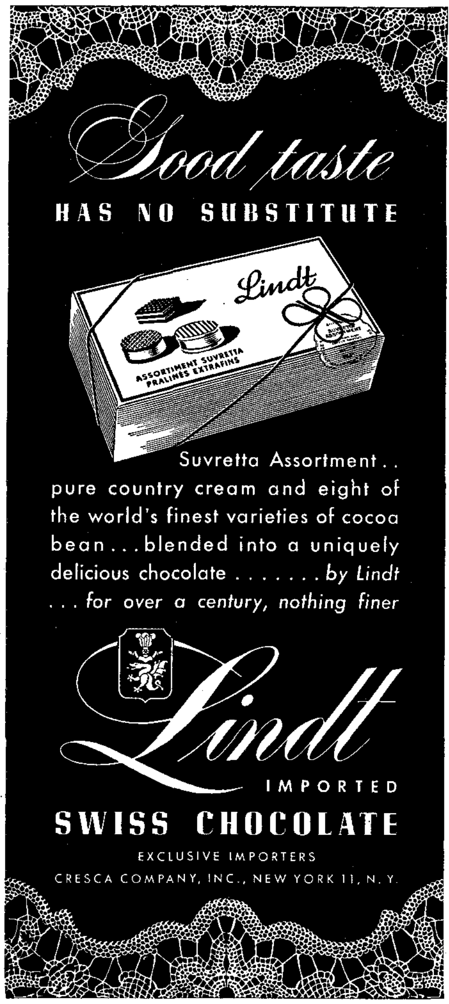

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engaged couple whose marriage has been banned by a local war lord. Its main interest resides in the fact that it was the first modern Italian novel and the first novel to find a place in the official culture of unified Italy. (Manzoni's last words are said to have been "Pray for the King and his family . . . so good to me," and his pallbearers included two princes of the House of Savoy and three Cabinet Ministers.) It is a nice money's worth, a bulky piece of reading embodying a good deal of serious historical research, but it is nearer to "Gone with the Wind" than to "War and Peace," with which it has recently been compared. Stendhal had a way of being ahead of his time, and he said of the book, when it was all fresh, new, and undated, that it seemed to him to be "far too highly praised." It remains an important turning point in the history of Italian writing (its language had considerable influence in bringing the written word into line with the common speech), but time has withered a good deal of its immediate appeal and most modern readers will incline to sympathize with the generations of Italian boys who have been set it as required reading, and to agree with Stendhal's judgment.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PLUNDERERS, by Georges Blond (Macmillan). A very strange, painful, and moving story about a good but ambitious man who undertakes to lead a mob on a seal-hunting expedition and finds that its members are out of his control almost from the first day. Their monstrous violence, and his appalled realization of the evil he has brought about, which he cannot curb or repair, is the theme of the book. The man's name is Shayffrin, and he is an eighteenth-century Russian who hears of a remote northern island where seals have a breeding place, and goes there with a number of ships in the hope of collecting a fortune in furs. His story ends as he drifts to his death in an open boat, a scene that is described in a few powerful and desolate pages that are not likely to be forgotten by anyone who reads them.

FULL CARGO, by Wilbur Daniel Steele (Doubleday). A collection of rambling, scrappy stories off the top of Mr. Steele's mind, dealing with all kinds of subjects, from middle-aged men with an urge to reform the

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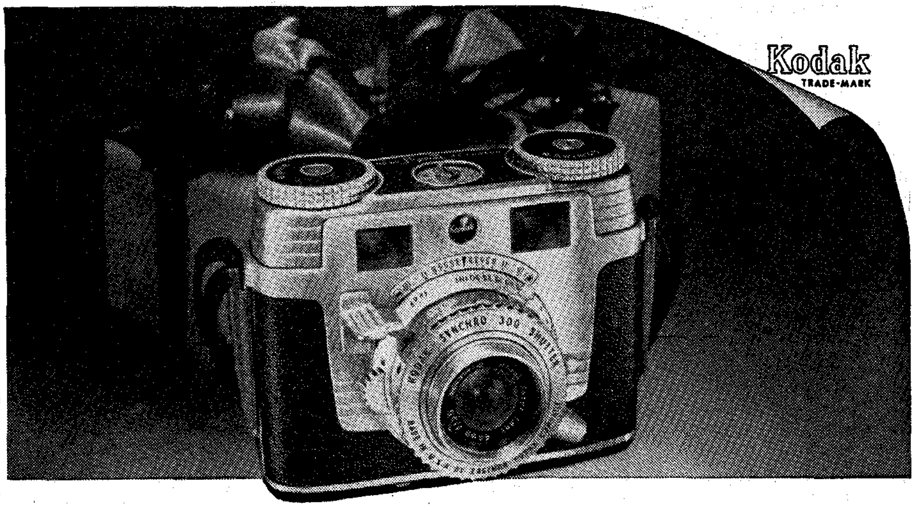
world to a young orphan boy in a prison death house, and written in a manner so colloquial as to approach incoherence.

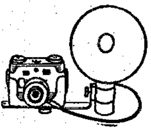
GENERAL

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, by Morris Bishop (Cornell). This spirited book is, oddly, the first full-length biography of François VI, Duc de La Rochefoucauld (1613-80). The setting of the story is a rich one. La Rochefoucauld, who was known for more than half his life as the Prince de Marcillac, went to the French court as a very young man, his head awhirl with chivalrous ideals and romantic notions. Soon, however, he developed a predilection (though no very great talent) for intrigue, and during the reigns of Louis XIII and Louis XIV—a period marked by the plotting and counterplotting of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, by the wars of the Fronde, and by a struggle for power between the nobles and the crown—he was involved in nearly every major scandal. At the age of forty, sick and disillusioned, he sat down and started writing out maxims, into which he put the wisdom that had come to him from close observation of men and women at their exalted worst. Mr. Bishop has written this book in a most felicitous manner, incorporating in his text many of La Rochefoucauld's witty and cynical reflections, so that it often seems that the old roué himself is recounting his adventures.

THE MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER (Macmillan). This first, fat volume of Mr. Hoover's memoirs breaks down into his boyhood in Iowa and Oregon; the years when he was a really great engineer; and his experiences administering relief in Europe during and after the First World War. The engineering part makes fine reading. The ex-President can tell a story well when he isn't gripped by either sentiment or political passion, and he writes about his work in China and Australia with a good deal of zest and with deep human sympathy. His account of his boyhood is saccharine, however, and while his account of his wartime experiences is doubtless important for the record, it unfortunately just isn't very interesting.

THE ADVENTURES OF A TREASURE HUNTER, by Charles P. Everitt (Little, Brown). An anecdotal autobiography of one of the country's lead-





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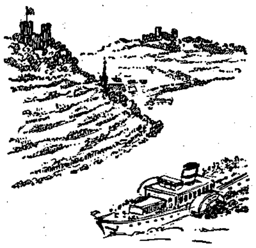

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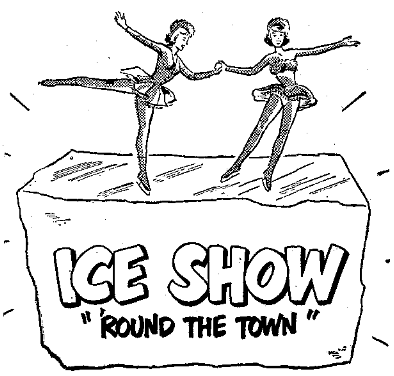

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ing rare-book dealers, who died this year. Mr. Everitt was a specialist in Americana, and particularly in Western Americana. His book is a succession of stories about the intricate and slightly larcenous art of buying cheap and selling dear, with several little chronicles of transactions in which he got stung himself. It is absorbing and often funny stuff, enlivened by the peppery, intransigent personality of the narrator.

LEFT BANK, RIGHT BANK, by Joseph A. Barry (Norton). A series of pieces about Paris, a city the author—the chief of the Paris bureau of the Sunday *Times*—has scrutinized thoroughly during recent years, with only an occasional misting of the eyes. Taken as a whole, the pieces form a fairly random but entertaining guided tour, in the course of which Mr. Barry conducts his readers, with an air of happy proprietorship, through those portions of Paris he considers, for one reason or another, to be most noteworthy. He also provides them, by means of brief character sketches, with introductions to celebrated residents of the city, chiefly those connected with the arts. In conclusion, he explains the over-all political setup in France and the roles played therein by the Communist Party and by Charles de Gaulle, about whom he's almost as ambivalent as the French are themselves.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF LONDON, by William Kent (Macmillan). A newly revised, post-blitz edition of a valuable and fascinating guide and companion to London. The author, a well-known English antiquary, has compiled this book in alphabetical order, under such general headings as Taverns, Prisons, Museums, City Churches, and so on, and makes room for such unorthodox entries as Fog, Cockpits, Children's Memorials, and Lost Monuments. His style is literary and the writing discursive and full of amiable irrelevancies, so the book can be read for enjoyment as well as for instruction. Illustrations and an index.

NOTES ON A CELLAR-BOOK, by George Saintsbury (Macmillan). There should be greater rejoicing—if not in Heaven, at least in the company of lovers of good wine and good writing—over the reissue of this little volume than over a whole season's crop of more pretentious and less engaging works on the same subject. In Professor Saintsbury's modest classic—out of print long enough to have

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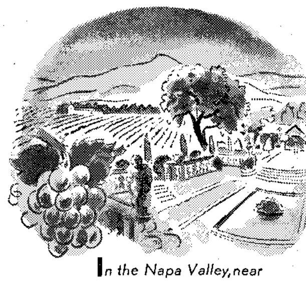

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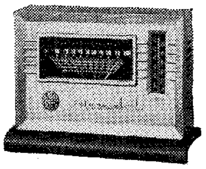

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been borrowed out of existence in most libraries—the wines and spirits that gave the author comfort and pleasure over a long life are treated with a knowledgeable good humor that does as much credit to a distinguished man of letters as to a connoisseur. With such an example of genial authority before them, it's odd that the many imitators of "A Cellar-Book" have never been able to match either its unassuming wisdom or its informative, entertaining gossip.

The Selected Letters of John Keats, edited, with an introduction, by Lionel Trilling (Farrar, Straus & Young). The picture of Keats that has come down to us is full of detail chiefly because of the richness of his revealing letters. Earlier books neglected as rather coarse the more buoyant side of his nature, which was as much Regency as it was Romantic. Mr. Trilling's introduction points out the poet's healthy capacity for enjoyment, his warmness in friendship, and his heroic fortitude in adversity, and emphasizes anew his maturity of mind and tragic vision of life. The selection is based on Maurice Buxton Forman's definitive edition and reprints Forman's valuable notes.

The Hour, by Bernard De Voto (Houghton Mifflin). An amplification of three recent articles in *Harper's* in which Mr. De Voto voiced his conviction that only two drinks—the dry Martini and the slug of whiskey, either rye or Bourbon—can possibly pass muster among civilized people at cocktail time, and in which he also issued some very didactic instructions for the composition of a proper Martini. After a restatement of his belief, the author devotes most of his book to snipes at the drinking habits of individuals who don't share his views, at all cocktails except the Martini, and at the paraphernalia that has come to encumber so many bars these days. Quite a few of the points Mr. De Voto makes are, to be sure, sound ones, but he presents them in a manner almost as pixy as the inspiration behind the gadgets he so roundly berates.

The Saturday Book, edited by Leonard Russell (Macmillan). The eleventh in a series of extremely decorative annual English miscellanies. This year's edition includes photographs in color of the Household Brigade of guards, pictures of roses and sporting prints and bric-a-brac, and a reproduction of a group of Georgian

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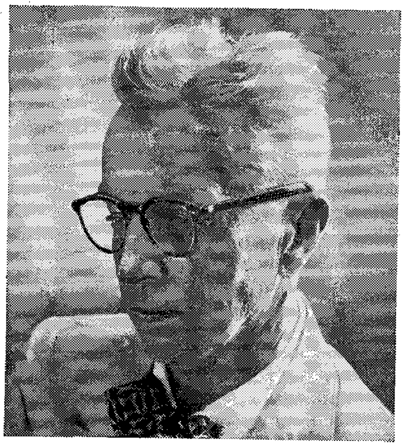

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poems written in longhand by their authors for Sir Edward Marsh, chairman of the Contemporary Art Society. By contrast, the articles and short stories (by, among others, D. W. Brogan, H. E. Bates, and Edgar Lustgarten) seem at times a little dim or special, possibly because Mr. Russell seems at times a little too determined to avoid the commonplace.

How to Know American Antiques, by Alice Winchester (Dodd, Mead). By now, surely, enough guidebooks on American antiques have been published to make experts of every literate man, woman, and child in the country. Consequently, Miss Winchester deserves all the more credit for having turned out a practical work that isn't just one more of the same to clutter up the field. Profusely illustrated with line drawings, this handy reference book provides easy identification of all the wide variety of household belongings that had a place in American homes from the earliest Colonial days to the middle of the last century.

A Guide to Bird Finding East of the Mississippi, by Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr. (Oxford). A manual designed for those who like to travel and see birds as they go. The volume's six hundred and fifty pages are classified according to states, towns, and areas, with notes on where, when, and what to watch for in the way of birds. A good index strengthens the dust jacket's claim that here is the ornithologist's Duncan Hines.

•

Nixon hailed the coming campaign as one that will give the people a choice between corruption in office of today and the type that Gov. Warren has given the people in California.—*Los Angeles Times.*

His days as a hailer are numbered.

•

A rookie patrolman was arrested and suspended from duty yesterday for allegedly slugging a nineteen-year-old stenographer while trying to force her at pun point into a vacant lot in Queens.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Vilest form of coercion.

•

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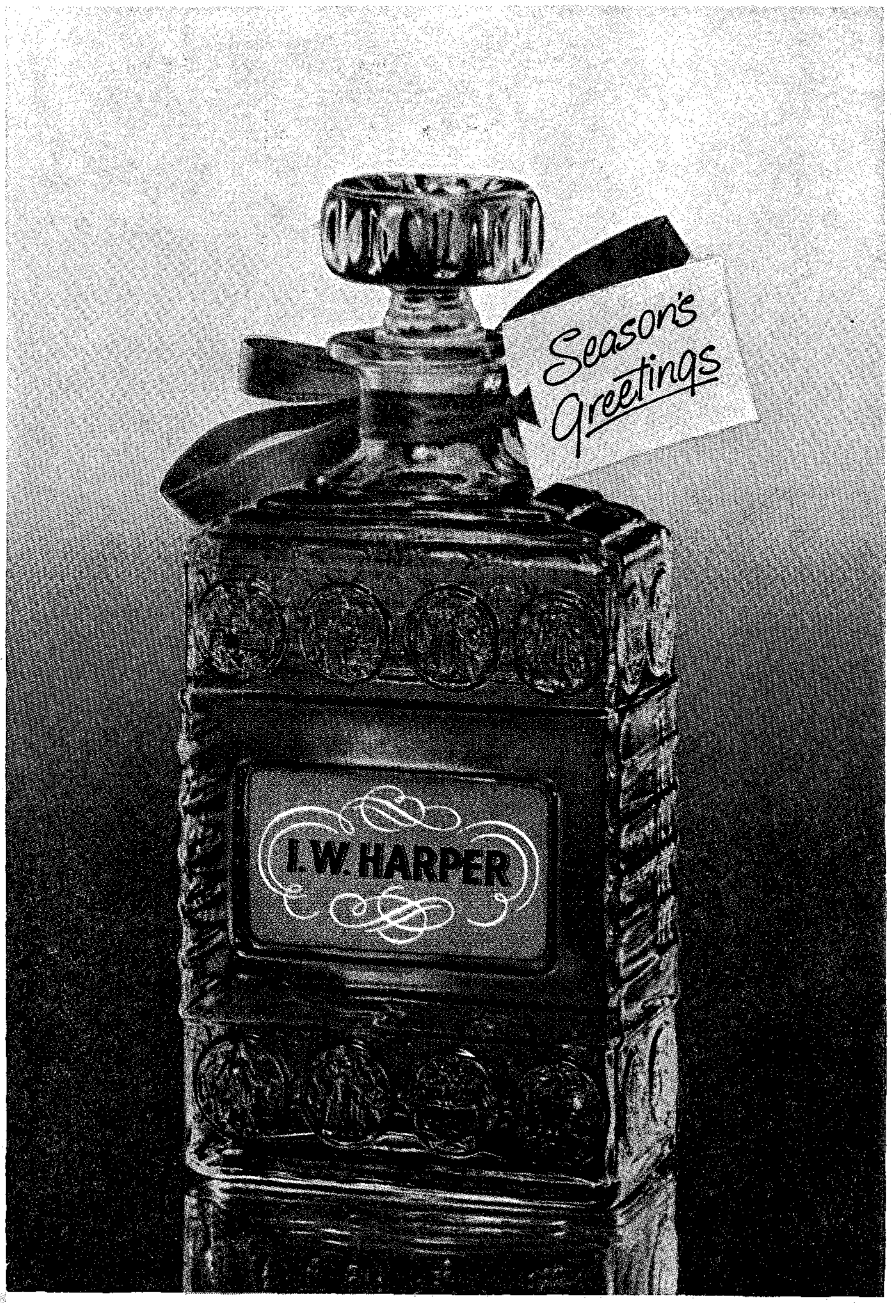
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